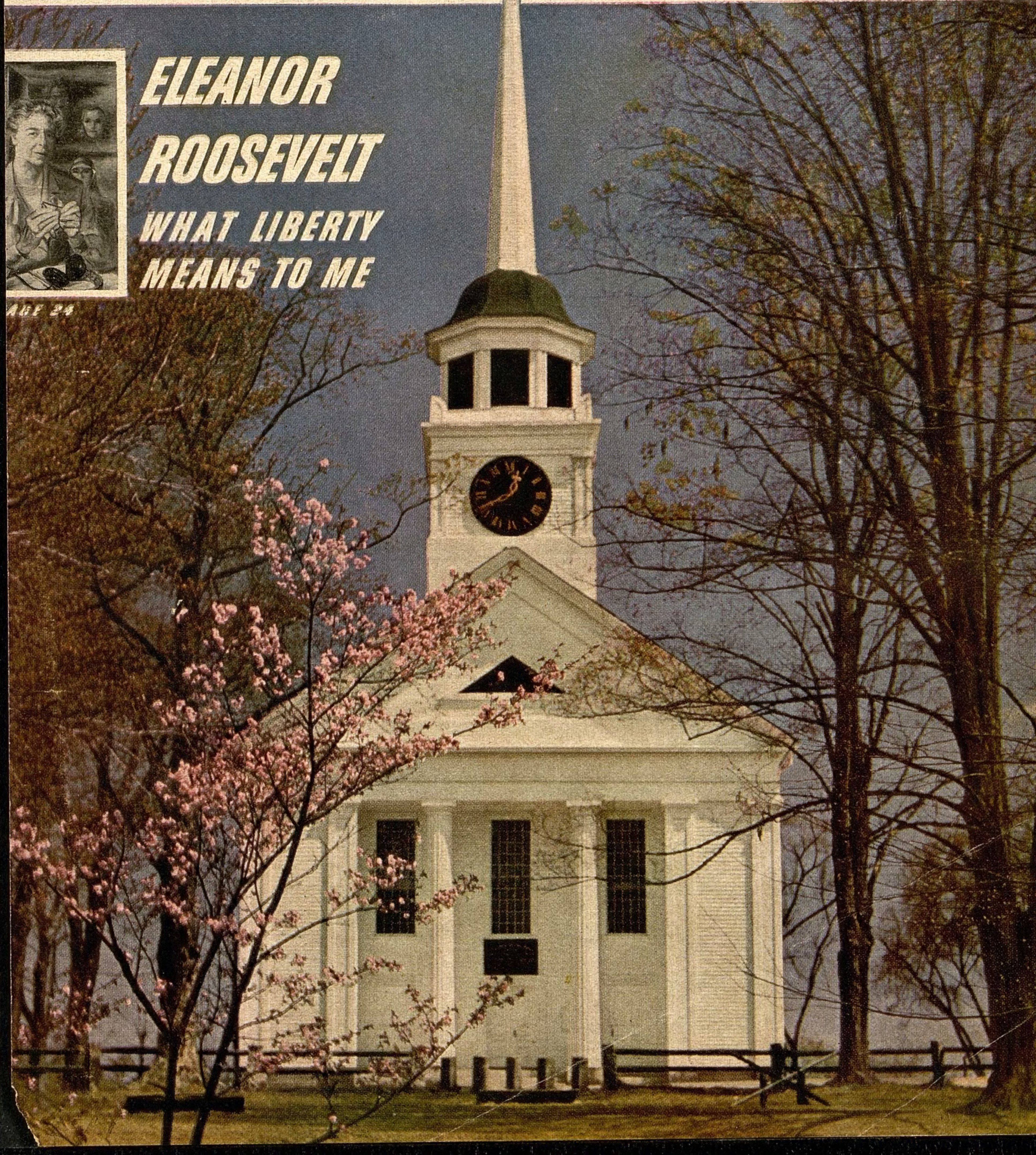
Liberty

THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

TWENTY CENTS • APRIL 1950



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

WHAT LIBERTY MEANS TO ME

AGE 24

SOLVE PUZZLE AT RIGHT

3rd ANNUAL CONTEST of the

This contest is sponsored by the DAV Service Foundation, which is the incorporated trusteeship for the Disabled American Veterans, chartered by special Act of Congress. We need your help and offer you this opportunity to win riches.

ONCE AGAIN $100,

NEW CONTEST! NEW PUZZLE! 1002 CASH PRIZES

HERE IT IS—the 3rd great annual contest of fun and skill brought to you by the Disabled American Veterans Service Foundation. Once again $100,000 in cash prizes MUST be won. Of this huge sum, as many as 3 cash prizes totalling $50,000 may be yours . . . in return for a good deed and your skill in puzzle-solving.

Study the Official Puzzle on the opposite page, but first read the instructions and see how we have solved for you a similar puzzle. Then send in your solution fast! That's the way YOU may become rich—by winning as much as $50,000!—and an extra prize of a new Plymouth Convertible for fast action. So don't delay! Start TODAY!

Help Us to Help America's Disabled Veterans

Incorporated by special Act of Congress, the DAV needs funds to help rehabilitate America's 2,500,000 disabled war veterans—to help them to obtain needed claim evidence, service connections, medical care, hospitalization, vocational training, and suitable employment . . . yes, even to solve personal problems.

It is for these services that the Foundation again solicits your support. Yes, your contribution is needed and you will be happy to know that every penny of the net proceeds of this contest (after paying for the prizes, advertising and all other necessary expenses) will be used by the Foundation and by the DAV to continue its work.

Act on this golden opportunity now. Read the Entry Form and read the rules. Then try your hand at solving the Official Puzzle printed here. Note that you may send in a higher score *free of charge* later on if you find you can improve on the solution you now send in. So there's really no reason to delay. The important thing is to get into the contest now and put in your bid for your share of the prizes.

EXTRA PRIZE FOR ACTION!

You May Also Win a 1950 PLYMOUTH CONVERTIBLE If you act fast!

To become eligible for this extra award, your origina entry must be postmarked before midnight, April 10 1950. Your best solution *(original or substitute)* wil then be judged in competition with those submitted b all other contestants who meet this deadline and wh have not been awarded an automobile as an extra prize If it ranks highest (in case of ties, official contest rule apply) you will win a brand new 1950 Plymouth Con vertible. In addition you may be one of the cash priz winners. So don't put it off — send in your entry now

THE OFFICIAL RULES—*Please Read Carefully*

1. $100,000.00 will be awarded in accordance with the instructions, official prize list and these rules to the contestants who achieve the highest scores in solving the Official Contest Puzzle. This sum will be awarded in three prize groups: Group No. 1 with a first prize of $5,000.00; Group No. 2 with a first prize of $15,000.00; Group No. 3 with a first prize of $30,000.00. Each group has an additional list of 333 prizes each, making a total of 1002 prizes in all. (See official list of prizes.)

2. To enter a contestant must send with his answer a donation to the Disabled American Veterans Service Foundation. $2.00 is required to enter Group 1; $5.00 for Group 2 and $10.00 for Group 3. A contestant may compete in any one, two or all three prize groups and, after entering, may transfer from one group or groups to another (or others) by submitting the required additional donation prior to the deadline date shown in Rule 8.

3. Each prize group will be judged separately. The contestant who submits the highest valid score in Group 1 will be entitled to first prize in Group 1. Second prize in Group 1 will be awarded to the contestant with the second highest score submitted in that list and so on until the 334 prizes in Group 1 have been awarded. Prizes in Groups 2 and 3 will be awarded similarly.

4. In the event of ties in any group (which seem likely, since this is a large national contest), as many prizes will be reserved in that group as there are tied contestants, before any prizes are awarded for lower scores. To break such ties these tied contestants will be required to send in solutions to a series of five tie-breaking puzzles. The solutions to puzzle No. 1 in this tie-breaking series will be judged first. If this is not sufficient to break all ties and permit awarding of all the tied-for prizes, then the solutions to puzzle No. 2 submitted by the remaining tied contestants will be judged. If ties still remain, the solutions of the still tied contestants to puzzle No. 3 will then be judged and so on, if necessary, to puzzle No. 5. This may mean that puzzles Nos. 2 to 5 may not have to be judged. (It is worth noting that in the two previous DAV Service Foundation Contests first prizes of $33,000 and $50,000 were awarded in each case as the result of judging only puzzle No. 1 in the first tie-breaking series.) However, if further needed to break ties a second, third or even a fourth series may be used. All tie-breaking puzzles will be similar to the original puzzle with clearly identifiable objects, though the objects will be more difficult and more numerous. Partial credit may be given for partial solutions. Tie-breaker puzzles will be judged on a similar basis as the original puzzle. The time limit for solving and mailing back the first series of tie-breaking puzzles (if needed) will be not less than 14 days from the date of mailing to tied contestants, and therefore all tie-breaker puzzles will be released in the mails on a schedule so timed that they should arrive on the same day for each tied contestant; and for the second, third and fourth series (if needed) not less than 3 days each will be allowed. Tied contestants will not be required to make any additional contributions. Should final ties remain after the fourth series of tie-breaking puzzles, each tied contestant will receive the amount of the prize for which he or she is still tied.

5. The contest is open to any resident of the Continental United States except employees of the DAV and its subsidiary units, the DAV Service Foundation, its advertising agency, its service organization, or members of their families. Also excluded is anyone who has won $500.00 or more in cash or kind awarded in any other contest prior to entering this contest, or any member of his or her family. Every possible precaution will be taken to enforce this provision. Only one member of a family may compete. All entries must bear a bonafide permanent home address in the Continental United States to which all contest mail will be sent. Where a contestant changes such permanent home address, the DAV Service Foundation should be notified immediately. The Foundation can, in no case, assume responsibility for delivery of mail. *In view of the uncertain address of members of the Armed Forces on active duty, and the consequent delay in mail delivery, this contest of necessity is not open to them.*

6. Each contestant will be mailed an acknowledgment and an entry number upon receipt of his or her solution to the Official Puzzle, which solution must be submitted on an Official Entry Form and must be accompanied by a contribution of $2.00 or more. At no extra cost, *one* substitute solution can be submitted on the Official Substitute Solution Form which will be sent to each contestant and which will carry the entry number registered in the contestant's name. In working out and submitting puzzle solutions, contestants must follow the instructions accompanying the puzzle. Neatness does not count, but unsigned or illegible entries, or entries so unclear as to be confusing, will not be considered, and donations accompanying such entries will be returned upon request after judging is completed. Where more than one entry is submitted by an individual his or her highest valid score will be considered only in that group or groups in which that score is entered. That score will serve to compete in any one, two or all three prize groups, depending on the amount donated with th particular entry. An individual may win one prize each prize group.

7. In solving the puzzle, practically any word th fits may be used. A contestant will not receive mo points than claimed nor more than earned. Therefor please use care in totalling your score. Do not use a hyphenated word or form, prefix, suffix or combini form, abbreviation or contraction. The final wo source authority for this contest will be the Merria Webster New International Dictionary, Unabridge Second Edition (any printing from 1947 through '5 and (with the exceptions noted) any word may be us provided it actually, completely appears in bold-fa type anywhere on any page within the A-Z ma alphabetical section of the above dictionary. N plural or other inflectional form is acceptable unle it appears in bold-face type. No word that appea only as part of a two or more word phrase or expre sion (such as "suey" in "chop suey") is admissib The names and definitions of the objects are al covered by this entire rule.

The DAV Service Foundation will not enter in any individual correspondence concerning the eligib ity of any word for use in solving the puzzle. But th failure of any contestant, after request by the DA Service Foundation, properly to identify the pag source of a questioned word, may make said wo inadmissible.

8. All entries must be sent by mail to:
DAV SERVICE FOUNDATION
$100,000 3rd Annual Puzzle Contest
Washington 6, D. C.
and must be postmarked before midnight, May 1950, and received before 5 P.M., May 15, 1950, be eligible for consideration. However, an extra 6 days from these dates is allowed for the mailing a receipt of substitute solutions and additional don tions to transfer from one group or groups to anoth group or groups. The DAV Service Foundation w not be responsible for lost or delayed communicatio or for clerical or mechanical errors and each contes ant by the act of sending in an entry agrees to b bound by the rules and instructions and, in any even with the decision of the DAV Service Foundatio and/or its Committee on Awards on any and all ma ters affecting the contest.

9. Any contestant who accepts help of any kind fro any one (same family or household excepted) will b disqualified. Sworn statements to this effect will b required from all winners and every reasonable effo will be made to enforce this rule.

ACT TODAY! You May Win A Fortune While You Help A Worthy Cause!

DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS SERVICE FOUNDATION

000

WIN UP TO $50,000

3 PRIZE GROUPS—WIN A PRIZE IN EACH GROUP!

GROUP No. 1		GROUP No. 2		GROUP No. 3	
1st Prize	$5,000.00	1st Prize	$15,000.00	1st Prize	$30,000.00
2nd Prize	$1,500.00	2nd Prize	$3,500.00	2nd Prize	$7,500.00
3rd Prize	$750.00	3rd Prize	$1,750.00	3rd Prize	$3,500.00
4th Prize	$500.00	4th Prize	$1,250.00	4th Prize	$2,500.00
5th Prize	$200.00	5th Prize	$500.00	5th Prize	$1,000.00
6th Prize	$100.00	6th Prize	$250.00	6th Prize	$500.00
7th Prize	$100.00	7th Prize	$250.00	7th Prize	$500.00
8th Prize	$100.00	8th Prize	$250.00	8th Prize	$500.00
9th Prize	$50.00	9th Prize	$135.00	9th Prize	$250.00
10th Prize	$40.00	10th Prize	$125.00	10th Prize	$200.00
Next 20 Prizes, each $25.00......	$500.00	Next 20 Prizes, each $75.00....	$1,500.00	Next 20 Prizes, each $150.00...	$3,000.00
Next 50 Prizes, each $15.00......	$750.00	Next 50 Prizes, each $25.00....	$1,250.00	Next 50 Prizes, each $50.00....	$2,500.00
254 additional Prizes, each $5.00.....	$1,270.00	254 additional Prizes, each $15.00....	$3,810.00	254 additional Prizes, each $30.00....	$7,620.00
Total	$10,860.00	Total	$29,570.00	Total	$59,570.00

GRAND TOTAL OF THIS OFFICIAL PRIZE LIST IS $100,000.00

FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS ➘ SOLVE THIS *DAVogram* PUZZLE ⇨

❶ Identify the six objects at the top of the puzzle. (The name of each object is a six-letter word. There are therefore 36 letters in the six names.) In so doing you must use only 16 *different* letters of the alphabet in the 36 letters you use (10 letters of the 26 in the alphabet not being used).

❷ See the table of letter values below the puzzle. Each letter is worth a certain number of points. If you have exactly named the objects as instructed you will find that the total value of the 36 letters that spell out the six names of the objects is 931 points. If you don't arrive at 931 points then try again, for the 36 letters (comprising 16 *different* letters of the alphabet) must add up to 931 points.

❸ Now your job is to place these six words, correctly spelled, into the shaded letter paths, each of which has space for six letters. You can place any one of the six words in any one of the shaded paths. Each word must read from top to bottom or left to right.

❹ You will now note there are 13 empty white squares remaining in the diagram. Now you must insert letters of your own choosing into those 13 white squares and by combining these letters with the interlocking letters you have already filled into the grey squares, spell out 5 extra, different, complete words. Each of these 5 extra words, too, must read from top to bottom or from left to right.

❺ Of course, it is easy to fill in 13 extra letters which in combination with the letters in the grey squares will spell out 5 extra different words (a total of 11 differently spelled words), but remember your job is to use 13 letters that will give you a high score when the value of those extra letters (as shown in the table of letter values) is added to the 931 points you will have already earned if you identified the pictured objects correctly.

SEE SAMPLE PUZZLE BELOW *And Read How We Solved It!*

DIAGRAM No. 1

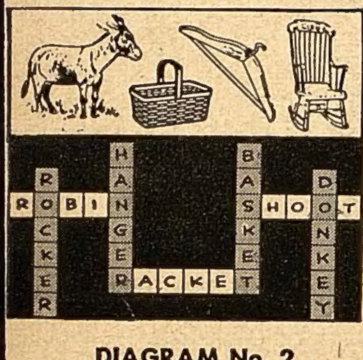
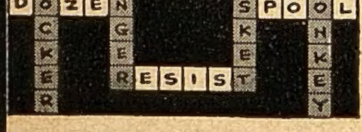


DIAGRAM No. 2



We have worked out here a typical puzzle to show you how to go about solving DAVogram puzzles of this kind, and we have also worked out alternate answers to get higher scores. Read below, then try your skill on the Official Puzzle.

First, we identified the objects pictured: DONKEY ... BASKET ... HANGER ... ROCKER ... and then we added up the value of all the letters in the names of these four objects (using the table of letter values given for the Official Puzzle) and found the total was 574 points. Next, as you can see in the first diagram, we filled in these four names in the four shaded paths and then added 10 extra letters which gave us three extra words: ROBIN ... RACKET ... SHOOT ... These 10 extra letters which we had filled into the white squares had a total value of 230 points, thus giving us a total score of 804 points when added to the letters we had filled into the shaded squares.

We felt we could do better by a little further work, so with some thought we changed our 10 extra letters and got three different extra words, as you can see in Diagram No. 2. We changed ROBIN to DOZEN, RACKET to RESIST and SHOOT to SPOOL. We thus attained a total of 251 points for the 10 extra letters we filled into the white spaces, giving ourselves a total score of 825 points.

Of course these are only two possible solutions and perhaps we might have done even better by shuffling the four identified names around into different shaded letter paths. Now, if you get the idea, why not try your hand at the Official Puzzle.

OFFICIAL PUZZLE & ENTRY FORM

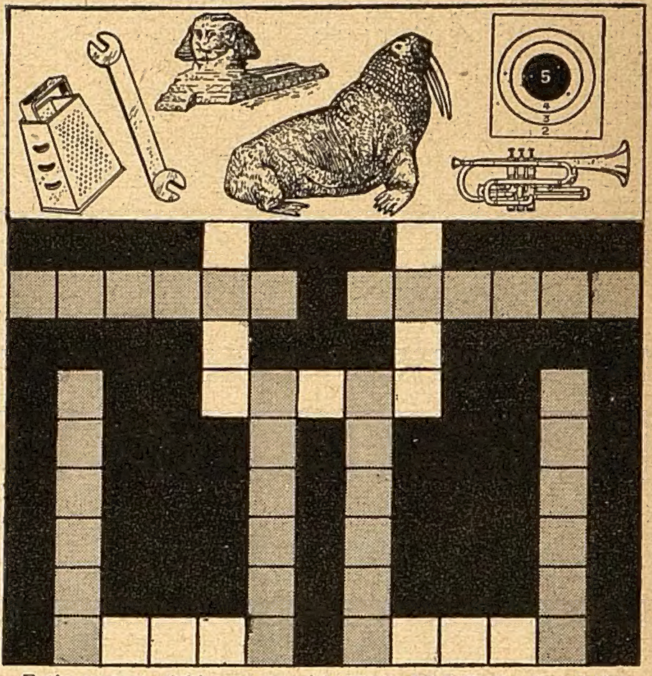


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TABLE OF LETTER VALUES

A—32	F—25	K—12	P—21	U—14
B—19	G—22	L—34	Q—13	V—10
C—27	H—11	M—17	R—29	W—18
D—26	I—16	N—31	S—30	X—15
E—23	J—24	O—28	T—33	Y— 9
				Z—20

My Score is

— — — . — — —

POINTS

It is important that you be careful in adding your score. Mistakes may cause you to lose out. Enter right away for you may improve your score by sending substitute solution later free of extra cost. YOU MUST SEND IN THE COMPLETE PUZZLE. DO NOT DETACH FROM THIS ENTRY. MAIL TODAY!

To the DAV SERVICE FOUNDATION
$100,000.00 Puzzle Contest
Dept. 235, Washington 6, D. C.

FULL LIST OF WINNERS WILL BE SENT TO ALL CONTESTANTS AFTER FINAL JUDGING

I enclose herewith $.................... contribution to the DAV Service Foundation. Enter me in your contest. I have filled in the diagram above and at left above have also filled in the score achieved by me in solving the Official Puzzle. [Please check prize group or groups you are entering.]

( ) Enter me in Prize Group No. 1. First Prize $5,000.00. I enclose a contribution of $2.

( ) Enter me in Prize Group No. 2. First Prize $15,000.00. I enclose a contribution of $5.

( ) Enter me in Prize Group No. 3. First Prize $30,000.00. I enclose a contribution of $10.

Note: Donations should be made payable to the DAV Service Foundation. Please send check, money order or postal note only. Do NOT send cash.

NOTE: You may enter any one, two or all three prize groups depending on the amount donated. The following shows how a contestant can qualify for the various prize groups.

Group No. 1 ($5,000 First Prize) $2 contributed
Group No. 2 ($15,000 First Prize) $5 contributed
Groups No. 1 and 2 ($20,000 combined first prizes) $7 contributed
Group No. 3 ($30,000 First Prize) $10 contributed
Groups No. 1 and 3 ($35,000 combined first prizes) $12 contributed
Groups No. 2 and 3 ($45,000 combined first prizes) $15 contributed
Groups No. 1, 2, and 3 ($50,000 combined first prizes) $17 contributed

It is understood you are to send me an Official Receipt for my entry and donation and an Official Substitute Solution Form on which I may submit (free of cost) a better score for the puzzle if I find I can improve my score any time prior to the final closing date for substitute solutions. (See Rule 8.) I have read the rules of the contest and agree to abide by them.

SIGNED..

NAME..
Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS..

CITY.. STATE..................

If you have previously entered this 1950 DAV $100,000.00 Puzzle Contest, **DO NOT USE THIS FORM** for submitting a substitute answer. Please be patient until you receive your Official Substitute Solution Form with your Official Entry Number (allow 2 to 3 weeks depending on distance from Washington, D. C.). Additional copies of this official puzzle and entry forms will be sent free on request when accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelope. (Address Dept. 500)

TO BE ELIGIBLE FOR PLYMOUTH CONVERTIBLE ENTER BY MIDNIGHT APRIL 10, 1950

JUST BEFORE DEADLINE

◆ Iola Nelson isn't from the West at all, although you would think so from her accurate descriptions in SNOW-BLIND. She's an upstate New York housewife who has gone back to writing after an interim of "sickness, caring for the sick, and babies." Everything's under control now, with her youngest, at 18 months, in training pants.

◆ This is a picture of former Coast Guard officer Sally Holladay. But for a picture of the present Sally and a view of what's inside that pretty head, stop right here and turn to her first story ever to be published, CAVIAR FOR THE COLONEL. Our brand-new LIBERTY writer hails from Minneapolis, Minnesota, but—to her displeasure—has been living in New York City for the past three years. She prefers the outdoors, but we're sure you'll agree when we say, "Please, Sally, stay indoors long enough to give us another bit of humor equal to your first story."

◆ The man behind the pen, behind the article TELEVISION OUTGROWS ITS KNEE PANTS, is Fred Hift, a young writer on the editorial staff of one of the large motion-picture and television trade publications. He has covered television for a number of years and is a frequent contributor on video and film subjects to the Sunday drama sections of the New York Times and New York Herald Tribune. But it's all in the line of duty. He'd like to own a television set, but doesn't because—yes, you guessed it—his bride won't have it. She claims television makes people antisocial. That may be true in New York, but owners of television sets elsewhere will tell you that nothing draws the crowds like a good new television antenna waving above the roof.

◆ If you hate the boss, let him read NEW-STYLE BOSSES BOOST PRODUCTION. Or if you're in a position of authority yourself, Dr. Donald A. Laird's article might be the key to success you've been looking for. Dr. Laird, author of more than a dozen books and hundreds of articles, is a psychologist who has put his knowledge to work as an industrial rela-

(*Continued on page 14*)

Liberty

THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

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Published by Liberty Magazine, Inc. President and Publisher, Osborne B. Bond; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; Circulation Director, A. J. Cutler.

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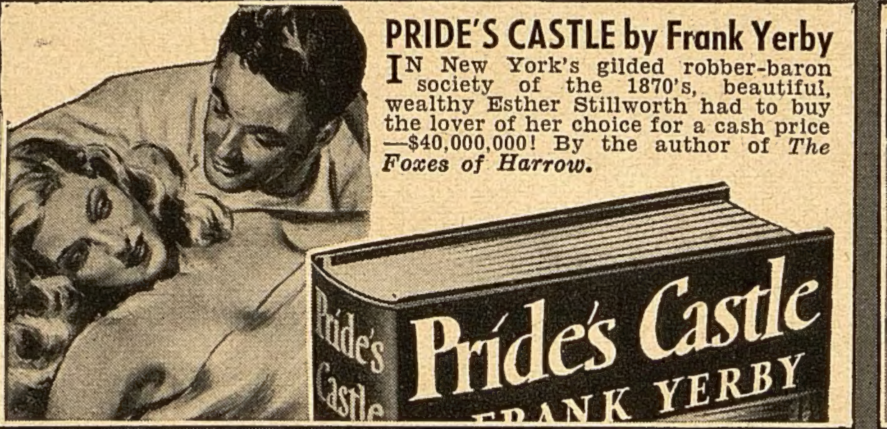


PRIDE'S CASTLE by Frank Yerby

IN New York's gilded robber-baron society of the 1870's, beautiful, wealthy Esther Stillworth had to buy the lover of her choice for a cash price—$40,000,000! By the author of *The Foxes of Harrow.*

Lord Johnnie
Lord Johnnie
a novel by Leslie T. White

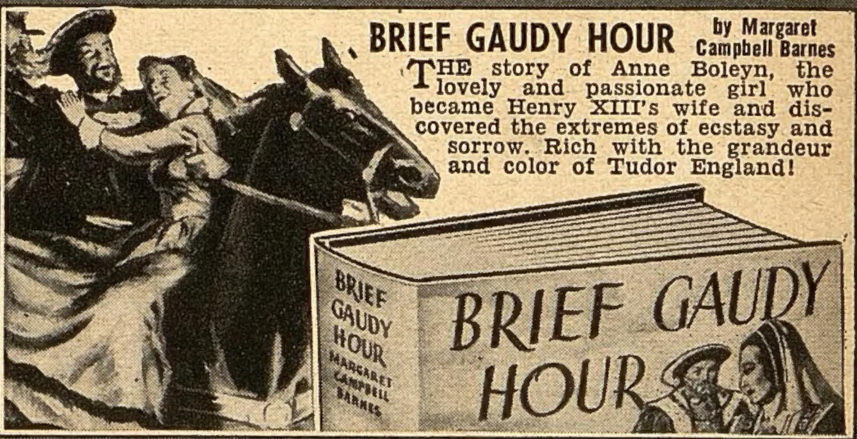
LORD JOHNNIE by Leslie T. White

RAVISHING Lady Leanna wed Lord Johnnie the Rogue on his way to the gallows, and planned to forget him; but slippery Johnnie came back, to claim his wedding night! A tale of strange love and adventure!

The Queen Bee
THE Queen Bee
EDNA LEE

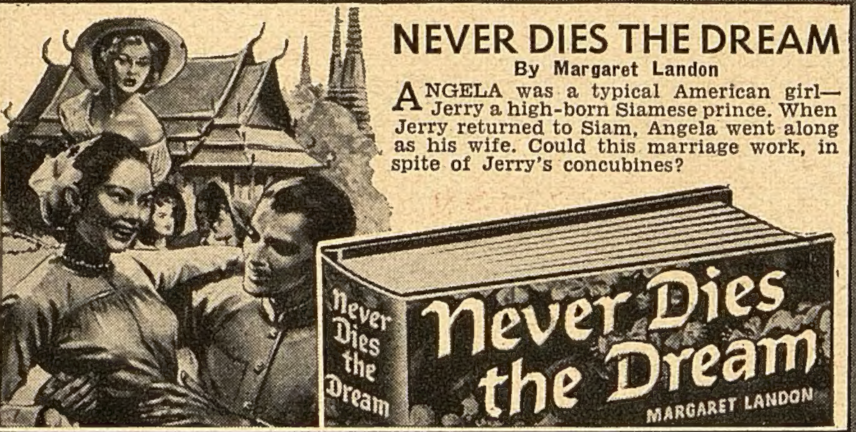
THE QUEEN BEE by Edna Lee

FLATTER her, be a willing slave to her wanton charm, and she'll adore you. Cross her, and you'll take the consequences! Ask her young niece, who dared to challenge her for possession of a man!


BRIEF GAUDY HOUR MARGARET CAMPBELL BARNES
BRIEF GAUDY HOUR

BRIEF GAUDY HOUR by Margaret Campbell Barnes

THE story of Anne Boleyn, the lovely and passionate girl who became Henry XIII's wife and discovered the extremes of ecstasy and sorrow. Rich with the grandeur and color of Tudor England!



NEVER DIES THE DREAM

By Margaret Landon

ANGELA was a typical American girl—Jerry a high-born Siamese prince. When Jerry returned to Siam, Angela went along as his wife. Could this marriage work, in spite of Jerry's concubines?

Cloak of Folly
Cloak of Folly
BURKE BOYCE

CLOAK OF FOLLY by Burke Boyce

EDWARD DE VERE faced a glorious future as favorite in Elizabeth's court and champion of the Tourney. Yet he chose another and dangerous path, as spy for the Queen, masquerading as a gay roue!

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With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin," telling me about the new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and other bargains offered at $1.00* each to members.

I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following month's selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of $1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during each year that I remain a member. I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection received plus a few cents shipping cost.

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Your ironing will go faster and easier when Cord-Up lifts the cord out of the way. It can't touch, bunch or wrinkle the material. Satisfaction guaranteed. In stores or postpaid for $1.00. **Cord-Up, 35c S. W. First, Portland 4, Oregon.**

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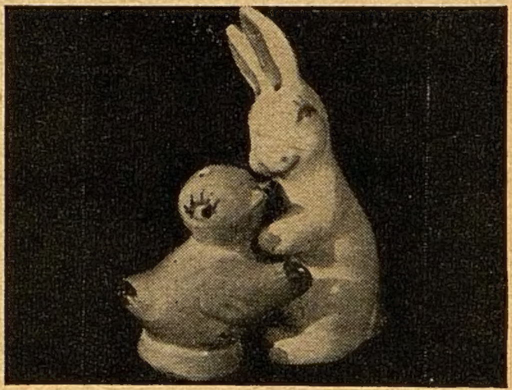
LIBERTY MARKS THE CENTENNIAL OF SAMUEL GOMPERS

Don't miss the eventful life of this great labor leader in the May issue.

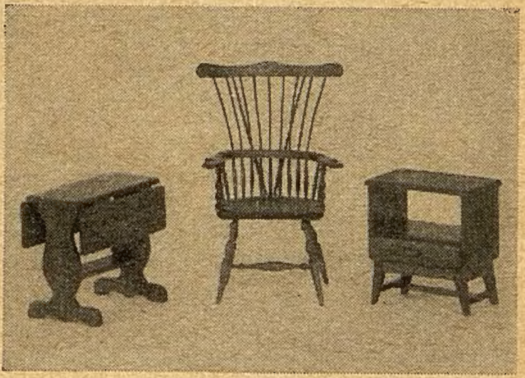
Liberty shops

Once again we've shopped carefully, considerin prices, design, workmanship, and utility before selec ing the merchandise featured in these columns. Wh not take advantage of this work we do for you, an shop by mail?

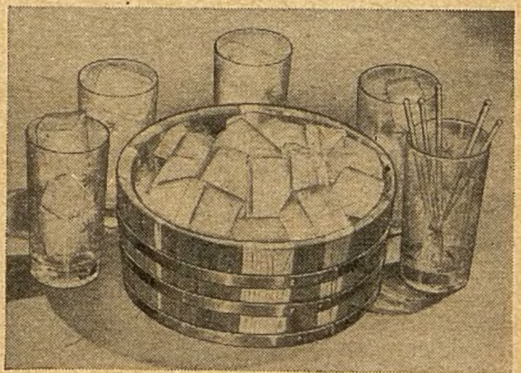
By EILEEN BURK



A bunny and a chick to star, appropriately, on your Easter breakfast table—but there's no reason why you can't shake your salt and pepper from them all year. The bunny stands 4" high, and the chick, 2". Both are hand-decorated ceramic, in white and yellow respectively. Children will love the pair, and adults will talk about them. Greenland Studios, 5700 Wilkins Ave., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.; $1 a pair ppd.

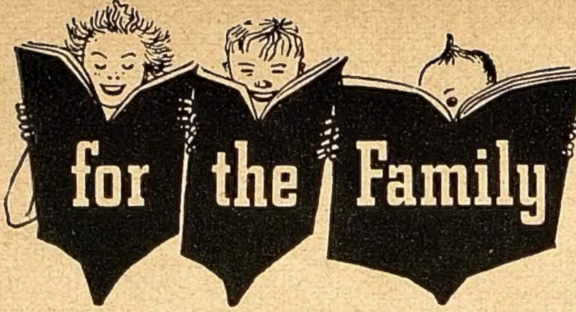


Collectors' miniatures for all fans of early American reproductions and for those who admire authentic craftsmanship. Available in walnut or red or blond maple, these miniatures are made on a scale of 1" to 1'. Pueblo Gift Shop, Box 164, Madison, Wis.; bride's breakfast table (with workable drop leaves), 2", $3.50; Windsor chair, 3⅝", $8.50; end table (removable drawer), 2", $3.85 ppd.



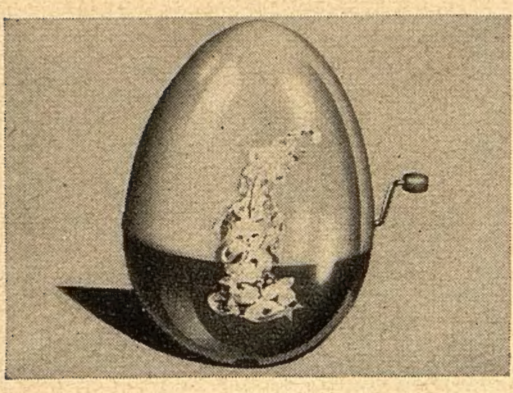
Fragrant and handsome and as sturdy as it is useful. This Tennessee red-cedar ice tub is firmly bound with three polished brass hoops; fashioned to last you forever. At party time, pile in the ice and wield pick or crusher. Between parties you have a centerpiece, sewing basket, or fruit bowl. It's 4" high, 9" wide. The Bucket Shop, Box 165, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; $2.75 ppd.

First aid for the hostess. E-Z-Do's folding 5-ply fiberboard top converts your card table into a round dining table seating 8. Loops of elasticized webbing hold it in place at the corners. Companion piece is a quilted vinyl plastic cover in rose, green, or blue, for card playing or as tablecloth pad. Berne Marling, Inc., 181 Martine Ave., White Plains, N. Y.; top, $3.28; cover $3.13 ppd.

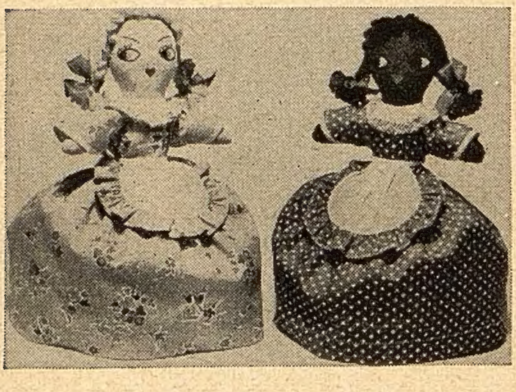


for the Family

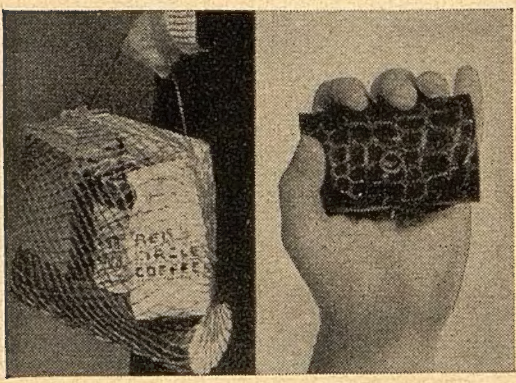
At last—a b-i-g lighter. Big enough to last through the evening when neighbors have clustered around your television set; big enough for the entire day on the family's week-end picnics. This jumbo lighter, made from the familiar full-size beer can, contains enough wick and fluid to keep even chain smokers "lit up" for hours. The Game Room, 1538 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.; $1.25 ppd.



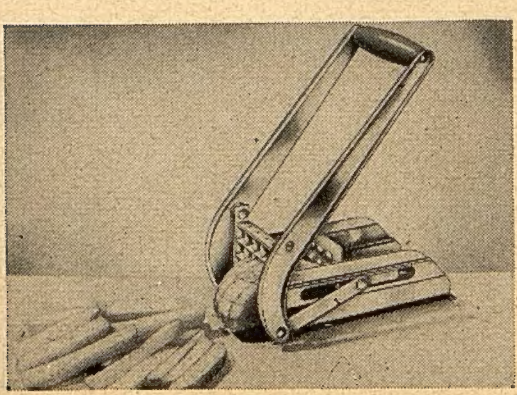
This musical Easter egg will delight your children and their friends for hours as it plays a medley of their favorite tunes while they turn the crank at the side. Made of light-weight plastic, and charmingly decorated in pastel pink and blue or bright red and yellow, it's ostrich-egg size, about 4" by 6". Be sure to slip them in your Easter baskets this spring. Norman's, 416 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.; 98¢ ppd.



Double pleasure for a little girl when she receives her Linda-Liza doll. Turn Linda, a blue-eyed blonde dressed in green percale, upside down, and there's Liza, dressed in yellow. When Linda wears blue, Liza appears in red. The doll, stuffed with kapok, is 11" high and stands by itself. Faces are hand-screened; and the hair, wool yarns. Maureen's Dolls, 305 W. 8th St., Los Angeles, Calif.; $3.95 ppd.



As wondrous as nylon stockings—a nylon-net Shop-E-Z bag which rolls up conveniently in a small vinyl plastic case, yet magically unfolds to full size and carries weights up to 50 pounds. The case converts to a comfortable shoulder pad or handle, and the cord adjusts to long or short length. Order it in wine, brown, or green. Betty Novelty Co., 44-10 Ketcham St., Elmhurst, N. Y.; $1.10 ppd.



The family will be impressed, and so will guests, when you dress up your meals with a professional touch, lent by French-fried potatoes, shoestring beets, and other attractive vegetables and salads. Preparing and serving them is no longer a time-consuming chore with a Jiffy Chipper. The cutter is rustproof, easy to work and to clean. Damar, Dept. HL, 22 Treat Pl., Newark 2, N. J.; $2.98 ppd.

NOW! WALTCO Glasscaster

SOLID FIBRE-GLASS FISHING RODS

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PERFECTS SOLID FIBRE-GLASS
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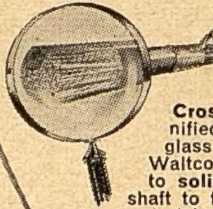

Cross section shows magnified view of thousands of glass fibres before exclusive Waltco process fuses them into solid, flexible translucent shaft to form one of toughest materials known.

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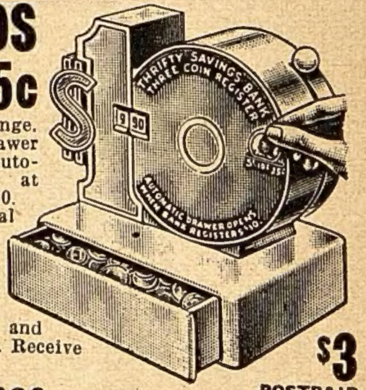

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VOX POP

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

For "D" Read "R"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In the February, 1950, issue of LIBERTY I note that you have me listed as a Democrat. It appears that the Democrats will be offended, and I wish you to know that I am a Republican.—*Harold H. Velde, M. C.*

We can't see how any party would be offended to find a Congressman with a sense of humor credited to it, but, with a sincere apology, we acknowledge the error.—VOX POP EDITOR.

Whosaidit Department

BOULDER, COLO.—"Nothing is so much to be feared as fear," by Henry David Thoreau, not F. D. Roosevelt. See the last few pages of the biographical sketch of Thoreau by Ralph Waldo Emerson in Works of Henry David Thoreau, published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co.—*W. H. Shimonek.*

Suffering Husbands!

MADISON, WIS.—Your article, How Often Have You Said . . ., about how to give yourself some leisure time by not wasting so much (February), was good. It gave me a couple of ideas, and I worked them out. But when I boasted about it to my wife, what happened? She had a nice long list of things I could do around the house in that free time. What's the use?—*J. V. Wood.*

Hip, Hip, Harmonica!

UNION, N. J.—I read with interest "It's a Wide-Open Market" in the January issue. Finn Magnus has done an excellent job with the plastic harmonica.

Of course, being in the harmonica business, I found it difficult to agree with the facts as presented. My company makes the finest pitch selecting instruments that can be had. A constant research is being made to help further development. —*Austin B. Corby.*

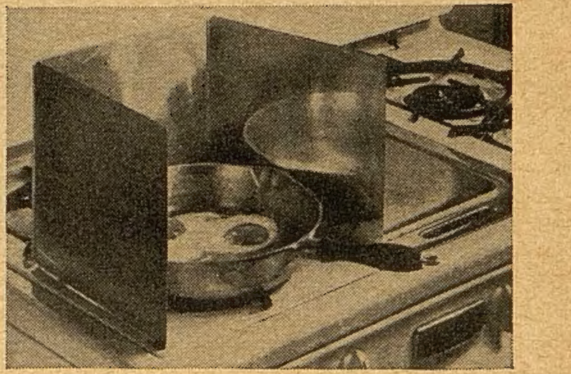
What'll They Wolf Next?

HOUSTON, TEXAS—Your condensation of Sixty Below (February) was good reading, especially for anybody who likes a life out of doors.

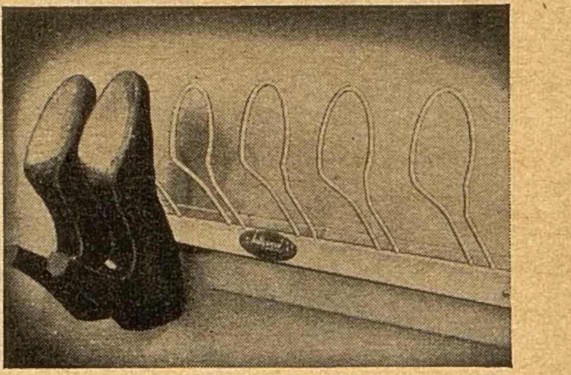
(*Continued on page 11*)

Liberty shops

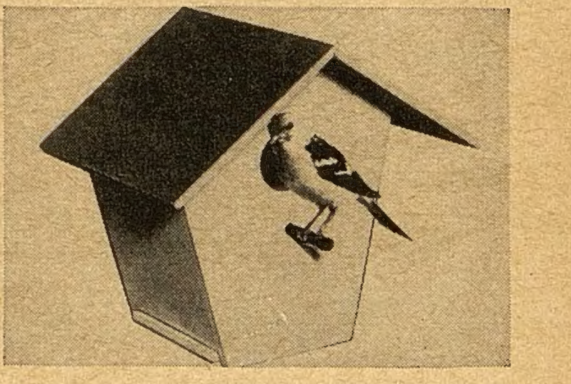
Once there's a Spatter-Shield around, you'll wonder how you managed without. A folding 3-panel aluminum shield, it protects walls and range when you're frying chicken or pan-broiling meats, and saves wiping up. Put it to work as a warming pan or cooky sheet; stand it around the mixer; or use it as a windbreak at picnics. Mrs. Letha Cordrey, 4071 Kansas St., San Diego 4, Calif.; $1 ppd.



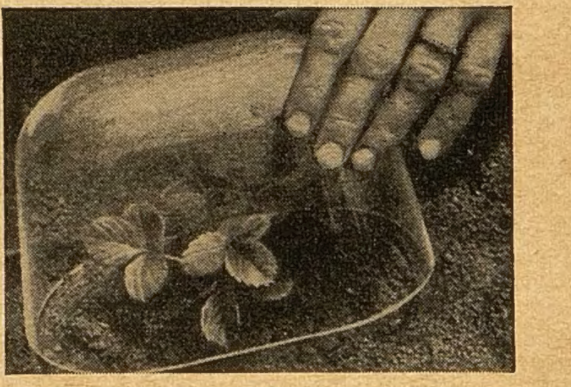
Shoes take a beating when you're in them, so during their rest periods in the closet, treat 'em kindly. A Hollywood rack gives shoes a secure niche, off the floor; helps organize the closet, too. One apiece plus an additional rack for rubbers, ought to do the family nicely. Ivory color. Waco Mfg. Co., Department LB-2, 6723 11th Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; for 3 pairs, $1; for 4, $1.25 ppd.



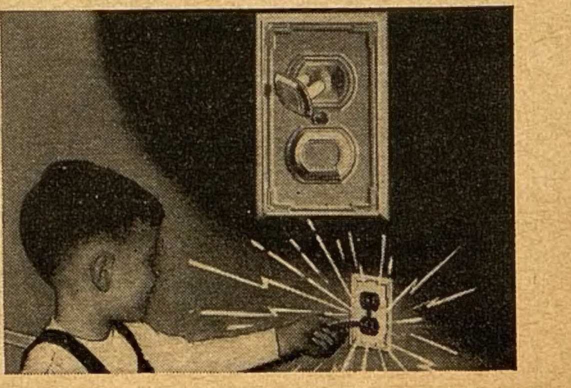
Welcome the swallows back—even though you don't live near Capistrano—with a new home for them, or other small birds. Constructed of plywood with waterproof glue, it has a removable floor for cleaning. They're available in white, red, green, blue, or yellow, with roof in any contrasting color. Each measures 6½" by 8½". Tuttle Bros. Mfg. Co., 330 N. E. 16th Ave., Portland 14, Oreg.; $2.25 ppd.

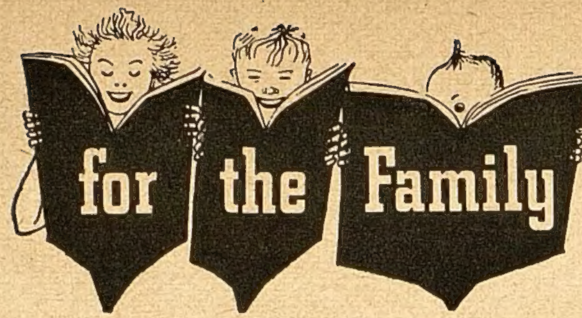


Plan your garden this year with new insurance for germinating seeds and protecting young sprouts. Commercial growers have amazing results with Hotouse Lustrex plastic "caps." Transparent, they keep moisture in the shell, but don't shut out the sun. Stack for storage—they're just as good next year; 5" by 5" by 8". Martin Roberts Co., 838 Symes Bldg., Denver, Colo.; 12 for $3; 50 for $11.75 ppd.

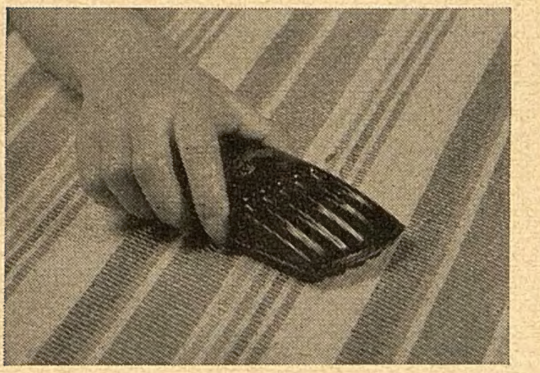


Checked your home for safety in recent months? You can guard your children and keep their inquisitive instincts in check by plugging up unused electric outlets. When the prongs of this simple plastic Saf-Gard are snapped tightly into an outlet, the danger point is no longer a menace to youngsters. A boxful of 20 is just about right for the average house. Neville's, Burlington, N. J.; $1 ppd.



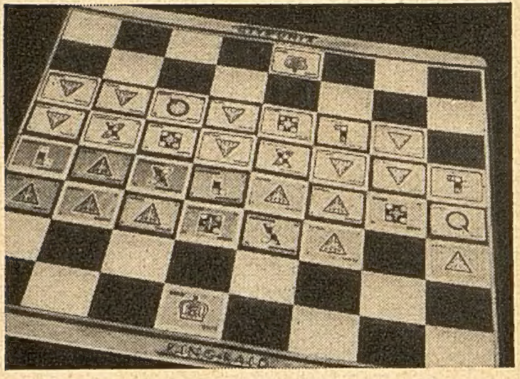


for the Family

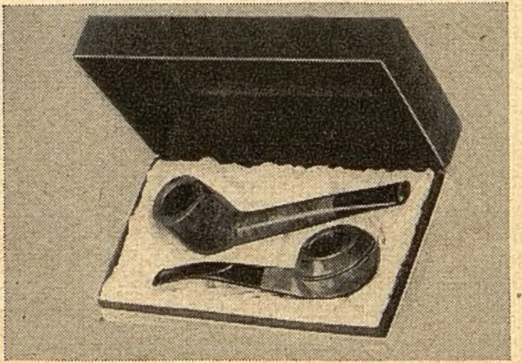


Make like magic with an electrostatic brush without bristles. Magnetic attraction neatly whisks dust, loose hairs, and lint from clothes, furniture, or car seats to this cleaner. The patented grooves reach in and out of folds, tufts, and crevices with no trouble—and there are no bristles to shed or mat down. No current, cord, or battery needed. Crimmins Products, Norristown 40, Pa.; $1.75 ppd.

Have you enjoyed Babka? It's a delicious semi-sponge cake made from a yeast dough, citron, raisins and other fruit, rum, and a sugar-glaze. It keeps for weeks in the refrigerator—but you won't have that problem. Serve it plain or toasted. Babka, 905 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.; small (about 1¼ lbs.), $1.35; medium (2 to 2¼ lbs.), $1.85; large (3 to 3½ lbs.), $3.20 ppd.



There's lively action and variety in King-Raid, a new two-handed board game of skill and chance, for teen-agers or adults. A deck of special playing cards are the movable pieces, and the scoring resembles bridge's. Games average 12 to 20 minutes, so there's time for several in one evening. You can play chess with the cards and board, too. Adult Games Co., Box 624, Babylon, L. I., N. Y.; $2 ppd.



Here's a bargain in pipes for the man who fondly collects them. This distinctive pair is fashioned of walnut and imported briar, with or without sterling-silver bands. One is a straight stem, with apple-shape bowl; the other is a slightly curved stem with bulldog-shape bowl. They're nicely boxed, too, for gifting. Abbott Pipes, 205 E. 85th St., New York 28, N. Y.; $5; $7.50 with silver; ppd.

The family car seems to pick up more dust and grime during the spring and summer months, so be prepared. The Handee Car Washer combines a foam-rubber sponge mitt which slips over the hand, and an attachment for the garden hose. With it, you'll have a constant stream of clean water on the car surface. G & D Products, Box 1074, U. P. Station, Des Moines 11, Iowa; $2 ppd.

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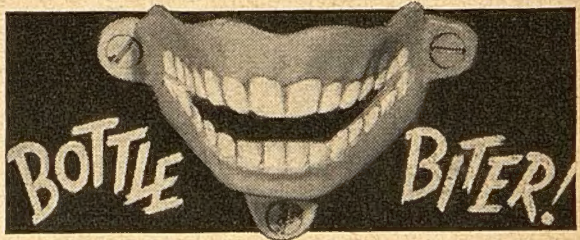

(The Bottle Opener with a Leer) All metal life-size dentures (in natural color), guaranteed to bite off bottle caps quickly and easily. The illusion is startling enough to make Grandpa snap his teeth—just to be sure he's got them. Gift-boxed, complete with 3 "gum" colored wall screws. $1.95 (Postpaid, No C.O.D.s.)
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1538 Connecticut Ave., Washington 6, D. C.

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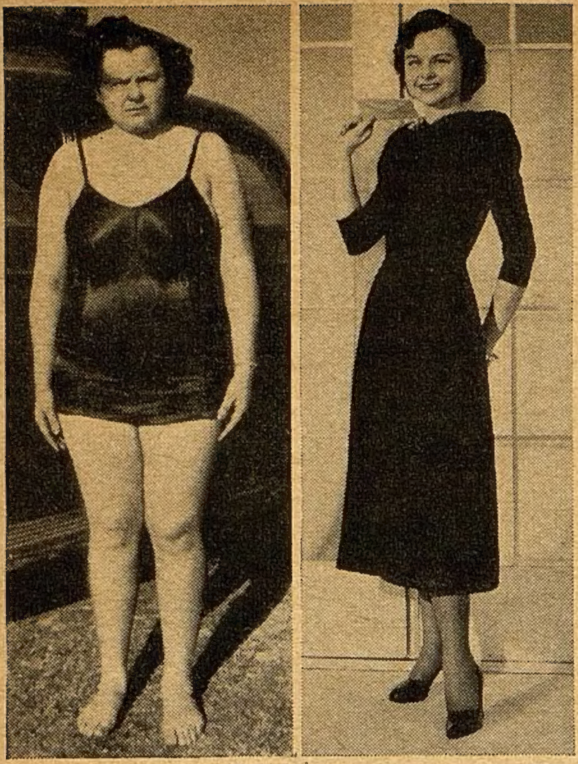

Before *After*

"How I Went from Size 44 to Size 12!"

"I had always been overweight," says Mrs. Virginia Harvey, 24, of Rocky Mount, N. C., "and thought it was my lot in life. I weighed 145 when I was married at 19, and after my baby was born, my weight went up to 198. I had to wear matronly dresses in size 44.

"Then I enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course. The first week I lost nine pounds; in six months I was down to 130. Today I weigh 126, and a size 12 dress fits me perfectly. I have such boundless energy that I am never tired. And I have learned so much about skin care, make-up and hair-styling. Every woman who needs to lose weight—a lot or a little—should know that through the DuBarry Success Course she *can* be the slender, attractive woman she wants to be."

How about you? Unhappy about your looks? Let the DuBarry Success Course help you. It shows you how to lose or gain weight, remodel your figure, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour—be at your best. It's easy and it's fun. You learn the method in six weeks, then enjoy its benefits the rest of your life.

And now—by a new plan—you can have the DuBarry Success Course at the lowest price ever—just about 30 cents a day for those six weeks!

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This handsome 16-page illustrated book tells you all about the DuBarry Success Course, what it has done for others with just your problems, what it can do for you; also about the new low-cost plan by which you can start right away.

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By TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Nice name for a zippy Chinaman
5 Men used to clean windows; these windows clean men
14 Gizzard spit (Fr.)
15 The Erl of Brooklyn (got fried in Italy)
16 Wha' old Hieland orrratorrrs spoke for betterrrr or for
17 General state of the towering Pisans
18 Contains members of Cruise Who
19 Smootch St.
20 It's revealing and bound to develop after clicking (snappy, eh?)
22 Though well bread, life's a grind for this half-wheat
24 Lovey-dovey hovel
25 The friendly, influential Carnegie
26 Chief ingredient of a Karloff kocktail
29 No place to work if you're out of sorts (or a femail)
33 Skid Row convertibles
34 Watches, non-winding variety
35 Dear old Partly Inebriated University (abbr.)
36 Ideal way to be in the Welfare State
37 They get you 1½ sheets in the wind
38 Dead give-away
39 Blood of the Fords
40 The old cut-up!
41 It never —— but it pouree (old Hindu saying)
42 Two divided by nothing
44 Hottest song on the 1930 Hot Parade
45 If an atom's a neutron, it's an oltron
46 Dough factory, makes money for the Union
47 What brides do to hubbies' shirts and dinners
50 Big shot
53 He'd make a cheerful injuneer
54 Miss a fine opportunity to keep quiet
56 Catcharticall (cf.—Brute?)
57 Norse Tygoon
58 Dollar and centser
59 What descriptive writers go out on a
60 They're now equipped with miniature windshield wipers for unsightly weather
61 Don't give up soap, it's only a frame

VERTICAL

1 Videot's delight
2 It's found at the top of the Egyptian Pyramids
3 Low moment for mire to appear
4 The side the Nazis were on
5 What only sissies are, according to little Johnny
6 To GiGiGiGiGiGi
7 Marital manacle, worn on her finger; in his nose
8 I have condensed
9 Half-soled women
10 One man among millions
11 Ski Mts.
12 Old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon dishwasher and washing machine
13 Give that sex-ray look
21 Chips off the old blockhead
23 Only things that keep doctors in business
25 He wrote a famous book about the underworld
27 Joke ready for radio
28 Hangouts of shady characters
29 When she does, it'll keep you in stitches
30 Apostrophe to an upstanding forester (two words)
31 He's awfully busy on squeakends
32 Crooners have recently been driving them and people from the radio (two words)
34 Diamond derby
37 Xss
38 Automatic dollar dispensers
40 Well-known political head of France
41 Device for making ones out of twos
43 What Mr. Firestone's business must be
44 Chew-chew cars
46 Person to whom a gal attaches herself for life (and becomes her second in command)
47 Larger inside than outside (fem.)
48 Mr. Buffalo Bill
49 Apostrophe to a famous desserter
50 Ireland's filled with them
51 What bearded men rarely wear (two words)
52 It's the word!
55 Ethiopian big shot

S	E	R	E	N	A	D	E	R	S	■	S	H	E	D
T	R	I	P	■	D	I	V	A	N	■	T	A	R	E
R	I	D	I	■	O	M	E	G	A	■	A	R	I	A
I	C	E	C	U	B	E	S	■	F	A	R	M	E	R
P	■	■	U	R	E	S	■	S	U	R	E	■	■	■
T	I	A	R	A	S	■	S	T	E	E	R	A	G	E
E	X	C	E	L	■	W	E	I	R	S	■	L	A	X
A	M	O	S	■	C	H	A	R	S	■	S	A	L	T
S	A	N	■	G	O	A	L	S	■	C	O	M	E	R
E	Y	E	F	U	L	L	S	■	M	O	R	O	S	E
■	■	■	R	A	L	E	■	F	A	R	O	■	■	M
S	A	L	A	M	I	■	L	I	T	E	R	A	T	I
O	L	I	M	■	D	E	A	L	T	■	I	C	H	S
M	U	L	E	■	E	M	C	E	E	■	T	R	O	T
A	M	T	S	■	D	E	S	T	R	O	Y	E	R	S

March Answer

1	2	3	4	■	5	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13
14				■	15					■	16			
17				■	18					■	19			
20				21				■	22	23				
	■	■	24				■	25				■	■	■
26	27	28				■	29					30	31	32
33					■	34					■	35		
36				■	37					■	38			
39			■	40					■	41				
42			43					■	44					
■	■	■	45				■	46				■	■	
47	48	49				■	50					51	52	
53				■	54	55				■	56			
57				■	58					■	59			
60										■	61			

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

VOX POP

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

(*Continued from page 8*)

What Tony Onraet said about the habits of wolves reminded me of something I was told by a friend who spent some years in Arabia. He said they raised watermelons there, but had a hard job getting the crop to the table because the wolves came around at night and robbed the vines. Seems like a pretty mild taste for a wolf to have, but my friend swears to the tale.

Of course any good Texan could tell him a lot of taller ones, all of them even truer.—*J. F. P.*

Whack Away, Gentlemen

St. Joseph, Mo.—The complaint of Mrs. R. C. L. of Chicago (January Vox Pop), the young bride who discovered her husband believed in using the back of the hairbrush, was most interesting. As a practicing psychologist, let me assure her that her husband is not crazy; he is merely one of the husbands who in late years have in increasing numbers joined the "back to the hairbrush" movement as an effective means of expressing their rightful authority in the home.—*O. B. Rogers, Ph.D.*

Liberty Today

Auburn, Ill.—I am pleased with your editorial (January) and the addition calling attention to the motto from Stephen Decatur.

Your magazine can, and we believe does, have an influence for the better in its stand for free enterprise against socialized regulations and restrictions.—*A. O. Merriam.*

Barks and Bites

Menlo Park, Calif.—I love dogs—also I love my children even more. I have made many inquiries into dog diseases which can be contracted by man. The eminent doctors I have consulted certainly do not go along with Dr. Fluck (February). As for a dog's being public enemy No. 1—it is just too ridiculous. Dr. Fluck just doesn't like dogs.—*Alice Thorsby.*

New York, N. Y.—Recently I had been thinking of getting a dog, but the article by Dr. Fluck, entitled Beware of the Dog, has thoroughly frightened me off, for the time being at least.—*Sylvia Taylor.*

"What Do You Mean—Only ONE True Church?"

Non-Catholics often resent the claim that the Catholic Church alone is the true Church of Christ.

"You Catholics," some of them say, "have a lot of nerve. The Church is universal. Anybody can belong to it who accepts Christ as his personal Savior and models his life after Christ's teaching. We can be members of the true Church without being Catholics."

Many who feel this way about it are, of course, sincere and devout people. And it is not our intention to challenge the various shades of Christian thought which they represent. We do ask them, however, to understand that the Catholic claim is not a matter of arrogance or intolerance — but of the deepest religious conviction.

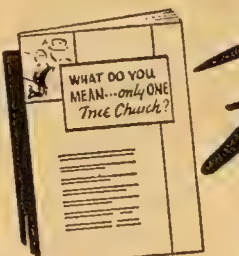
Nearly all Christians agree that there can be only one true Church. Yet there are hundreds of different denominations — some of them miles apart in what they teach—all claiming to be the true Church. Certainly all of them cannot be right... in fact, only ONE can.

But which one? How can we identify it?

The Son of God made Himself recognizable to men by coming upon the earth with a body and soul like ours. It was in His physical body that He died for our redemption. Having thus so carefully revealed Himself to the people of His own time, would He not make equally sure that future generations should also know Him?

Catholics believe that the Savior did so, through the Church... in which he is "able *at all times* to save those who came to God through Him." The Church is, therefore, not merely a body of people believing in Christ... but the body appointed by Christ Himself to continue His mission of redemption.

"He who hears you," the Savior said, "hears Me." For Catholics, this means that when the Church speaks it is Christ speaking. When the Church offers prayer and sacrifice and forgiveness of sins, it is Christ's prayer and sacrifice and forgiveness of sins. The Church, as Catholics see it, is Christ living in the world today!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Send Now So That in the May Issue You Will Read:

- **"The Greatness That is America"** by Carlos P. Romulo, Philippine Ambassador to the United States. General Romulo, President of the General Assembly of the United Nations, tells how he feels about the American form of democracy as a model for the rest of the world.
- **Liberty Marks the Centennial of Samuel Gompers.** In a penetrating article, J. C. Rich portrays the eventful life of labor leader Samuel Gompers, the great American patriot and humanitarian who is credited with being the father of the trade union movement in America, and traces his influence on the growth and policies of labor unions in this country.
- **The Pros and Cons of Drinking in Colleges**—both sides of this important issue are intelligently discussed. The case against drinking in colleges is brought to point by D. E. Wheeler, veteran feature-story writer, and the defense is presented by Jack Zeldes, Senior at the University of Wisconsin.
- **LIBERTY HOME SECTION**—a new idea in 1950 electric ranges—how to buy what you need and assemble it for new efficiency in your kitchen. The knives in your life—how to carve, slice, cut, peel, and pare. "Lace" in the latest fashions. And a "Let Pop Do It" feature on how to design your own Jewelry.

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CRAZY LIKE A FOX

By BILL WOLF

READING TIME 3 MINUTES Soon after night fell, the two hounds working the fields and the edges of the woods came uncomfortably close to the den, and the female red fox on guard went into action. Her litter of pups was safe in the reconverted woodchuck burrow, but she didn't like the presence of the hounds.

The vixen trotted across the field to intercept the old trail the hounds were following and lead them away from the den.

She kept only a short distance ahead of them, her trail maddeningly new in their nostrils. At times she even egged them on by a peculiar yapping entirely unlike the normal bark of a fox. When the dogs had been lured a mile or more from her young, she doubled back a short distance on her own track, plunged into a brook, followed the water until she leaped out on a rocky ledge which would not hold her scent, and then started home. The puzzled hounds would try to work out her trail and eventually would go home to sleep off the headache she'd caused them.

She and her kind are the most controversial animals in this country today. Numerical increase in most of the northern, eastern, Middle Atlantic and southern states, as well as in some of the Canadian provinces, accounts for the controversy. Aligned for and against one another are orchardists, farmers, small-game hunters, trappers, country and pink-coated fox hunters.

Blithely unaware of the arguments raging over it, but fully aware of its enemies, the red fox trots nimbly across the countryside, always present but seldom seen, taking its food where it finds it and thus eating its way into the liking or hatred of the several factions. Sometimes it eats mice and other harmful rodents, which wins the love and affection of orchardists and certain farmers. Sometimes it eats chickens, which arouse poultry growers. Sometimes it dines on small game animals and birds, which makes hunters very angry.

Fox hunters—country style or formal riders to hounds—don't care what it eats, so long as it keeps up its strength for the chases which they enjoy. Trappers feel much the same as fox hunters.

Add to all this some thousands of years of legends concerning the sharp cleverness of foxes, and you have a most interesting animal. However, it can be stupid at times and "crazy like a fox," which is really a tribute to its smartness, also can be taken literally.

Once, while sitting in a parked car, I saw a red fox come toward me unconcernedly until only a few feet from the automobile. Suddenly it seemed to see the car for the first time and made one tremendous leap off the road and into a field.

Sometimes they are quite actually crazy. This occurs when they acquire rabies, a frequent enough happening to warrant attention from medical authorities, since foxes can spread the disease to human beings.

Rabies, mange, and distemper take their toll of foxes and help control their numbers when the population becomes heavy. A plague of mange hit the foxes in a Massachusetts orchard section, and the fruit growers complained that mice and other pests were girdling their trees and killing them, unhindered because of the dwindling fox population. Some even favored a law outlawing hunting and trapping.

◆ For all his magnificent bushiness and apparent bulk, the red fox seldom weighs more than about ten pounds. Beneath his fur is a lean and rangy body built like that of a greyhound. He sports the most remarkable tail in the animal world and it serves three functions: Even in coldest winter, the fox usually sleeps outside his den and curls his long tail about his body as a windbreak. He uses it as a foil when fighting other males in mating season. And, finally, the brush is the trophy in formal fox hunts.

The males sometimes fight furiously in January and February, but once a red fox has taken a mate, it is "till death us do part." All is not romance, however, for this villain-hero during the winter months. He is surrounded by danger then, because his pelt is at its prime and hunters and trappers are hard on his trail.

◆ After going through a multitude of state and federal reports on the fox's value or harm as a result of his eating habits, several conclusions have been reached:

1. Foxes are important predators of small game and, in certain sections, of poultry, pigs, and sheep. Some control is necessary here.
2. It is an important fur-bearing animal and a game animal where trapping or hunting is a major winter occupation or sport. Extermination is not desirable.
3. In some regions it is especially useful because it kills destructive rodents. Here it should be protected.
4. No bounty system yet devised seems to affect its numbers one way or another. Trapping by professionals seems to be the best way to control the fox. ◆ ◆

some things

many girls do not know...

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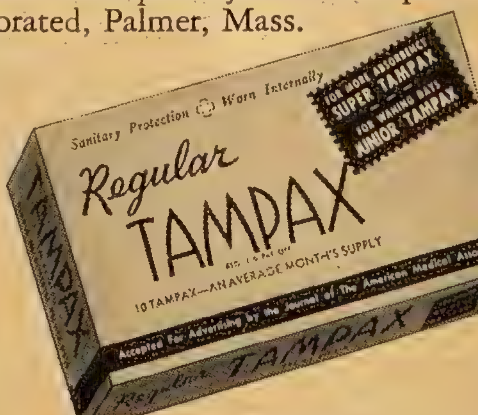
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JUST BEFORE DEADLINE

(*Continued from page 4*)

tions consultant to a number of corporations. He tells people how to get along with one another and, from what we hear, his systems really work.

◆ "Brigadier General David Sarnoff's most inspiring characteristic is his cheerful faith that America today is a land of greater opportunities than ever," says Henry W. Roberts, who interviewed the chairman of the Radio Corporation of America in connection with THE BEST IS YET TO BE. And now it's our turn to tell you about Mr. Roberts. He is the author of several hundred technical articles and three books, dealing mostly with aviation and radio, and was the 1940 winner of the Harmon medal. He knows electronics and he has the ability to put his knowledge into everybody's language. You'll get a lot out of this article.

◆ Do you know a war orphan who is being denied a college education because of lack of funds? If so, you can do him or her a great service simply by passing on this information. A nonprofit organization known as War Orphans Scholarships is anxious and able to help these young people get the college education they deserve. The only qualification is that the applicant must be the son or daughter of a deceased American war veteran. Send all inquiries to War Orphans Scholarships, Park Sheraton Hotel, Suite 565, Seventh Avenue and 55th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

◆ We can always find news of United Nations decisions on the front page of our newspapers, but we've never shown exactly how this important body operates. The United Nations department of public information is aware of this and has prepared a series of motion pictures telling everything from how the language problem is handled to the human interest stories behind U. N. discussions. These films are available to any school, club, or individual for a small rental fee. Contact the United Nations Film Distribution Unit, 1600 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

◆ Things to keep your eyes open for: Betsy Barton's new book, SHADOW ON THE BRIDGE, which promises to be just as excellent as her last, HOW TO LIVE AGAIN. . . . The 1950 campaign for the American National Red Cross. . . . Our Very Own, a stirring motion picture for all the family. . . . General Motors' shiny new 1950 automobiles which we previewed at the Mid-Century Motorama. . . . "I Am an American Day," May 21, with its twofold purpose: to welcome newly naturalized American citizens and to celebrate the privileges we all enjoy under the American flag.

◆ We aren't going to advise our readers to buy a truck like the one pictured above, and we didn't print it to show what's new in the vehicle department. This particular horseless carriage is worthy of space because of that lovely white sign spelled L-I-B-E-R-T-Y. It's important to you because it's the wagon that brings Liberty to your newsstand. We start off here in New York, reading manuscripts, choosing material, writing, and putting Liberty together. Then it goes to Philadelphia to be printed, and finally Liberty is assembled in Chicago. Only after careful inspection is our magazine sent out to subscribers and to distribution companies like the Ludington News Company of Detroit, whose truck we used for the photograph.

◆ There's been a lot of talk about the morals of our college students, so in the next issue, Liberty gets down to facts with a pro-con article on college drinking by Daniel Wheeler and Jack Zeldes. Benjamin Fine of the New York Times will give you the shocking story of our teachers' salaries. And you can be looking forward to an article by Carlos P. Romulo, president, United Nations General Assembly, fourth session, entitled THE GREATNESS THAT IS AMERICA. In the fiction department, don't miss Garrett Oppenheim's elusive story, THE PUNISHING OF EDDIE JUNGLE-SPIT.

—J. B. D.

LIBERTY'S EDITORIALS

Liberty Is an Election Issue

It's getting so every year seems like election year. Politicians are running for something all the time. With Congressional elections coming up this year, they are already so busy howling each other down that the rest of us have a tough time hearing ourselves think.

But we must stop and think, or we'll get dizzy with political oratory. Worse, we may start to think the way politicians talk.

Things are difficult enough to figure out as it is. Ever since Jimmy Byrnes got to disagreeing with his ex-boss President Truman, you can hardly tell the Democrats from the Republicans, or the other way around.

Regardless of party, the left half of the politicians now talks about "security," which, according to the right half, leads to the "hand-out state." And when the right speaks highly of "free enterprise," the left warns that this clears the road to the "jungle state."

Of course, those are just words the politicians make up to put into their propaganda muskets to shoot at one another. But when it comes to words for thinking rather than for shooting, this magazine knows one that's greater than all the rest of them. That word is LIBERTY.

It is a very American word. The men who wrote our Constitution designed it to "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Still, we all know that liberty isn't an American monopoly. People strive for liberty everywhere on earth. Only, over here we seem to have more of it.

Politicians and voters need to remember that we not only have to keep as much of our liberty as possible, but that we want to make it ever stronger. While the propagandists think up new words, let's stick to an old one. Let's keep in mind that liberty is the foremost election issue.

True liberty calls for a delicate balance between the desires of every one of us and the well-being of the nation as a whole. As General Eisenhower put it the other day, the dividing line between individual and national interest wavers "constantly, in a middle area between centralized authority and individual liberty—as economic, social and political conditions require more, or less, action by government."

Liberty, then, stands most firmly on the line where personal and community interests begin to conflict. It doesn't give license to the I-want-mine-firsters, whoever they may be. It doesn't mean grabbing while the grabbing is good.

The man who wants a pension is really looking for liberty—for freedom from poverty once he is too old to work. The same goes for anyone who calls on the community for social security, health insurance, and other public services.

That's all right, we think, as long as one man's freedom doesn't become another man's strait jacket. Because you can't have more liberty by taking some away from your neighbor.

Let's Have a Push-Button Congress

Congressmen, like the rest of us, live in a world of whizzing elevators, rainbow-colored juke boxes, self-starting cars, front-door buzzers, and television sets with automatic tuning. This is a push-button age.

At roll-call time, each Congressman uses up nearly ten seconds just to record his presence. There are 435 members in the House of Representatives. So the total waste of time amounts to one hour plus. If Congress had caught up with the push-button age, the whole business could be over in 40 seconds.

Roll call by electric push buttons doesn't amount to a revolution. Several state legislatures already use the system. It goes like this: Each legislator has a little button on his desk; so when roll is called, he merely pushes the button and his presence is automatically recorded.

Will the gentlemen yield to the twentieth century?

Hollywood Teases Housewives

Hollywood movie-makers have just taken on the country's most powerful pressure group: America's housewives. A movie called The Skipper Surprised His Wife takes a crack at the ladies who rock the nation's shopping carts, burn its toast, and take its dinners out of cans.

This picture's hero is a navy officer, Robert Walker, who takes over the household when his wife breaks a leg. He defies housewifely traditions with a sign in the kitchen: "There is a place for everything, and everything is in its place."

Finally this superman of the gas range tells a group of housewives, "By adopting navy methods, you could cut your housework in half. Most of you who complain about your work are soap-opera addicts, fence hangers-over, book-of-the-month clubbers, or just plain lazy."

Naturally the outraged ladies go after him, swinging their handbags like so many rolling pins. But Hollywood proves convincingly that it fears no one.

According to one of those surveys that are beginning to crop up again, transatlantic airplane hostesses catch the richest husbands. Looks like a new twist to the old technique of pouncing on the poor duffer while he's all up in the air, but thinks he is walking on it.

Eastern Europe's Communists have come out against the Boy Scout movement. Never mind those dry sticks, they think; you can always start a fire by the process of rubbing two countries together.

Vaudeville is making a comeback throughout the country. Nary a chicken can cross the road without running into a comedian wearing red suspenders.

Eva Perón, Argentina's Number One Lady, has ordered enough shoes in Paris to last her 400 years. Hubby is probably thinking about a new term in the Presidential chair.

LABOR: first line of defense

CANADA
INDIA

Delegates from Canada, America, India, Japan, France, Italy, and The Netherlands form a cross-section of labor leaders from 53 nations who met

Organized workers in the free nations agree that Communism has nothing to offer but its chains. That's why they are now massed behind world fences the Reds had planned to climb

By ED CUNNINGHAM

A STATEMENT BY MAURICE J. TOBIN, U. S. SECRETARY OF LABOR

Maurice J. Tobin.

◆ The International Confederation of Free Trade Unions is an important organization devoted to constructive, democratic trade-union action.

This new world body does not only advocate freedom—it *is* free labor speaking for itself, without direction from any government. I think working men and women everywhere want the kind of freedom which working men and women enjoy in the democracies, particularly in America.

I was happy to note the close collaboration of all segments of American labor in laying the foundations of this new international organization. Representatives of the A.F.L., the C.I.O., and other groups joined in this enterprise with a fine display of unity. There were no rivalries. These were all Americans, standing together for American ideals and philosophy. Such voluntary co-operation between all elements of the American labor movement is an inspiration to free trade-unionists everywhere.

As an American and as U. S. Secretary of Labor, I am deeply impressed by the determination of the I.C.F.T.U. to help with full energy workers in countries which are underdeveloped or which have suffered the ravages of war. This is to say, in effect, that the free trade-unions of the world are supporting President Truman's Point Four program because it is a fruitful alternative to false Communist promises.

The charter of the I.C.F.T.U. is a document which deserves the applause it has received. It is a responsible statement outlining the needs of working men and women and the factors which hamper the achievement of an adequate, expanding standard of living for all peoples.

The Department of Labor, which advises the Department of State on the labor aspects of foreign policy, has benefited greatly from the knowledge and experience of the American labor movement in this field. The Department of Labor is fortunate to have at its service the Trade Union Advisory Committee on International Affairs. I know I speak for freedom-loving people everywhere when I wish the I.C.F.T.U. the greatest success in its effort to help build peace and security throughout the world.

AGAINST COMMUNISM

FRANCE
ITALY
NETHERLANDS

in London to form the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. Their goal is to help labor and keep Communists out of their unions.

READING TIME 12 MINUTES Labor leaders from 53 nations met in London's historic County Hall last December to organize a united front against Communism. Before the ink was dry on its new charter, the infant International Confederation of Free Trade Unions had received its baptism under the fire of Moscow propaganda.

". . . an obedient tool of American imperialism," cried Trud, the Soviet trade-union paper. "They are to do their share in the terrorist-subversive activity organized in the countries of the people's democracy by the American intelligence service with the assistance of the contemptible Tito clique."

The Kremlin's venomous attack was tacit admission of its premonitions. In 53 countries, the new labor group's 49,750,000 organized workers are now massed behind world fences over which the Reds had planned to climb. Free labor's united front extends from Western Europe through Africa to Asia, back across Latin America, and up to the United States and Canada. Even the Iron Curtain is not exempt. The I.C.F.T.U. includes several Red-exiled labor leaders who have contact with labor's underground forces in satellite countries.

No other anti-Communist group has I.C.F.T.U.'s knowledge of Red tactics and treachery. Some members, like Britain's Trades Unions Congress and America's C.I.O., learned the hard way—by personal contact in the Moscow-minded World Federation of Trade Unions. Others, like the American Federation of Labor, have always worked on the assumption that you can't do business with Stalin.

In both cases the familiarity with Communist techniques bred not only contempt but confidence. The contempt stems from Moscow's phony pretensions as the champion of the workingman. The A.F.L. has documented evidence of labor practices behind the Iron Curtain which expose Russia's revival of slave labor and medieval working conditions. Free labor's confidence springs from the belief that it is the natural bulwark against Communism.

"Only free trade-unions can successfully resist the growth of Communism," says William Green, A.F.L. president and member of the I.C.F.T.U. executive board. "We speak to the world's workers in language they understand, discussing their social and economic problems, and winning their confidence by positive action. The National Association of Manufacturers can't do that. Neither can the chambers of commerce, the bankers, newspapers, or even the churches. This is labor's job."

It is a construction, rather than a destruction, job. The I.C.F.T.U. plans a positive attack, eliminating the causes of Communism rather than merely tilting with Red propaganda windmills. Its major objective is the raising of labor and living standards for workers in all nations.

◆

"We must answer the Cominform with bold democratic action, not with pious slogans about the abstract virtues of democracy," Walter Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers, told the London conference. ". . . prove that democracy has the moral strength and the practical know-how to meet the everyday problems of the great masses of people.

"In China," Reuther continued, "we made the tragic mistake of believing that democracy's fight could be won on the battlefields. Democracy's fight, in China and other similar nations, can be won only in the rice fields."

Democracy had won a few rounds against Communism even before the I.C.F.T.U. was organized. According to David Lasser, internationally known labor analyst, Moscow-front labor groups have lost control over almost 10,000,000 workers since 1947. Major defections were in Italy, France, Latin America, and Asia.

Italy's united labor front was smashed when the Socialists and Christian Democrats withdrew from the Red-dominated C.G.I.L. because of its opposition to the European Recovery Plan. In France, non-Communist workers broke away from the fellow-traveling C.G.T. labor federation in protest against politically motivated general strikes. France's new federation, the Force

(*Continued on page 80*)

Photos by Keystone Pictures Inc.

Liberty to Worship

By DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

READING TIME 8 MINUTES The editor of LIBERTY has asked me to write about that great and fundamental American freedom, the liberty to worship as we please, according to the dictates of the individual conscience.

I believe that this one liberty underlies all our other liberties because it permits us to seek God's guidance in the conduct of our own lives as well as in our national life. And, without this guidance we cannot succeed either as people or as a country.

The great men who shaped our nation knew this well. The signers of the Declaration of Independence, in their immortal document, appealed to "the Supreme Judge of the world" and, for the success of their intentions, placed "a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence." Eighty-seven years later, at another critical moment, Abraham Lincoln, in a short and great speech most of us have learned by heart, resolved that "this nation, *under God*, shall have a new birth of freedom." And, only nine years ago, in another crisis, Franklin D. Roosevelt, in his "Four Freedoms" address, told us that we place our "faith in freedom under the guidance of God."

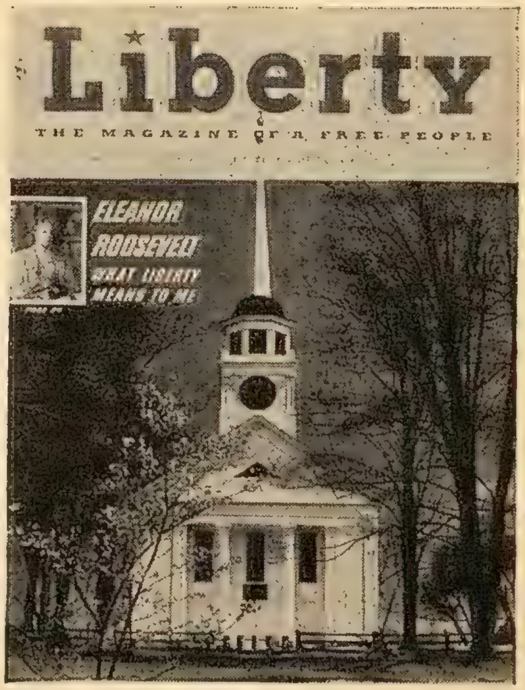
Even the coins we jingle in our pockets and purses couple the word "Liberty" with the motto, "In God we trust." Our concept of liberty is based on the belief that man is endowed by his Creator with certain inalienable rights which no government and no nation can justly take from him. And, just as the liberty of the individual is God-given, so, necessarily, is the liberty of the nation which these individuals compose.

Nevertheless it cannot be denied that the liberty of each of us to worship God in his own fashion and to follow wherever the voice of his conscience may take him, as long as this does no harm to others in the free exercise of their own rights, is subject both to abuse and to misinterpretation.

The godless among us would attempt, under the guise of religious liberty, to take God out of our public life. They would have us take the Bible out of our schools; they ask us to stop the singing of carols, hymns, and spirituals in the classrooms. They use these simple and traditional public devotions to stir up unrest and to divide us among ourselves, to separate Protestant from Catholic and both Protestant and Catholic from Jew. Well-meaning and God-fearing people of all our denominations have become their tools and today we see the principle of liberty to worship being used to arouse new bigotry and prejudice.

Those who would fight this bigotry and prejudice like to talk about "tolerance." They give prizes for it and set up organizations to promote it. Take down your dictionary sometime and look up the meaning

a leading American churchman declares freedom to worship, each in his own way, is the most important of all our precious liberties. "Cherish it, use it now," he begs, "before it is too late"



The beautiful church on our cover is the First Parish Meeting House in Groton, Massachusetts. Arthur Griffin, a New England photographer, is the photo artist.

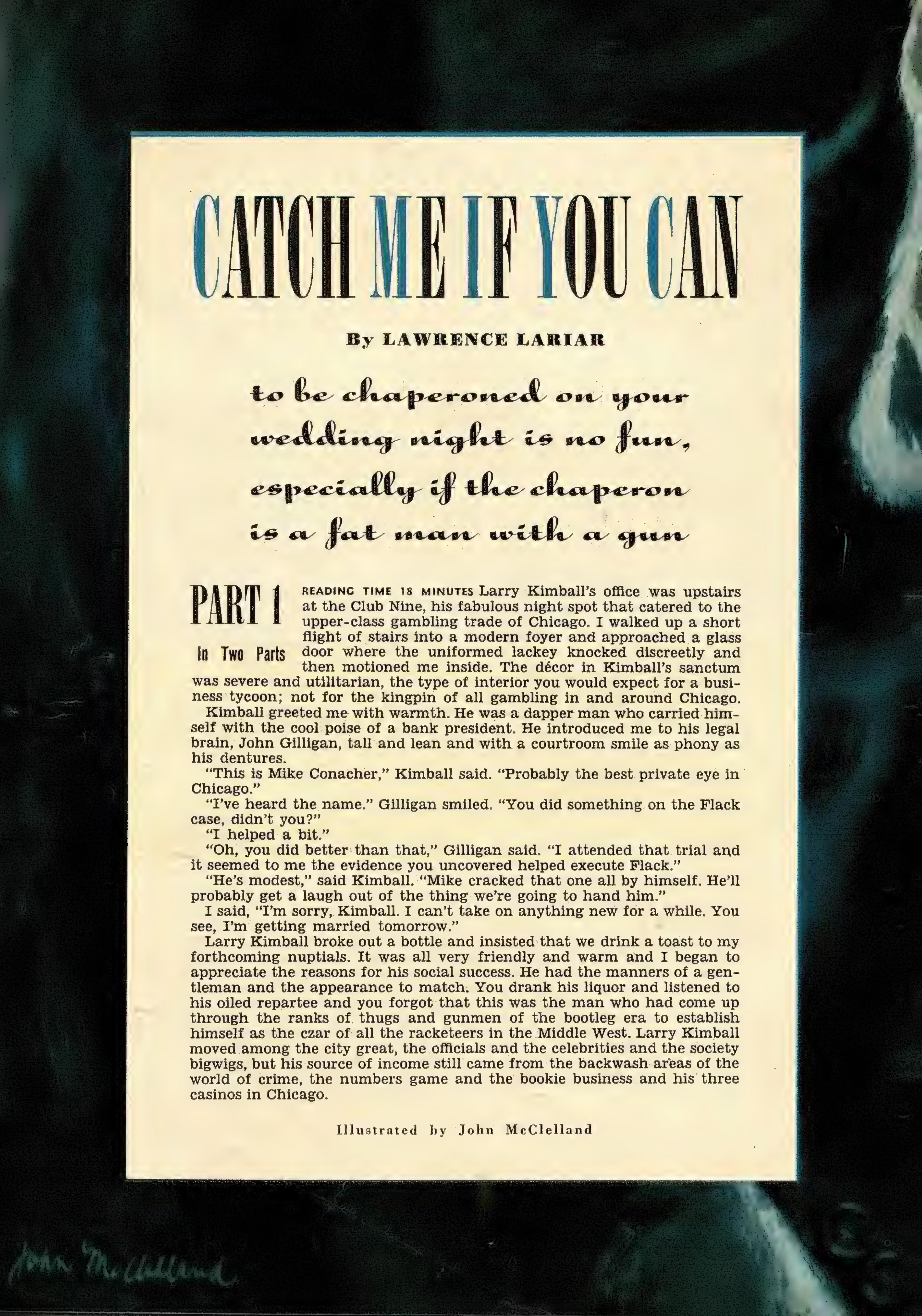
Dr. Peale, his wife, Ruth, and their children—Margaret, John, and Elizabeth—at their Pawling, New York, farm. The rooster is one of Dr. Peale's flock—from the barnyard, not Marble Collegiate Church.

of "tolerance": It is the act of bearing, of enduring, of suffering to be without hindrance, of putting up with something. Is tolerance enough if religious liberty is to be fully realized?

I don't think tolerance is enough, not by far. What we do need is understanding. For, to go back to the dictionary again, "understanding" is the act of knowledge, of discernment, of comprehension, of interpretation, of explanation. We have to know just how the other fellow worships God and what he believes. Such real understanding cannot possibly weaken us in our own particular faith if that faith is strong and real within us. But it can give us real respect and friendship for our fellow citizens of other faiths.

How can we develop understanding? There are many ways. Organizations such as the National Conference of Christians and Jews sponsor interfaith meetings; many other groups do equally important work in this field. The schools can be of great help. In New York—where two years ago a Jewish group objected to the singing of Christmas carols in the public schools—this past year the Christian and Jewish parents of one community combined to urge school authorities to have the children sing both Christmas and Hanukkah songs in their school. That was a fine example of real understanding in action and will cement the spirit of brotherhood.

The month of April is a particularly appropriate one in which to write about religious liberty. It is the month in which one of the greatest American champions of freedom of worship was born. If you have ever seen his tomb, halfway up the road to his hilltop home, you have read the words inscribed on it at his own direction: "author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." Thomas Jefferson neglected to mention that he had also (*Continued on page 72*)



CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

By LAWRENCE LARIAR

to be chaperoned on your wedding night is no fun, especially if the chaperon is a fat man with a gun

PART 1

In Two Parts

READING TIME 18 MINUTES Larry Kimball's office was upstairs at the Club Nine, his fabulous night spot that catered to the upper-class gambling trade of Chicago. I walked up a short flight of stairs into a modern foyer and approached a glass door where the uniformed lackey knocked discreetly and then motioned me inside. The décor in Kimball's sanctum was severe and utilitarian, the type of interior you would expect for a business tycoon; not for the kingpin of all gambling in and around Chicago.

Kimball greeted me with warmth. He was a dapper man who carried himself with the cool poise of a bank president. He introduced me to his legal brain, John Gilligan, tall and lean and with a courtroom smile as phony as his dentures.

"This is Mike Conacher," Kimball said. "Probably the best private eye in Chicago."

"I've heard the name." Gilligan smiled. "You did something on the Flack case, didn't you?"

"I helped a bit."

"Oh, you did better than that," Gilligan said. "I attended that trial and it seemed to me the evidence you uncovered helped execute Flack."

"He's modest," said Kimball. "Mike cracked that one all by himself. He'll probably get a laugh out of the thing we're going to hand him."

I said, "I'm sorry, Kimball. I can't take on anything new for a while. You see, I'm getting married tomorrow."

Larry Kimball broke out a bottle and insisted that we drink a toast to my forthcoming nuptials. It was all very friendly and warm and I began to appreciate the reasons for his social success. He had the manners of a gentleman and the appearance to match. You drank his liquor and listened to his oiled repartee and you forgot that this was the man who had come up through the ranks of thugs and gunmen of the bootleg era to establish himself as the czar of all the racketeers in the Middle West. Larry Kimball moved among the city great, the officials and the celebrities and the society bigwigs, but his source of income still came from the backwash areas of the world of crime, the numbers game and the bookie business and his three casinos in Chicago.

Illustrated by John McClelland

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

Continued

“Why not spend your honeymoon in New York?” Gilligan asked, using his persuasive, friendly voice in the quiet way that won juries over to his side. “You can use the bridal suite at my hotel, the Trent. Compliments of the ownership, of course.”

“Now, that’s nice of you, John,” said Kimball. “Tell Conacher the deal. He’ll grab it when he sees how easy it’ll be for him.”

“There’s nothing to it, really,” Gilligan said. “Mr. Kimball is interested in a character who leaves tomorrow night on the Century for New York, an excessively obese man who embarks on an excessively intriguing mission. Mr. Kimball wants to know where he goes when he arrives in New York. A simple assignment for a man of your talents.”

“Why me?” I asked, disregarding his flattery. “You’ve got all kinds of people for a thing like this, Kimball.”

“I can’t use my boys,” Kimball said. “The fat man knows them all.”

“He’s clever and he’s tricky,” Gilligan said; “smart enough to smell any amateur who followed him. That’s why we need you, Conacher. You’ll earn a reasonably big fee—we’re willing to pay you five hundred for your time and effort.”

I whistled. “That’s a lot of money for a little work.”

“You’re worth it, Conacher. We know that we won’t lose our man with you on his tail.” Larry Kimball raised his glass in a hospitable gesture. “Let’s drink to it, to you and your little woman, and the little job you’re doing for us.”

◆

I accepted the deal. Penny and I had planned to go to New York anyhow, and Larry Kimball changed our train tickets simply by lifting the phone and talking to a friend at the Union Station. The five hundred dollars and the free rooms at the Trent would give me a wonderful chance to show Penny New York. Kimball got us a drawing room on the Century and I thanked him and promised to meet Gilligan fifteen minutes before traintime.

Penny and I were married the next day and the intimate ceremony was a big thrill for me. I suppose I’m not a typical detective. In fiction, the private investigator is a rough, tough, handsome character who is a devil with the ladies. But no siren ever ties him down with a wedding ring in the last chapter. With me it was different. I fell in love with Penny from the first moment I saw her at the Flack murder trial, where she was assigned to do courtroom sketches for a Chicago paper. Penny is a crack artist, the best female caricaturist in the land. You’ve seen her acid sketches of every celebrity from Harry Truman to Joe DiMaggio, biting portraits that were featured in all the magazines. She caught me and liked me well enough to marry me.

We arrived at the station early, and I took Penny to our drawing room and sneaked out to meet Gilligan. He was waiting for me in the shadows beyond the gate. We stood around making small talk for a few minutes, until a big man started across the open area before us.

Gilligan touched my arm. “There’s your man, Conacher. Ponderous, isn’t he?”

“He’ll be easy,” I said. “It’s like following an elephant through the Loop.”

The man was more than ponderous. He was a giant, with shoulders that were square and broad, and a head to match, straight lined above the collar so that he gave you the feeling that he had no neck at all. I couldn’t see his face, but the massive trench coat was enough to mark him for me, or even the color of his hat. He moved with surprising grace and agility for a man of his girth. He was at the gate and through the gate in a matter of seconds. He turned to look behind him once, but his features were lost in the gloom of the ramp.

Gilligan said, “Kimball and I will be in New York sometime tomorrow. We’re flying in. Report to us there—at the Waldorf.”

I thought about the fat man on the way back to Penny, trying to find the reason that induced Larry Kimball to have him tailed. There was a strong clue in the recent past—the theft of the Camilli pendant, a fabulous bauble that had long fascinated the public because of its historical background. The Camilli pendant was reputed to be the creation of Luigi Camilli, who had designed it for the Czar of Russia before the Revolution. It was a magnificent cluster of priceless diamonds surrounding a giant stone almost as large as the Hope diamond and valued at about a half million. The treasure had been lifted from the home of a Chicago millionaire despite the usual precautions, a masterpiece of burglary.

They had arrested Frenchy Armetto first, because of his reputation for this type of thievery, for Frenchy was the supreme strategist in chores of this sort. But Frenchy Armetto escaped with an airtight alibi, and so did Larry Kimball. Their sessions at the D.A.’s office were strictly routine, in the hope that either of them might drop a small lead to the actual robber, the hireling who did the breaking and entering. My money rode on Frenchy Armetto as the master planner, for Larry Kimball had been away from that kind of endeavor for too many years.

It could be that mister six-by-six was operating for Frenchy, on the way to New York for a conversation with a fence. If this were so, did Larry Kimball plan to hijack the Camilli pendant? It would have been fun to speculate about the job with Penny, for she was enthusiastic about anything concerning crime and detection. But I had decided to keep my task a secret from her. A honeymoon is a time for pleasure and it was easy to forget the fat man when I returned to my bride.

We had a cozy dinner, after which we went to our room and sat holding hands and listening to the sound of the wheels. Penny was on fire with excitement about New York, and I enjoyed the discussion of the sight-seeing and shopping we would do together. These were the first warm moments of our marriage, the time for making love, for saying the soft words, for dreaming a bit about our future together.

“I said, “How does it feel being married to a detective?”

“I’m thrilled, Mike. I can’t wait to go out on a case with you.”

“You’ve been reading too much fiction,” I told her. “Real-life detection is monotonous. Mrs. Detective usually stays at home and cooks dinner for her swain.”

“Mrs. Detective isn’t so smart as I am,” Penny said. “I have great deductive powers, Mike. I always guess the murderer before the third chapter.”

I kissed her for her enthusiasm. I yawned suggestively. “Sleepy, sugar? It’s been a hectic day.”

“It’s only ten o’clock,” Penny laughed. “You’re not that tired.”

“I’m getting older. Need my rest.”

“One more cigarette?” Penny asked.

“Just one.”

We smoked one together and Penny stretched deliciously. I got up to lock the door. I was halfway off the berth when the doorknob turned and the door opened with a speed that froze me in my pose, not standing, not sitting, just bent double with surprise. It was no moment for visitors.

And then the fat man walked in.

"Good evening," he said.

Up close he was bigger than big. In the electric moment of his entrance I found myself torn between shock and laughter. Not that I would have laughed at him. He didn't encourage hilarity. His heavy brows were lowered in a scowl and his eyes were deep slits beneath them, in which a bright spark glowed with a steady, intense flame. The expression on his face was calculated to raise the hackles of any flushed groom, caught, as I was, between the immediate present and the delectable future.

I said, "You're in the wrong drawing room, chum."

"Am I?" he asked gently. He had a soft voice for a man of his bulk, an oily voice, a voice that bit because it did not bark, loaded with the undertones of authority, the quality of officiousness, the sharpness of accustomed poise. He looked at Penny and his hard lips curled at the edges, adding no humor to the sly sparkle in his eyes.

"Of course you are," Penny said impatiently. "Can't you see?"

"Newlyweds?" said the fat man, almost to himself. "How unfortunate."

He chuckled briefly, a small surge of amusement that died before it got under way, a stock laugh that could indicate thin contempt as well as merriment. He continued to stare at Penny, until she turned her eyes my way, bright with the demand for action.

"You heard her," I said angrily, flexing my husbandly muscles. "Now beat it."

He didn't beat it. He stood there smiling down at me, and from where I sat his tremendous body gained power and stature out of the forced perspective. He had a face to frighten babies, built king size, with fleshy jowls, ruddy on the cheeks. His great trench coat was big enough to clothe two of me. His fat neck almost buried the neat and conservative tie, a simple design of a refined and dignified blue, selected to set off the gray suiting that showed a bit higher up near the lapels. His face was cut in classic lines, with a short, sharp nose and a small, cruel mouth. But it was his eyes that held you. They were black and burning and buried behind the deep shadows of his brows, where they seemed to focus with an animal sharpness, highlighted by the pin-point glow of some reflected radiance, the eyes of a huge bird, a rapacious vulture. His baleful stare annoyed me. I got up.

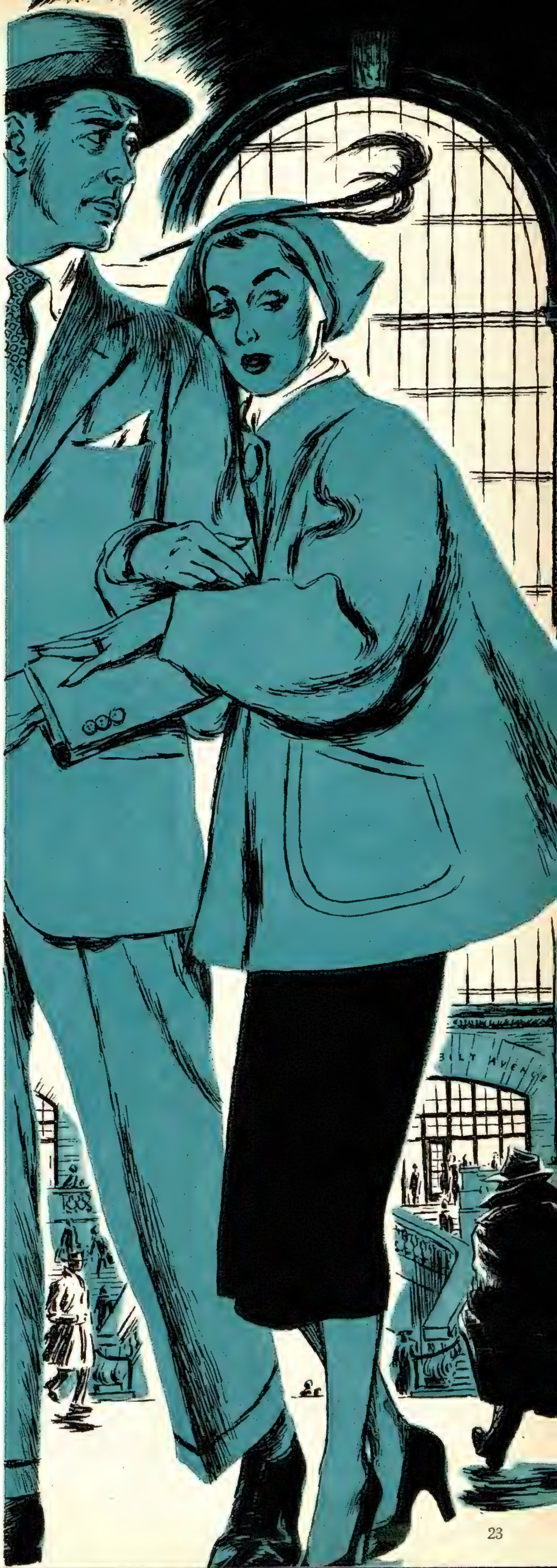
"I would suggest that you remain seated," he said.

"You're getting out of here," I told him. "This is no time for games."

"I assure you that I am not jesting," he said.

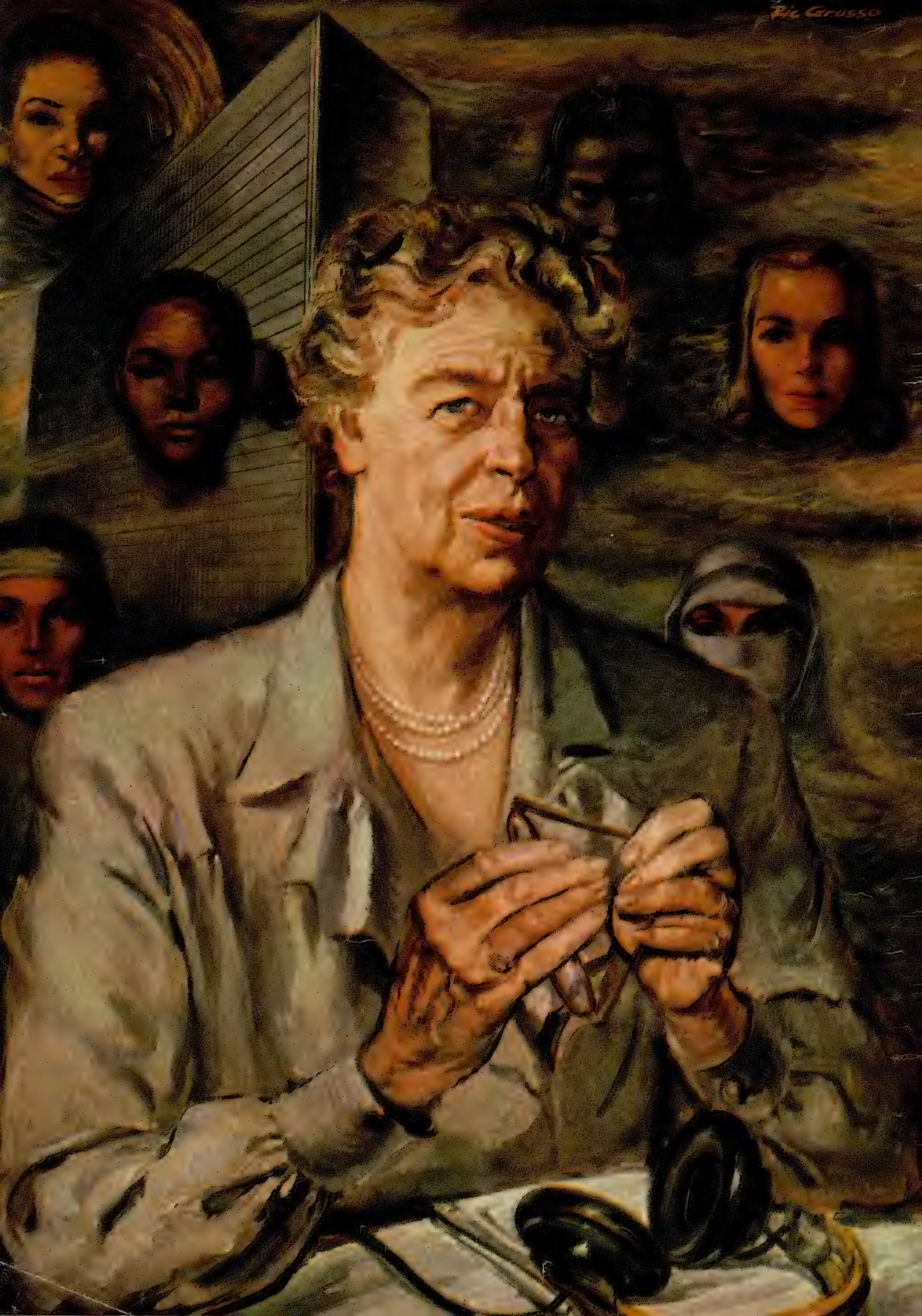
"Out!" I shouted, moving closer to his beefy frame. "Beat it."

He did not move. He stood there, only two feet away from me, but his massive body made the distance seem insignificant. He would take a lot of doing. I paused for an instant of strategic thought, pondering a way to attack him. In the pause I saw Penny press the button for the porter as I aimed a fist at his jaw. He caught my hand and I found myself riveted in his grasp, half turned away from him but struggling now to come around for another poke at him. But he had me in the position you use to hold down an unarmed (*Continued on page 74*)



We ran up the ramp and into the station and Penny spotted Lemuel Goode moving at a leisurely pace toward the exit.

Illustrated by John McClelland


Ric Grusso

WHAT LIBERTY MEANS TO ME

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

America's most distinguished stateswoman says real liberty in a democracy can exist only as long as the control of the government remains in the hands of the people

READING TIME 4 MINUTES I have just flown over some of our midwest plains and the mountains of the west coast and the deserts that one flies over as one approaches them. This part of our country always seems to me nearest to the pioneer days, and as I think of those men who came west and settled the land, I realize how much the concept they had of liberty has changed. To them liberty meant the right of every man to defend and protect himself; to go where he wished; to settle where he wished; to believe and act as he wished. There was really little interference with the individual's desires.

That was a kind of liberty which can no longer be enjoyed by the average citizen of our country. As populations grow more dense, it becomes necessary for liberty to be conditioned by the liberty of all people, and in order to achieve a common standard, people must accept to live under law. In a democracy, however, with a representative type of government, people always retain their power over their representatives. They allow them to make the laws, and if the majority of the people concur in the decisions of their representatives, the laws will remain and be increasingly well enforced as time goes on. If the majority disagrees, the law will be less and less obeyed; and if the feeling is important enough against any law, it will not only be ignored but it will actually be rescinded.

Liberty in the world of today lies largely in the hands of those people who wish to govern themselves and who are willing to subordinate individual freedom to the kind of freedom which gives consideration to the desires of other people. For instance, in our big cities we have a police force in order that people may not be permitted to commit crime and prey upon their neighbors or to make nuisances of themselves in public places. But those of us who care about real liberty are jealous that the laws so safeguard the individual that there is as little as possible interference with his personal life. We make sure that all people have liberty of thought and of conscience; that they are allowed to practice their religion freely, and that they have the right to freedom of expression; freedom to come together peaceably to discuss or to organize as they wish, as long as they do not disturb the peace or threaten the collective security of the whole people.

We are careful to insure that the law shall provide for the protection of the individual against any arbitrary use of the law, even by government itself. Liberty must also include security from outside aggression so that it is the right of the people to take such measures, either alone or collectively, as will assure them a peaceful existence.

◆ Lately we have also come to recognize that liberty can only exist where a government, controlled by the people, creates an economic atmosphere in which all people willing to earn a living can do so, because slavery can be imposed on people through fear of want, just as it can be imposed on people by an aggressor nation which is allowed to gain physical control of another people.

The only thing that is essential in our modern concept of liberty is that it always be the majority of the people who make the laws and who are willing to abide by them. The moment that a government becomes so strong that this power is no longer in the hands of the people, or that they become afraid to exercise it, then the people have lost their liberty and are slaves as surely as they ever were in the days gone by.

It is for this reason that I feel real liberty can only exist in a democracy where the people accept their responsibility, consider their citizenship as a trust, and see to it that they never let the control of their government slip into the hands of any individual or any group, but keep it always in the hands of the people themselves and function under the will of the majority. The majority may be wrong, but it is safer for the people themselves to have to recognize that they have made a mistake and to make the change through their own acceptance of error than it is for people to abdicate their own judgment and their power at any time.

Liberty is precious to us all, no less now that it is conditioned by the rights of all men than when it was the liberty of one individual living on an island alone. ◆ ◆

ABOUT THE PORTRAIT: *In Ric Grasso's fine portrait of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, he has placed her at the United Nations, as the earphones before her and the U. N. building in the background indicate. According to the well-known artist, the figures in the background are symbolic of Mrs. Roosevelt's tireless efforts as U. S. delegate to the United Nations' Commission on Human Rights.*

KETCH DOG

By PAUL ANNIXTER

Roddy never figured Pa would be smart enough to outwit Ma when it came to getting another coon dog. But huntin' men have fooled smart women before

READING TIME 13 MINUTES Old Darkus hadn't yet lifted that October morning when a great ruckus out in the chicken yard made Roddy sit straight up in bed. Death and destruction were purely at work out in the hen run, by the sound. Might be Old Bandit himself come back again, he thought, as he climbed into his blue jeans. He took out along the gallery with his shoelaces slapping his ankles, pausing a moment to look into his father's room as he passed, but Father was out way ahead of him.

Just as he got to the kitchen door there came the loud roar of his father's old choke-bore out in the dark morn-glowm. Then his mother was standing behind him in her nightdress.

"That you, Sumpter?" she called out. "What in the nation's the matter?"

" 'Bout time you people was roused out!" Father hollered from the hen run. "Old Bandit's been back again, that's what the matter is. Worked clean under the wire fence, kilt him a hen, an' sloped off with it while you people sleep like the dead."

Roddy ran out to where his father stood shivering in the cold in nothing but his sleeping drawers, the smoking shotgun in his hands. This was the second time in a week that Old Bandit, the renegade coon, had raided the chicken yard, and Father was sore as a baited badger.

"He streaked off into them laurels," he yelled. "I ketched one disappearin' sight of him as I come out the door, but 'twas too dark. I missed him clean. 'Twas Old Bandit though, I'll swear, and this time—yes, by grabbies, this time he's gone and kilt Emily!"

Illustrated by H. Winfield Scott

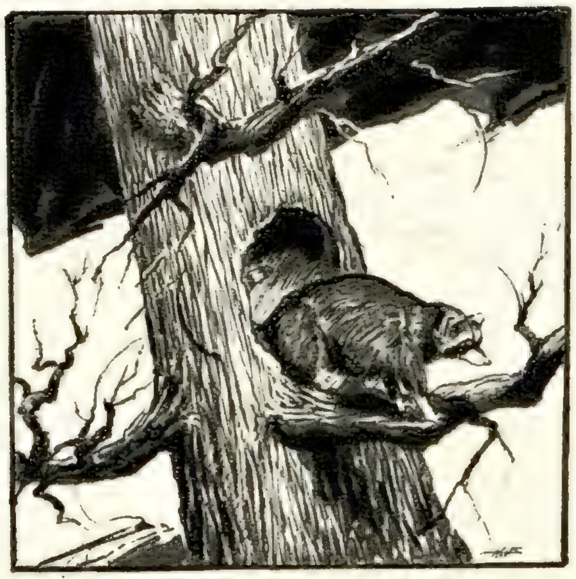
KETCH DOG

Continued

Roddy's mother had come out behind him. She let out a sick cry. "Oh, Sumpter. Not Emily!"

"Bandit got her." Father was looking into all the brood nests. "The second hen in a week gone down his red lane."

Mom was close to crying and Roddy felt a lump like a chokecherry growing in his throat. Emily, their red broody hen, had been a pet to all of them for better than two years. Pullet and hen, she'd been the smartest chicken they'd ever known; the biggest layer and the best brooder. She'd near about run the whole chicken yard. Never a move was made amongst the fowl but 'twas Emily that started it. She came it over all the hens and cockerels and even made the big Wyandotte rooster stand around when she wanted.



As they stood there, a coon's head suddenly popped out of the hole. It was Old Bandit. He stuck his nose out, looked down at the hunters, and seemed to grin.

‘‘W'y, I wouldn't have took fifty dollars cash money for that hen!" Father cried. He fetched a loud sneeze and swore through his chattering teeth. "It's as if the cussid coon knowed just where 'twould hurt us most. But with no watchdog an' a family that sleeps like the dead, what's a man to do?" He sneezed again like he was accusing somebody.

"You get into the house before you catch your death!" Mom cried.

Father went into the kitchen shivering and shaking like two bears in a bee tree. He stuffed kindling into the stove, spilled coal oil onto it, and dropped in a match. Mom came in crying, but she took time out to put a blanket round Father. She snapped at him sternly in case he took that for a sign of softness. She'd had a wife's hackamore on him for better than fifteen years.

"To think it had to be Emily, out of all of them hens," she sobbed. "Sumpter, you've just got to do something about it now."

Father gave her a sharp look as he stuffed his shirttail into his britches. "Hell's bangers, Cora! No man's goin' to take a thing like this lyin' down. I and Roddy are goin' to track the coon right this morning. But he's a smart old booger, Bandit is. We'll never take the rind off him just trackin' him without a dog. That coon is goin' to come again an' still again. W'y, I bet he's laughin' at us right now, keepin' a chicken yard without a dog."

Roddy stood back and said nothing, but he sensed in all his nerves the thing that was in his father's mind. He was thirteen that fall, and all year he'd been pestering his mother to let him have a dog. Just a pup dog of any kind he could teach to track and follow when he prowled the woods. He'd wanted a dog so bad he'd purely sunk to begging and barter. But ever since Baldy, their old foxhound, had died, Mom had put her foot down on dogs and kept it there. She wasn't going to see him grow up into a fiddle-footed no-account, she said, running wild after some pesky hound, to say nothing of having Father off cooning whenever there were potatoes or 'bagas to dig. She'd given Father down-the-river every time he'd tried to stick up for the boy. But now, Roddy saw, Father had an argument that packed real weight.

"I'll not have another coonhound or foxhound on the place, if that's what you're thinking, Sumpter Wills," Mom said.

"Of course I don't mean a reg'lar coonhound or foxhound, Cora. A good hound costs money, and we lost too much to the coon already. Just a dog that'll warn a man when prowl cats are about. Otherwise we might 's well turn our poultry out in the woods an' give over to the coon."

Mom turned and looked at him square.

"Well?" she said.

Father sneezed again and

(*Continued on page 78*)

The Best Is Yet To Be

By BRIGADIER GENERAL DAVID SARNOFF

Chairman of the Board, Radio Corporation of America

AS TOLD TO HENRY W. ROBERTS

READING TIME 8 MINUTES We are just beginning to learn what electronics can do for man and mankind. We are just beginning to see the shape of the world to come. We glimpse new horizons as far as the mind can see.

The science of electronics deals with the behavior of electrons, those tiny electrical "particles" which travel across seemingly empty space with the speed of light. Radio and television are perhaps the best-known applications of electronics.

General Sarnoff sees a better world ahead for all of us, but warns that man will have to revise his system of communications, for words alone will no longer be adequate to keep pace with tomorrow's supersonic pace

For many years we have been putting electronics to work to serve our creature needs. We have developed innumerable electronic devices. These may appear marvelous to us, and in a sense they are marvelous—but in reality they are only beginnings.

More recently we began to investigate the use of electronics to serve our bodies. In medicine, we have developed electronic methods of clinical diagnosis, quite similar to those used in a radio repair shop to diagnose the trouble with your radio. We observe and record heart action with an electrocardiograph, the functioning of the brain with an electroencephalograph, and pin-point cancerous cells by radioactive tracers. We are seeking to learn how to apply electronic radiations to repair and possibly rejuvenate living cells, safeguard health and prolong life.

We have built electronic machines which can to some degree imitate the human brain: calculating, remembering, and even after a fashion thinking—faster and far more accurately than human brains can do.

The advance of science in all its branches—especially electronics—has been so vast and rapid that we humans sometimes find ourselves unprepared to live comfortably in a complex world of new machines.

We need a new education for the electronic age.

To educate, we must communicate knowledge, in a form that can be understood and remembered.

The important thing about electronics is that electrons can carry messages with the speed of light. Electronics is our means of instantaneous communication. The irony of our troubled world is that, with global means of instantaneous communication at our command, we discover we really communicate very little!

Individuals and nations do not understand each other. We live in a world of ideas, of complex concepts. Yet we try to communicate in words. We cannot use words alone to convey complex ideas with any precision.

Not so long ago, within my own lifetime, there used to be a creature called "the well-read man." He is a rarity nowadays. For no man can read all the words printed today. But anyone's mind could absorb, comprehend, classify, and store for future reference all the new concepts and ideas represented by those words. The problem is to convey ideas with as few words as possible.

For example, you decide to walk across the room and turn on the radio. The gray matter of your brain receives this command and, without bothering your mind, (*Continued on page 72*)

CAVIAR FOR THE COLONEL

By SALLY HOLLADAY

READING TIME 25 MINUTES When the cable reached our apartment in Jackson Heights, my husband resorted to his standard mental equipment and said what he'd been saying for ten years. This was his usual reference to the uncertainty of our children's ancestry on their mother's side. The cable was from my younger sister, who was in Berlin working for our State Department:

ARRIVING WORLD AIRWAYS FLIGHT SIX SUNDAY WITH
COLONEL NICOLI SOBOKOVSKY STOP MAY WE BUNK WITH
YOU STOP HAVE CAVIAR READY LOVE NINA

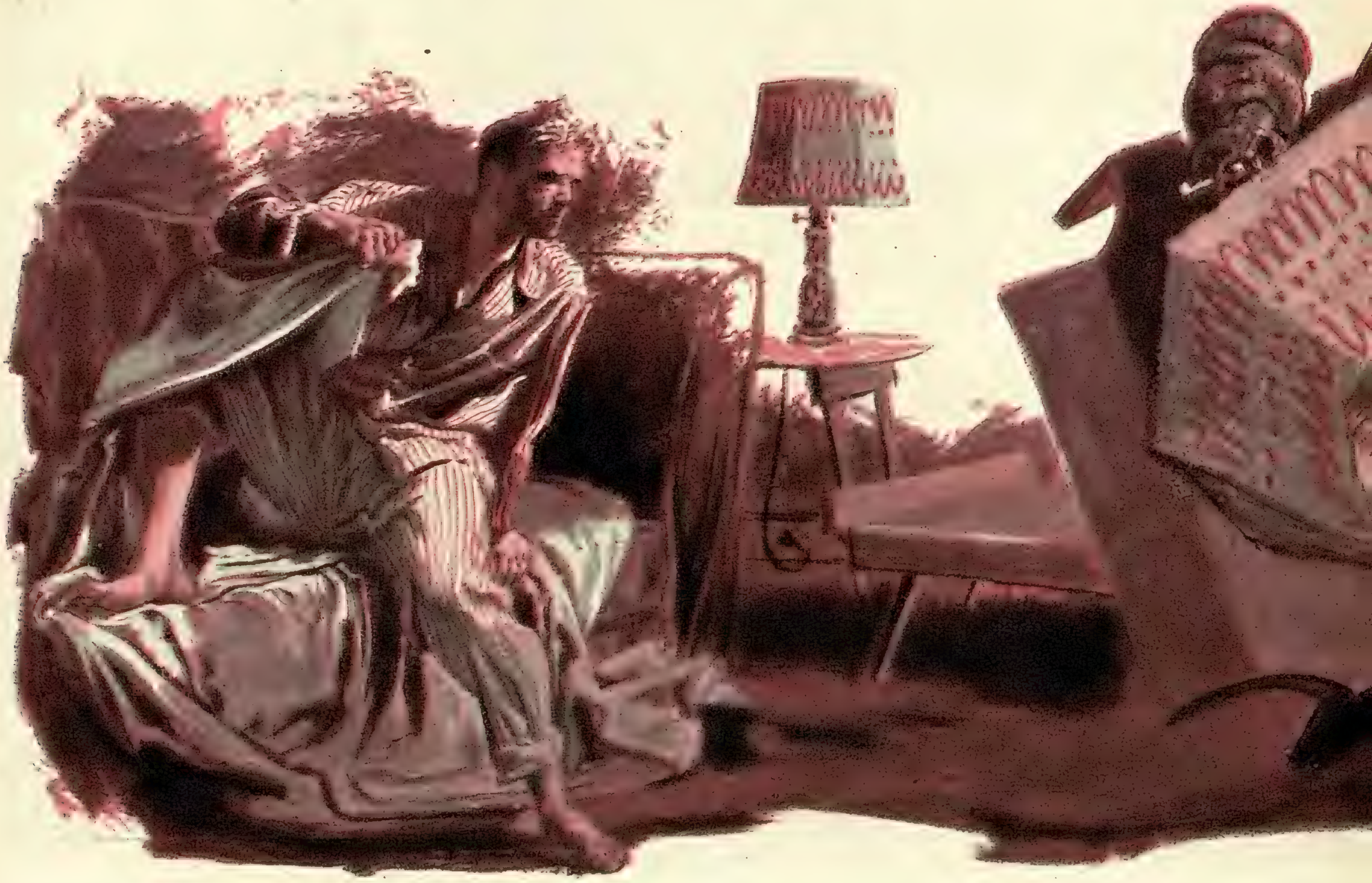
Timothy and Susan, aged nine and eight, were taking in all this, since the cable arrived during dinner. This is the one time in the day my husband, George, insists we act like a family and eat together. And of course the children adore Nina, so their table manners slipped, for a moment, into something reminiscent of a medieval gourmet.

"Stop inhaling your food like that!" George pulled the curtain down on their act. "I don't *think* your mother's related to Henry the Eighth."

"Don't be funny, George," I said. "Henry wouldn't have been caught dead with a meatball."

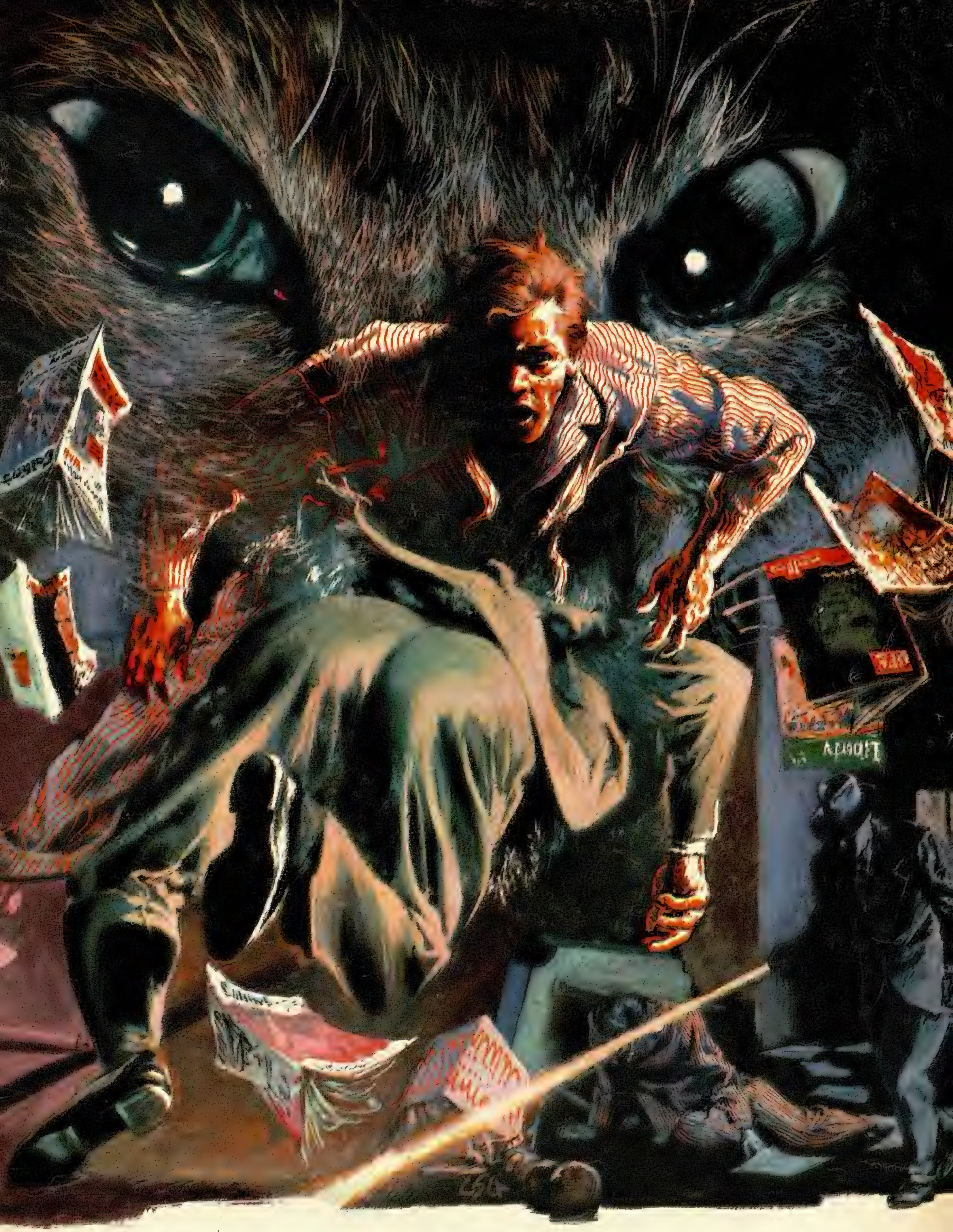
A year ago George's business had moved us out of a lovely home in San Francisco into a six-room apartment in Jackson Heights, New York. We could take care of Nina until she returned to Washington by letting her have Timothy's bed in the children's

the Crocker family shook the nation, from the State Department on down, by assuming far, far too much about the fine art of diplomacy



Illustrated by Louis S. Glanzman

someone tackled me around the middle and I went down.



he had a small pocket flashlight and was looking all over the floor.

room and shifting my son to George's bed in our room. Where did that leave George? In the living room, with his six-foot frame tucked into my new divan as cozy as a corkscrew in a bridal veil. As for a Russian colonel, we didn't even have storage space for his medals.

I handed the cable to my husband, hoping the print would shock him back to reality. It didn't.

"We'll just pretend the whole thing never happened. Eat your dinner, Edith."

Since it was Friday night, George took us to an early Robin Hood movie in the neighborhood. Colonel Nicoli Sobokovsky was shelved. My husband is an advertising man and is considered the top idea man on the Bopsey Paper Cup account. Bopsey cups are the ingenious little paper cylinders tucked into the glass tube that rests like a silo against most public water coolers and drinking fountains. Now, everybody knows an idea man can't have ideas on weekends. George claims Einstein needs rest too, but, as I told him, there's nothing relative there. Nevertheless George is always relaxed on Saturdays and Sundays.

CAVIAR FOR THE COLONEL

Continued

"The Colonel's gone!" he announced.

I was pouring my husband's second cup of coffee Saturday morning when I thought the time ripe to mention the subject again.

"Darling, we've got to face it. Tomorrow is Sunday!"

"Well, we're not going to keep any Russian general here!"

"Colonel, darling. I thought visiting diplomats always stayed at the Waldorf."

George dropped his paper on the table. "Of course!"

He went to the phone in the hall. I ran after him and scribbled "Colonel Nicoli Sobokovsky" on a piece of paper and handed it to him after he had dialed. A short spelling bee went on between George and the Waldorf reservation desk before a suite was confirmed for the Colonel.

"Well, I'm glad it's all settled," I said. "Nina can stay here, of course. Darling, you're wonderful." I went over to him and perched myself on his lap. "I love you."

"I know it," George said. "That makes things convenient at times, doesn't it, pet?" He took me in his arms and kissed me like a bridegroom.

Later I called LaGuardia airport to check the time of Nina's arrival the next day. Her plane was due in at 5 P.M. New York time.

"We can't just drive Colonel Sobokovsky straight into Manhattan and drop him at the Waldorf. After all, George, Nina's probably already offered him our room and board."

"We can bring him back here for cocktails," he suggested; "then he can see for himself our living room's no place for a sword dance."

That afternoon I stopped at Henry's delicatessen. When Henry took my order for caviar, another couple who live in our building were standing alongside me.

"Going to entertain a bunch of Communists, Mrs. Crocker?" Henry kidded.

"You never know," I answered abstractedly, as I reached for my billfold. "H'm—yes. We're having a Russian colonel in for cocktails tomorrow."

George and I were having tea later that afternoon when our phone rang. It was Lola, a decorative and independent young widow in the apartment above us. She was a languid blonde who slept by day and played by night and was automatically loathed by all married women. Oh, I trust George all right, but a horse *might* drink if you lead him to water.

"What's on your mind, Lola?" I said.

"I just ran into Jim Boynton and he told me he saw you buying caviar at Henry's. What are you and Georgie celebrating?" she drawled.

I flinched. "Well—*Georgie* and I are expecting my sister Nina in from Europe tomorrow with some Russian colonel. We're having cocktails here."

"But, Edith, do you really think you should, dear?"

"For heaven's sake, Lola, why not?"

"Well, you know—there's a lot of talk about Russia these days. People get picked up for just talking to them!"

"You read too many tabloids, Lola. My sister's with the State Department, so I'm sure she knows what she's doing."

"Just the same, darling, it all sounds dangerously fascinating. I hope people won't talk—for the children's sake."

I managed a fairly civil good-by and hung up.

"Oh, for bop's sake!" said George when I repeated the conversation to him.

"But will people gossip if we entertain a Russian?"

George lit a cigarette before he answered me. "Unfortunately, there's that possibility, my love. There's no diplomatic immunity from dogmatic talk. Shall we go and hiss at a newsreel?"

We had a nice roast for dinner that night and tucked the children in early in preparation for the excitement of Nina's arrival the following day.

"Who's Red, Mommy?" Susan asked me when I kissed her good night. "Mr. Tompson was in the elevator today and he asked me when Red was coming to visit us."

"That's just his idea of a joke, Susan. Now go to sleep, my darlings."

I was burning with anger, but I decided not to say anything to George. He and Mr. Tompson played golf together once in a while and it was good for him.

Nina's plane came in on schedule the next day and we waited outside the (*Continued on page 66*)

With FAITH, HOPE, And THERAPY

ANONYMOUS

LIBERTY *brings you the revealing firsthand account of a couple's experience with psychoanalysis and how this amazing science is helping them save their marriage*

READING TIME 8 MINUTES Two years ago our marriage seemed headed for the rocks. Today, after more than a year of psychoanalysis, it appears to be going the other way. Often the going is rough, but we are learning to be good sailors.

Any marriage counselor could have predicted trouble for us. Helen was a divorcee. This was her second marriage; my first. She was 26, I was 36. Helen was the mother of two children. I had lived with my mother until a few years before and had never known a real responsibility in my life. Both of us bore the scars of our backgrounds. Helen was an unwanted child, a fact her parents seemed unable to hide from her. My parents were divorced when I was a baby and were both remarried—remarried unhappily.

We knew it wouldn't be easy. And it wasn't. There were problems from the first. Circumstances denied us a real honeymoon. This period, so important for mutual adjustment, was compressed into a weekend. The following Monday married life began, and I found myself, a bit awed and astonished, the head of a family of four.

I was working nights at a radio station, and my bedtime was three hours later than Helen's. She had to get the children to school early in the morning. Our mealtimes never coincided. It was many months before I felt I was truly a part of the family and that the children began to accept me as their daddy.

These were tangible problems. With good faith and a little intelligence we might have overcome them. It was only when deeper troubles began to bewilder us that every hurdle became a towering obstacle, every snag an impasse, and we had to seek help.

What we wanted, and urgently, was someone to talk to. But where could we turn? Our friends and relatives spoke of us as an "idyllic" couple. They did not know that quarrels wrecked our privacy; that jealousy, scorn, selfishness, and fear were menacing our marriage; that we were all but ready to quit.

We could not bring ourselves to confide in these people. We wanted strangers, experts, people who could take an objective view.

We tried a marriage clinic. But the help offered here did not go far beyond physiological problems. It was true that our sex life was suffering; yet in the early days of our marriage it had been a full and rich expression of unclouded feeling. We decided—and so did the doctor we talked to—that our marital troubles ran deeper than sexual ignorance.

We interviewed social workers. They examined our environment, found nothing radically wrong with it. The fault lay "not in our stars, but in ourselves." Psychoanalysis was recommended.

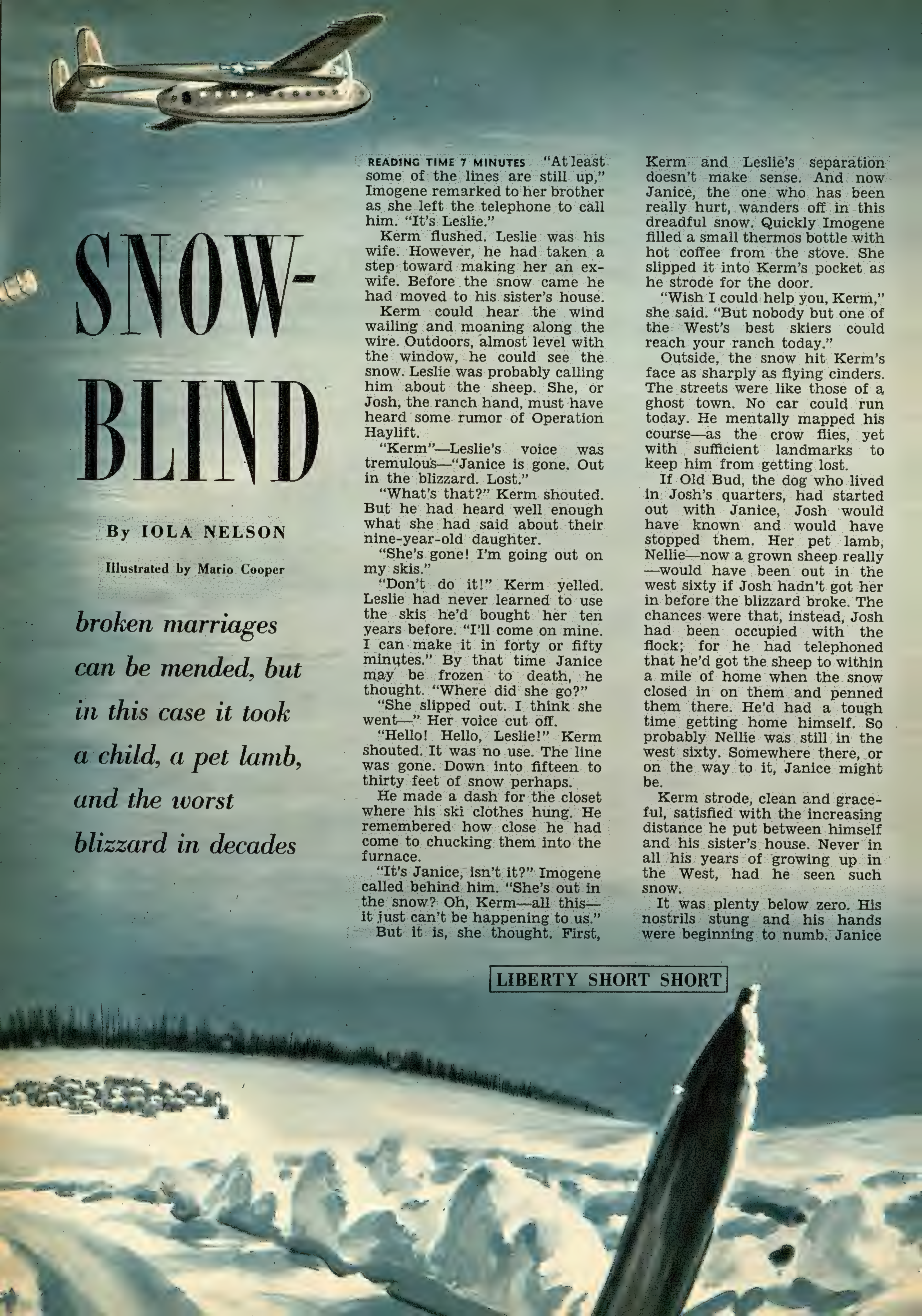
But the expense! A little rough pencil work made us gasp. Even at the special rock-bottom rates offered to us, the treatments would wipe out our entire savings in one year—and in psychoanalysis a year is often just a beginning. No, this was something for the rich; not to be dreamed of by ordinary people like us.

We inquired about group therapy. Many persons, we learned, were receiving help through this comparatively new and inexpensive development in psychiatry. While it is not considered a substitute for those who need individual treatment, it often does tide them over to the day when a more thorough form of therapy is possible. However, we could find no suitable group at the time, and we were strongly advised not to wait.

We threshed it out in days of endless talk. We could cut down on our social life. We could stop movies, sitters, parties. We could rent out a room. With an improved outlook—something to be hoped for from psychoanalysis—perhaps our earning power would increase. Maybe I could free-lance in my spare time.

But how about emergencies? Suppose there were an illness. What about the future, the children's education? Had we any right to spend all this money on ourselves?

It began to appear to us that a foundering marriage is an emergency as grave as any illness. And while good schools are important, no school in the world can make up to a child for the emotional insecurity of an unstable, quarrel- (Continued on page 76)



SNOW-BLIND

By **IOLA NELSON**

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

broken marriages can be mended, but in this case it took a child, a pet lamb, and the worst blizzard in decades

LIBERTY SHORT SHORT

READING TIME 7 MINUTES "At least some of the lines are still up," Imogene remarked to her brother as she left the telephone to call him. "It's Leslie."

Kerm flushed. Leslie was his wife. However, he had taken a step toward making her an ex-wife. Before the snow came he had moved to his sister's house.

Kerm could hear the wind wailing and moaning along the wire. Outdoors, almost level with the window, he could see the snow. Leslie was probably calling him about the sheep. She, or Josh, the ranch hand, must have heard some rumor of Operation Haylift.

"Kerm"—Leslie's voice was tremulous—"Janice is gone. Out in the blizzard. Lost."

"What's that?" Kerm shouted. But he had heard well enough what she had said about their nine-year-old daughter.

"She's gone! I'm going out on my skis."

"Don't do it!" Kerm yelled. Leslie had never learned to use the skis he'd bought her ten years before. "I'll come on mine. I can make it in forty or fifty minutes." By that time Janice may be frozen to death, he thought. "Where did she go?"

"She slipped out. I think she went—" Her voice cut off.

"Hello! Hello, Leslie!" Kerm shouted. It was no use. The line was gone. Down into fifteen to thirty feet of snow perhaps.

He made a dash for the closet where his ski clothes hung. He remembered how close he had come to chucking them into the furnace.

"It's Janice, isn't it?" Imogene called behind him. "She's out in the snow? Oh, Kerm—all this—it just can't be happening to us."

But it is, she thought. First, Kerm and Leslie's separation doesn't make sense. And now Janice, the one who has been really hurt, wanders off in this dreadful snow. Quickly Imogene filled a small thermos bottle with hot coffee from the stove. She slipped it into Kerm's pocket as he strode for the door.

"Wish I could help you, Kerm," she said. "But nobody but one of the West's best skiers could reach your ranch today."

Outside, the snow hit Kerm's face as sharply as flying cinders. The streets were like those of a ghost town. No car could run today. He mentally mapped his course—as the crow flies, yet with sufficient landmarks to keep him from getting lost.

If Old Bud, the dog who lived in Josh's quarters, had started out with Janice, Josh would have known and would have stopped them. Her pet lamb, Nellie—now a grown sheep really—would have been out in the west sixty if Josh hadn't got her in before the blizzard broke. The chances were that, instead, Josh had been occupied with the flock; for he had telephoned that he'd got the sheep to within a mile of home when the snow closed in on them and penned them there. He'd had a tough time getting home himself. So probably Nellie was still in the west sixty. Somewhere there, or on the way to it, Janice might be.

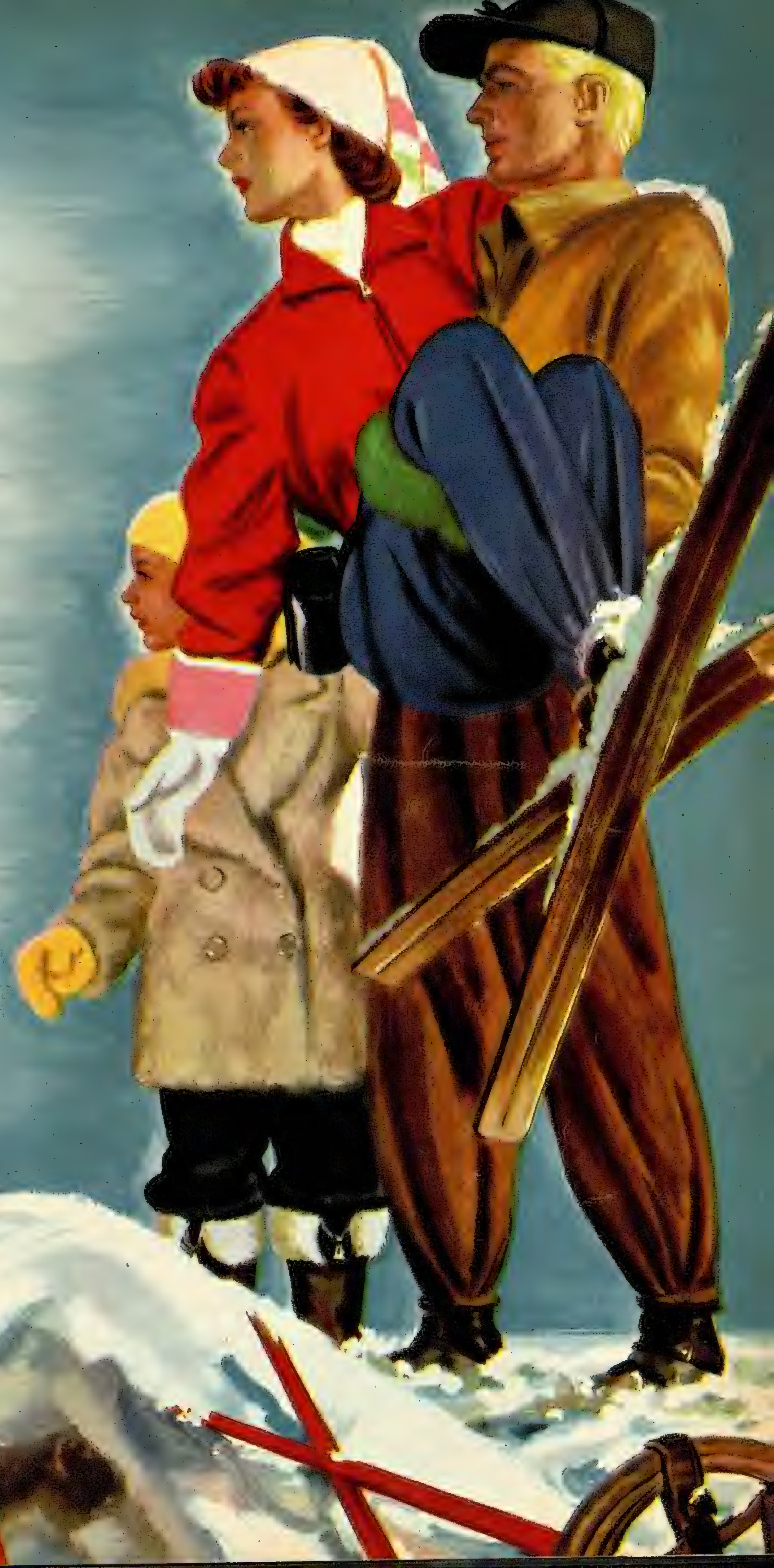
Kerm strode, clean and graceful, satisfied with the increasing distance he put between himself and his sister's house. Never in all his years of growing up in the West, had he seen such snow.

It was plenty below zero. His nostrils stung and his hands were beginning to numb. Janice out in this cold—a little girl who wheezed with asthma when the weather was only half bad! The crust would bear her weight, he believed. And she would have put on her sheepskin snow suit. The child had never lacked courage, and the lamb had been very dear to her. Seemed like the more he and Leslie bickered, the more love Janice had lavished on Nellie.

She certainly didn't get her love for sheep from him. It had been Leslie who decided on sheep ranching. He knew he would never make a good sheepman if he lived to the age of a sequoia. . . . He felt for his watch, then remembered it was in his everyday clothes. But he was doing all right if that was Turner's windmill ahead. . . . How could Leslie have let the child out of sight? Oh, well, she'd had plenty on her mind with the twenty-five hundred sheep that were now starving to death.

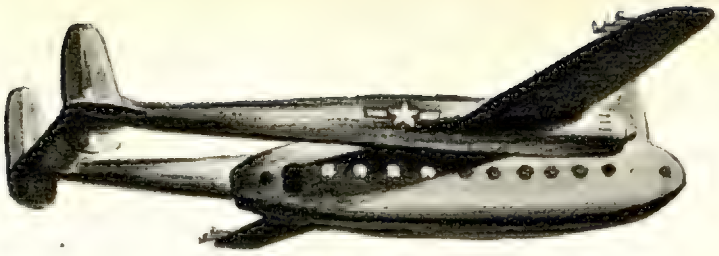
She had always done enough worrying for both of them. He was just a no-good guy with a complex against ranch life because it had never wrapped him up in glory and adoration as the sporting world had when he had been a champion skier. Anyway, that's what she had said.

He closed his eyes a moment to rest them against the brightness of the snow. Darn stuff was looking blue instead of white. Except for his hands, he wasn't cold now. The wind had subsided. Queer how the snow had covered up hollows, and even made hills out of some of them. The shorter cut he was taking



Janice heard the low whining sound first. It grew louder, and then, they all saw the C-82, the flying boxcar.

SNOW-BLIND



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had only three haystacks ahead as landmarks. What if the snow had covered them beyond recognition? What if Janice had slipped into a thirty-foot drift? It was mostly downgrade now. He sped along faster, faster—closing his mind to everything but getting to Janice.

The haystacks were there, just a bit of them sticking out. They looked more like gopher mounds. And then to his surprise he was alongside his own sheep huddled tightly together, some of them standing higher than the others on the backs of frozen carcasses. They lifted their eyes toward him, begging for food.

He estimated quickly—not more than three hundred of them were dead. The others couldn't hold out long in this weather, even though they were in a hollow sheltered by a small grove of poplars.

One ewe moved out from the flock and began to lick some snow. Quickly a dozen or more began to follow her example. You'd never see a cow licking snow to quench her thirst. She'd die for want of water first. Yet hadn't he told Leslie that sheep were the dumbest creatures on earth? He thought about that and other things he had said.

The west sixty lay on a slope to the south, and soon he could see all of it. But he could not see any sign of Janice or Nellie. Josh and Janice had made her a small crude lean-to, but he couldn't find it in the unbroken line of the snow. He calculated the number of feet the shelter must be from where he stood and counted off feet as he moved in the direction remembered.

That small hump of snow—there was a dark spot by it no larger than a man's hat.

◆

He forced his tired legs faster, not realizing how tired they really were until he got down on his knees to peer into the blackness of the hole. The snow had blinded him so that he couldn't see a thing. But he could hear breathing.

"Janice," he called, afraid to hope. "Janice, you there?"

"Daddy!" A short pause. "I've been asleep. And Nellie's been asleep. How did you know I was here, Daddy?"

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. Gee, Daddy, I'm glad you're home again."

"Listen, Janice. We've got to go back to the house," Kerm said.

"And leave Nellie?"

"Yes, for a little longer," Kerm answered.

"Well, I guess she won't be so bad off now I brought her some feed," Janice said. "It was hard work getting it here, Daddy. But it never even gave me the asthma. Only my hands got cold and I warmed them against Nellie."

Kerm's eyes were growing accustomed to the darkness inside the shelter. The snow had done a perfect job of insulating it—yet a shift in the wind and it would have become a tomb.

"Your mother is very worried about you," he said.

"I know," she answered, still just a voice. "She was calling me, but I didn't answer."

Kerm was shocked. "You didn't?"

"No. It isn't so lonesome when I'm with Nellie."

How had Leslie ever managed to get around on skis, he wondered.

"It's a good thing, Daddy," Janice chattered on, wriggling through the opening, "that she's been practicing on her skis in the back yard every day since the great snow came. She said she guessed it was a good idea to know how to use skis if we were going to have winters like this one." She added anxiously, "You think Nellie's going to be all right out here alone?"

"I'll tend to her personally myself, if I have to ski out here every day from town," Kerm assured her.

"Oh, Daddy," she said wistfully, "I wish you'd stay home."

He helped her to her feet. The going would be slow now. He couldn't risk having Janice plunge into a deep drift. Funny that she didn't have the asthma in the frigid air. He remembered that it always seemed to return when things weren't well between Leslie and him.

They reached the top of the knoll and stopped to rest.

"Why, look, Daddy!" Janice pointed excitedly. "There's Mother's scarf and cap down there on the snow. Why, there's Mother, too! She must have fallen down."

He saw that Leslie had broken a ski on a tree stump a few feet behind her and plunged into a bank of snow near the gully.

By skillful maneuvering Kerm was able to drag Leslie out and to her feet. She was badly chilled and her teeth were chattering. He pulled the thermos out of his pocket.

"Gulp it down, Les," he ordered. "That's the girl."

"Oh, Mother," Janice said, "if Daddy hadn't come you would have frozen to death."

Leslie couldn't speak, but she nodded. The coffee began to warm her up, and Kerm slapped her smartly all over to help.

◆

Janice heard the low whining sound first. It grew louder, and then they all saw the C-82, flying boxcar, almost overhead. Janice climbed onto the tree stump.

"Operation Haylift!" she screamed.

"Look out, old girls, they're going to drop it!" Kerm shouted at the sheep a quarter of a mile away.

The plane was low and the first bale burst as it hit the ground, spreading the hay.

Janice shouted with laughter. "Operation successful!" she yelled, proud to use the words she had heard over the radio. Kerm was laughing too—and so was Leslie.

Out tumbled the other bales in rapid succession, making perfect landings near the sheep. Then the plane was gone. Kerm had his arm around Leslie. She didn't seem to mind. The sheep were snatching up mouthfuls and baaing in excitement.

"And next the bulldozer will come," Janice was parroting the radio announcer, "so the sheep can walk home."

"And I'll conduct them personally," Kerm told her, smiling.

"You'll come out from town?" Janice searched his face anxiously.

"What do you think?" he asked her, winking.

"From home! From home!" Janice squealed, doing a step in her clumsy little boots on the stump that had brought them all together again.

◆ ◆

NEW-STYLE BOSSES BOOST PRODUCTION

By **DR. DONALD A. LAIRD**

The self-centered, hell-raising boss is not yet a museum piece, but he's definitely on the way out

READING TIME 8 MINUTES

HOW IMPORTANT ARE BOSSES, ANYWAY? The Industrial Health Research Board of Great Britain discovered the importance of bosses when it undertook to compare the efficiency of various makes of typewriters. Experienced typists who typed continuously used one make of machine for a year; then were switched to a different make. Typing output was carefully recorded, and toward the end of the second year typewriter C seemed to be in the lead.

Then the experimenters switched supervisors, not typewriters, and a striking difference was noticed the first week. The supervisors had more effect upon output than the machines.

The records of two small factories in the same small city show that a boss can cause labor turnover, too. These two plants made the same product, paid the same wages, and were as alike as two peas but for their general managers. The Acme plant's general manager was the leader type, and its labor turnover was 15 per cent a year. But the Apex plant, whose general manager was the sledge-hammer type—he ordered and bullied with a loud mouth—had a labor turnover of 55 per cent.

Absenteeism for sickness may also depend upon the boss, proving the truth of the popular remark, "He makes me sick." During an epidemic of colds, 80 per cent of the office workers in Department G of a large company were absent one Friday. But only a few were absent from the department across the hall. The supervisor of the department that had the high sickness rate was a chronic nagger whose employees were glad to have any excuse to stay away from work.

Even when employees are on piece rates or bonus pay systems, they may deliberately work in low gear if they have the wrong type of leadership. In one department of the Pyramid works the supervisor liked to walk through the shop a couple of times each day to "throw his weight around." He shouted orders, found fault in a loud voice, and gestured wildly over the low production. The employees worked feverishly—until he left the room. Then they virtually stopped work to indulge in horseplay imitations of the boss. Although they were on piece rate, tabulations of hourly production revealed a slump in output for a couple of hours after each "dynamic" visit of the boss. After the boss's departure the horseplay was followed by a period of resentment and grumbling in which the employees deliberately slowed down—biting off their noses to spite the boss.

Many employees are in similar predicament: they could do more work, and better work, if the boss were different. Top management is usually looking for supervisors who can lead, and it is willing to pay well for this scarce ability. There was fabulous Bill Jones who became Andrew Carnegie's right-hand man in his steel mills. Early in Jones's career, Carnegie asked Jones what he could do for him. "Well, you might pay me a helluva big salary," Jones replied. Carnegie chuckled and gave Jones the same salary as that of the U. S. President. Jones was not overpaid either, as all steelmen knew, and those who had been trained by Bill Jones boasted of it, and they worked with almost superhuman effort for him.

And the elder Rockefeller, who knew how to strike a shrewd bargain, said, "I will pay more for the ability to handle people than for any other skill in the world."

Considerable damage had been done by wrong varieties of bosses before business hit upon the fact that it could train bosses. Instead of buying what it could find in the way of leadership, business began to plan ways to develop leadership from the ranks. The psychological study of democratic vs. autocratic leadership has been the last field of applied psychology to get under way, but the discoveries are now being widely used in leadership training. The officious, grumbling, self-centered, hell-raising boss is not yet entirely a museum piece, but he is definitely on the way out. His place is being taken by the employee-centered leader who teaches and explains, inspires and encourages, and molds ideals. The new-style leader wins loyalty, builds group spirit, and boosts production.

Business is group effort. The efforts of many have to be co-ordinated for the good of the group or the business. Some workers are unable, or uninclined, to plan their work, so someone has to do it for them—or stimulate them to do it themselves when possible. Many workers need to develop their job skills. Developing skills in others is a part of the leader's functions. Schools may develop general skills, but each firm has its own requirements and specialties which require cultivation.

But the cardinal reason for the need of leadership arises from our long period of infancy and childhood. We are dependent upon older persons for 15 to 20 years before we go to work on our own. While we may resent adult interference with our desires during this long period, we nevertheless are well trained in the habit of looking toward superior per-

Drawing by Lester Elliot

NEW-STYLE BOSSES BOOST PRODUCTION

Continued

sons for permission or instruction. During this growing-up period most persons gain training in followership but not in leadership.

While we may prize our independence as we strike out on our own, we are not as independent of spirit as we imagine. We have been brought up under the absolute sway of our parents and teachers, and seldom lose what has been called our *authority complex*. This impulse to follow someone better than ourselves is deeply ingrained from sheer habit. There may be no supermen, yet we like to imagine there are, and look up to someone in authority to guide us and take care of us.

Most of us are made followers by our early-life training, but a small number turn in the opposite direction, and resentment is their chief motivation. Tyrannical parents may make some children submissive for life, while with other children the tyranny produces lifelong rebels. As rebels they choke with resentment when bossed; they can be a disrupting influence far out of proportion to their small number.

Sometimes the rebels battle authority under cover rather than openly by holding down production, being intentionally wasteful of materials, and making the boss's life as miserable as possible. There is little the boss can do about these few leader-hating individuals except to (1) put up with them, (2) avoid touching them off by too much bossing, and (3) recommend them highly to the company's most unfair competitor.

◆ The cop fighters and other constitutional rebels are the exceptions which prove the rule: that *most adults not only need to be led, but also want to be led.*

I visited a factory where relatively unskilled workers were paid high wages, yet they were restless and went on strike about every 18 months. One cause of this restlessness was visible. In each workroom was a sheet of cardboard, big as a kitchen refrigerator, which displayed the shop rules in type the size of newspaper headlines. The number of days lay-off and other punishments for breaking each rule were underlined. This firm was trying to lead by shouting in big type, "Do as you are told or take the consequences."

On the eastern side of the same little industrial city is a plant which employs skilled workers. These skilled workers are paid no more than the unskilled workers in the first plant. Yet they have never threatened a strike, nor have they formed a union. The difference in attitudes of these two groups of workers is a result of their leadership.

The skilled workers are not faced daily with a list of rules and penalties printed in oversize type. Instead, upon employment they are given pamphlets which list rewards they can win. They are given two and a half days' vacation with pay if they are not tardy for six months, and a full week's vacation if they are not tardy for a year.

◆ The methods that are used in trying to lead others may be conveniently divided into four grades. There is no sharp line separating one grade from another, for they blend. Parents, teachers, and statesmen, as well as executives and straw bosses, use these practices. So do children as they try to lead other children at play.

1. *Coercive leadership* uses fear and intimidation, slave-camp methods, to enforce blind obedience. Those king-size shop rules that listed penalties were a form of coercive leadership. This is the lowest grade of leadership. It produces fear and hatred, keeps efficiency at a low level, and produces unrest. It is characteristic of the *boss*, not of the *leader*.

The bully uses coercive methods. The bullying may be physical force or threats of force, or it may be mental coercion. Threats of discharge, sarcasm, and fault-finding are forms of mental bullying. The coercive leader uses his hands or mouth to govern others. These methods may keep people in line, but they do not secure the co-operation of full effort.

Leadership by coercing tends to be self-perpetuating. This is because workers become so hardened to rough handling that nothing short of an earthquake will stir them. So the coercive leader has to become more coercive as the workers acquire a protective immunity to ordinary coercion. Coercion feeds upon itself and goes from bad to worse. This vicious cycle cannot be broken abruptly. A year or more of leadership training is usually required before workers adjust from their old habits of waiting until they are given stiff pushes. And since the lower grades of bosses are inclined to relapse to the coercive level, the training has to be continuous.

◆ 2. *Leadership by assignment* is a bit higher grade. In its simplest guise this merely allots the work to different members of the group. The order-giver is an example, although he may lean toward the lower grade of coercion. If he gives orders in a coercive manner, it is not leadership by assignment. But if he gives assignments as explanations and instructions, it is a higher grade of leadership.

Leadership by assignment is an advance over coercion because it wins a bit of co-operation and not much resentment. Although it does not build teamwork, at least it does not disrupt teamwork. At the present time, most foremen, supervisors, overseers, section heads, and lead men use methods of assignment and little more.

3. *Leadership by teaching and explaining* is on the upbuilding side. It depends upon the worker's respect for the leader as an individual. It produces some loyalty toward the leader, cements the workers to him, and increases their skills and efforts. Coercive leadership may produce signs of feverish activity when the boss is present, but leadership by teaching and explaining produces results when his back is turned.

4. *Leadership by inspiring and molding ideals* is the highest and most upbuilding. It is creative. Creative leadership uses the head and heart, not lungs and hands.

The creative leader builds up a group spirit of teamwork, so it is seldom necessary to issue orders, and when orders are needed, they are given as instructions. The creative leader does not confuse interference with influence. He has less detailed planning to do, since he has stimulated the individuals to plan for themselves. People follow him because they respect his superior abilities. They are loyal to him because he is considerate and personally helpful. They are loyal to the cause or business he represents because hero worship makes them want to imitate him. He does not have to argue or persuade to make them fol-

(*Continued on page 82*)

LIBERTY HOME

APRIL 1950

Gertrude Wilkinson
HOME EDITOR

PIE IS STILL AMERICA'S NO. 1 DESSERT . . page 43

Easy recipes for delicious and economical pie fillings that all will enjoy. Make crusts with Ready Mix to save time and energy, and to make sure you get perfect results.

YOUR HOUSE BEGINS WITH YOU . . . . . page 50

A leading architect tells how to plan that new house, or remodel your present one to get the most out of every foot of living space. The plan even takes into account each individual's needs.

EASTER TRADITIONS IN FOOD . . . . page 40

If the difference between the old-fashioned smoked ham of your childhood and modern-cure of today confuses you, read this informative article for accurate information.

AT HOME WITH PLASTICS . . . . page 44

Making and selling plastics has become a billion-dollar industry, creating jobs for thousands of American workers. This article tells you the best way to make use of plastics.

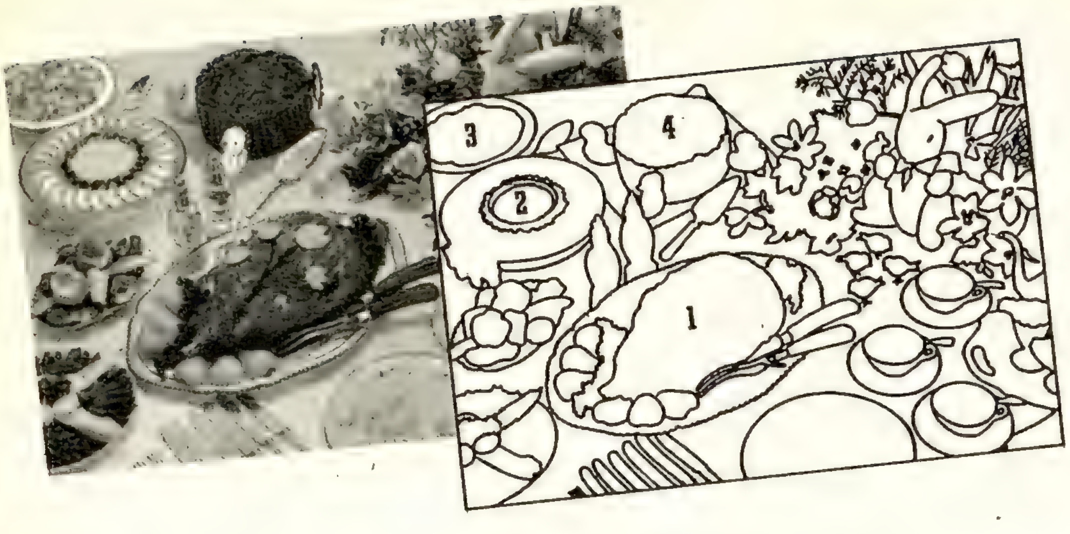
LIBERTY HOME

From Liberty's Home Kitchen

EASTER TRADITIONS IN FOOD

Easter is a time for joyous gatherings, especially around the American family's festive board

(see following page for recipes)



EASTER TRADITIONS IN FOOD

Continued

◆ The Easter feast needs no introduction to any American family. And in the appetizing array of foods pictured here, LIBERTY's food editors have placed the emphasis on the traditional baked ham that has been popular for many an Easter Sunday.

But there is one great difference between the smoked ham of Grandmother's day and now—and that is the modern method of curing ham, known as the mild cure. To settle this question we asked the spokesmen for the meat industry, the American Meat Institute.

The facts we learned from them are of value to every family who buys ham. It seems that the old-fashioned ham contained so much salt (known as heavy cure) that soaking and parboiling generally was a necessity. This time-honored method is no longer required, as the packers now use selected hams, cured by a modern process that assures tender meat and a mild sweet flavor. About 95 per cent of the smoked hams sold today are of the mild-cure type. The specialty hams, often called Virginia- or Smithfield-type hams, usually require soaking and preliminary cooking in water.

So far, so good. Everything is clear to the housewife. But some confusion still remains about the buying and cooking of these mild-cure hams. There are two types of mild-cure hams on the market—the ready-to-eat* cooked hams, and the uncooked type, generally labeled "cook-before-eating." It is important to know which kind of ham you are buying in order to correctly estimate the time required for cooking or heating. This information usually is given on the wrapper of the ham.

If a half ham is purchased, either butt end or shank, look for the printed tag or words imprinted on the fat or rind telling whether the ham is a cook-before-eating or ready-to-eat type.

One final word of advice in buying hams—and this is of the utmost importance: all mild-cure and canned hams should be kept *under refrigeration* in the store and at home.

And now to prepare your perfect Easter ham.

1. *BAKED EASTER HAM*

Directions giving cooking time usually come with whole hams; if so, follow these to the letter.

In general, hams should be cooked in this way: Place the ham on a rack in an open roasting pan with the fat side up. (To bake a butt or shank end of ham, place cut side down on a rack.) Do not add water; do not cover. Place in the oven preheated to 325° F. and bake according to the following schedule:

Whole Ham

Uncooked . . 18 minutes per pound
Ready-to-eat
10 minutes per pound

Half Ham

Uncooked . . 22 minutes per pound
Ready-to-eat
14 minutes per pound

Forty-five minutes before the end of the baking period, take the ham from the oven, remove the rind, if any, and score fat in diamond pattern. Insert a whole clove in each diamond. Pour 1½ cups New Orleans molasses over ham. Sprinkle with fine, dry bread crumbs. Return to oven at same temperature to finish.

2. *BOILED SHRIMPS*

1 quart water
1 small cucumber, sliced
1 carrot, sliced
1 small white onion, sliced
Juice of ½ lemon
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 pound shrimps

Put water in saucepan. Add all ingredients except shrimps. Bring water to boil. Add shrimps and, if necessary, enough water to cover. Turn heat down so water just simmers. Cover saucepan and let shrimps cook five minutes, never longer. Drain shrimps. Strain stock and save to make sauce or add to condensed soup instead of water.

3. *SCALLOPED POTATOES*

4 medium raw potatoes
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
Salt and pepper
Milk (about 2 cups)
½ cup grated cheese

Pare potatoes and cut in thin slices. Place half the potatoes in buttered baking dish; cover with butter cut into bits; sprinkle with half the flour and salt and pepper. Repeat. Top the dish with potatoes. Pour in milk. Cover dish. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for ½ hour. Remove cover, bake for 1 hour longer. Add cheese and brown quickly.

4. *CHOCOLATE CAKE*

2 cups sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup vinegar
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs
1¾ cups sugar
½ cup emulsified vegetable shortening
3 squares chocolate, melted

Have all ingredients at room temperature. Line two 8-inch layer pans with waxed paper. Sift flour, baking soda, and salt together. Mix vinegar, milk, and vanilla in measuring cup. Beat eggs and sugar together in large mixing bowl for 1 minute. Add flour mixture, shortening, and one-half of the liquid. Stir until flour is moistened. Beat vigorously for 1 minute. Add remaining liquid and chocolate. Beat for 1 minute. Turn into prepared layer pans. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 minutes.

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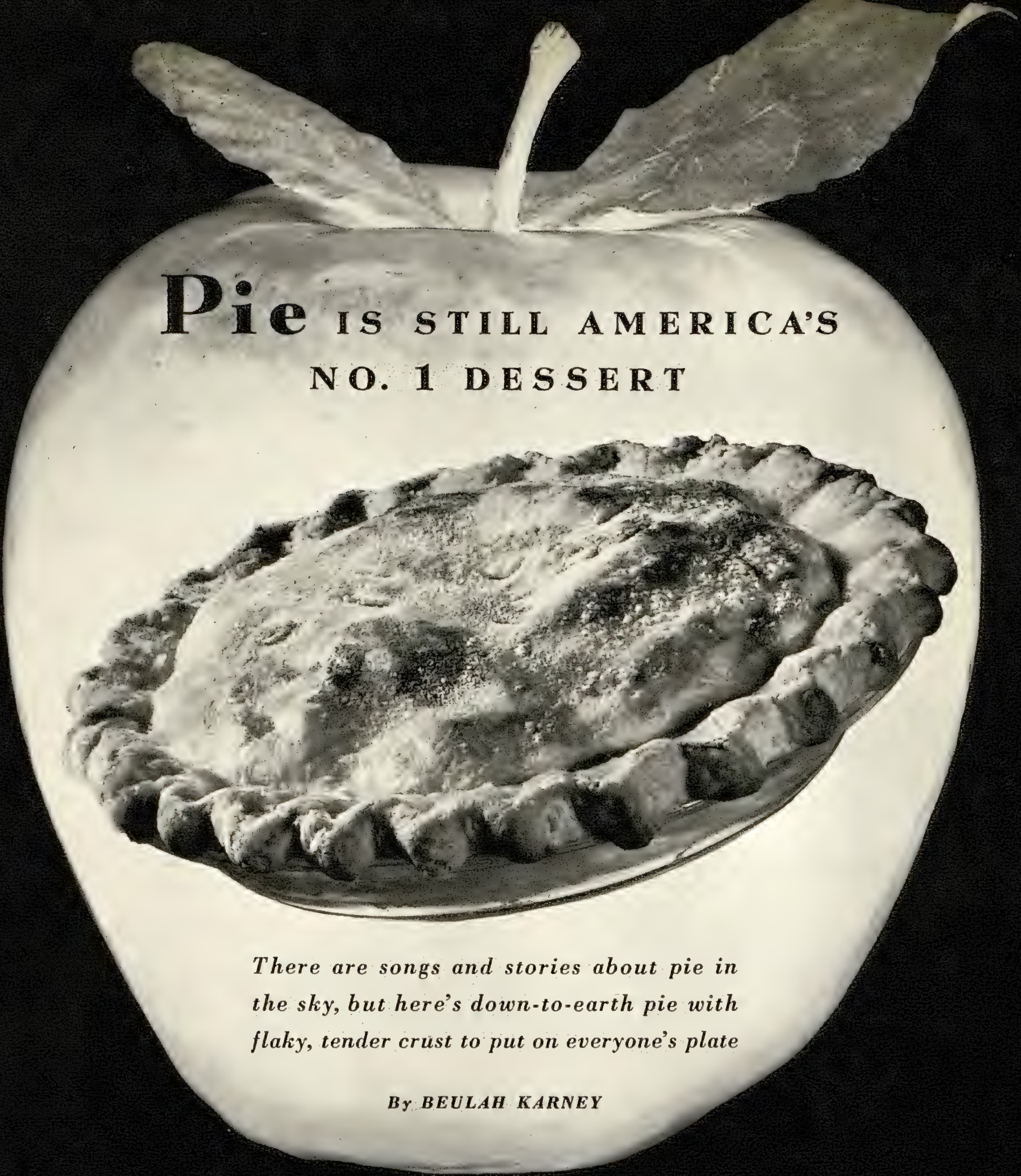
*" 'Ready-to-Eat' is a statement permitted to be used when a ham subjected to heat develops an internal temperature (center of ham) of 140° F.," according to Dr. L. E. Epple of the Meat Inspection Division of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. While these hams are edible, most housewives like the additional heating and the glazed ornamental top.

China, courtesy of Lenox China. Damask tablecloth, courtesy of Irish Linen. Easter bunny, courtesy of F. A. O. Schwarz.

Photos on pages 40, 41, 43 by George Lazarnick.

Pie IS STILL AMERICA'S NO. 1 DESSERT



There are songs and stories about pie in the sky, but here's down-to-earth pie with flaky, tender crust to put on everyone's plate

By BEULAH KARNEY

Fit bottom pastry loosely in the pie plate. Sprinkle with a little sugar-spice mixture and pat in with fingertips. This helps to prevent a soggy undercrust and bubbles.

Fill with apple slices (higher in center). Add rest of sugar and spice. Roll out top pastry in circle, fold in half; cut slits to allow steam to escape while pie is baking.

Moisten edge of lower crust with cold water. Add top crust. Trim off, leaving enough pastry to fold under for high edge. Flute the edges, pressing firmly.

LIBERTY HOME

AT HOME WITH

A walk through Liberty's house of plastics will convince you that in this land of opportunity we don't turn thumbs down on miracles — we create them.

◆ Won't you come in? Come in and see for yourself the mid-century wonders that plastics offer us—wonders we take for granted, but which a few short years ago would have been considered little short of miracles. Come into the house and prepare to look around.

Before we start on a tour of the house, however, perhaps you'd like a few facts. Plastics are resins, man-made from coal, air, water, lime, petroleum and vegetable by-products. About a dozen plastics are important today (we'll show you most of them). Since they are man-made, they can be tailored to order; designed to withstand a specific temperature or stress; to resist a certain humidity. One plastic is capable of many variations, so it's difficult to realize that both your hair curlers and your kitchen flooring may be vinyl; that both your new tooth filling and your salad bowl may be acrylic.

Perhaps *your* tooth filling is silver, and *your* salad bowl wooden, and you don't want any substitutes. Manufacturers frequently feel the same way. Before they accept any new material, they demand proof that it's better than what they're using. And manufacturers have accepted plastics, even though during the war, when the plastics industry expanded and experimented daily, many plastics were pushed for unsuitable applications because other materials were scarce. So it's understandable why many con-

Photo by Trede-Transfilm

PLASTICS

sumers regard plastics as substitutes, artificial materials, "second best." But you're old-fashioned if you judge plastics by their prewar or wartime performance.

Plastics are one of two types—thermosetting or thermoplastic. Thermoplastics are shaped under heat, but if that heat is reapplied, they can be reshaped. Thermosetting materials, on the other hand, once shaped under high heat, are shaped to stay. Your vinyl apron, polyethylene refrigerator dish, nylon toothbrush bristles, acrylic picture frame, cellulose fountain pen, polystyrene toys are thermoplastic. Your melamine dishes, phenolic telephone, urea-based furniture glues are thermosetting.

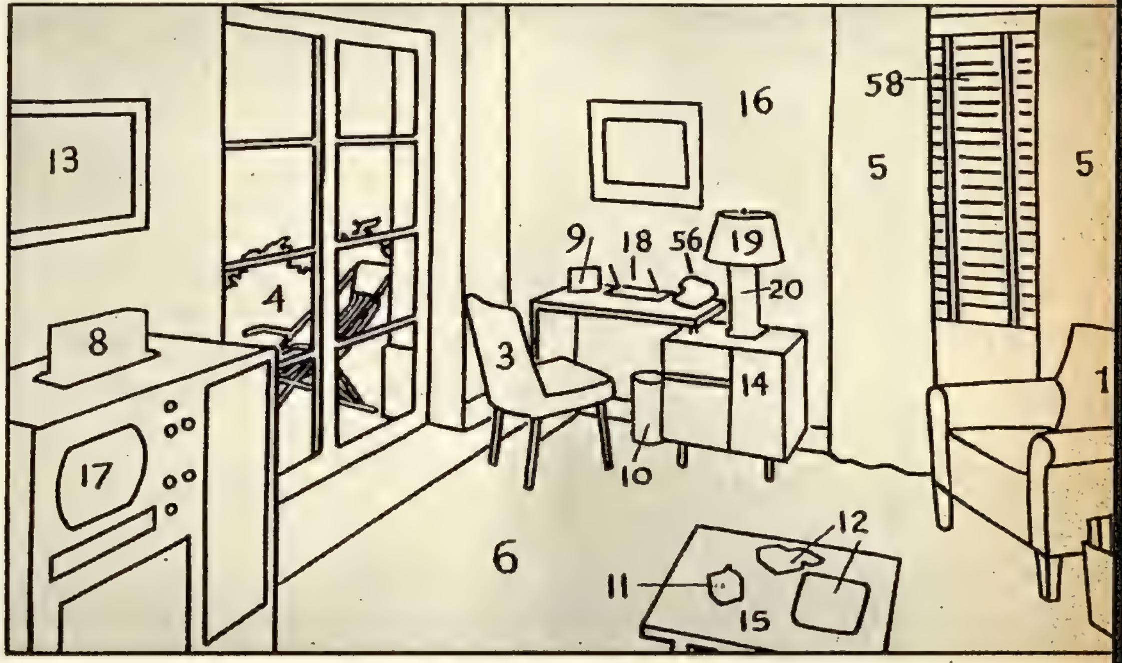
Whichever type, plastics share many common qualities. They're light in weight in relation to their strength (which cuts shipping costs); they resist natural enemies—water, sun, rust, mildew, acids, odors—better than nature's own materials. They're easy to clean (because the surface is nonporous); their colors are true and permanent. They're uniform—natural resins are not. There are cheaper materials, and stronger ones, but plastics offer a splendid combination of service and cost. The manufacturer has only to outline his special needs—salt-water resistance, optical properties, high-impact strength—to the chemist, and experiments start. Usually they are successful.

It must be quite an industry, you say, to be so flexible and enterprising. It is—a billion-dollar business, growing all the time. It produces close to 50 million yards of vinyl film or sheeting every month! There are more than 100,000 jobs in plastics today; the industry has grown ten times larger than it was in 1939. Every American consumes about ten pounds of plastics a year. Other nations have contributed to this growth, but our country has been a leader. Celluloid—generally considered the first plastic—was developed by an American, John Hyatt, in 1868. The problem was to develop a replacement for elephant-tusk ivory for billiard balls! His answer was celluloid. Today celluloid has become a whole family of cellulose plastics, with uses ranging from watch crystals to small molded boats; and other families have joined it, most of them in the last 20 years. In one way or another—saving labor, cutting manufacturing time or shipping weight, giving more wear—they have saved you money.

Plastics in the Living Room

◆ Now let's step into the living room. What catches your eye first? The most comfortable chair (1)? It's upholstered in heavy VINYL sheeting. It's washable with a damp cloth (even oil and grease stains disappear), so housewives may indulge their taste for light colors. Others buy it because they have children and dogs tumbling about. A clear, bright array of colors, sturdiness, and pliability are other attractions; and you can buy the material to reupholster a chair at home.

Vinyl sheeting and film comes with a fabric backing, or unsupported, without any backing. Vinyl filaments can be *woven* (take a peek at the bedroom chair (2). It's available in quilted form—the desk chair (3)—electronically stitched to layers of cotton batting. NYLON, so successful in your wardrobe, is also appearing as a handsome chair covering. So is vinylidene chloride (saran)—offshoot of the vinyls—



AT HOME WITH PLASTICS

Continued

woven loosely, particularly for outdoor furniture—the porch chair (4)—or tightly, for automobile seats.

Vinyl is the work horse of the industry. A big part of that 50 million yards a month goes into draperies (5). Patterns and colors improve constantly, partly because vinyl inks for printing have been developed. Incidentally, don't be distressed by that unfamiliar odor when you first unpack vinyl draperies—it's a sign of good vinyl, and soon disperses.

The rug (6) has a vinyl backing—a resin to help lock in the wool tufts, prevent raveling. You can cut the carpet in any direction without having to bind the edges, which means that seams can be almost invisible and that a worn or burned spot may be replaced with little trouble.

Plastics don't always hide on the back of your floor covering, however. Nylon carpets are remarkable for their long life. Nylon fibers dye well and hold their color. Even newer is the mixture of vinyl fibers and wool which offers an almost incredible resistance. Both of these are expensive now, but as production increases and methods improve, prices will come down.

ACRYLIC, a highly decorative plastic, may not be a familiar term, but you probably own some accessories made of it. In its clear form, acrylic is as transparent and sparkling as glass. It's light weight, shock resistant, and has special optical properties which made it particularly valuable during the war. Here in the living room, you can spot the magazine rack (7), the see-the-works barometer (8), and clock (9), wastebasket (10), table lighter (11), cigarette box and a tray (12). The lamp picture (13) is engraved on a rigid acrylic sheet and then colored. Since acrylic can "pipe" light, even around corners, it's eminently suited for use in lighting.

Yes, the functional desk (14) is wood. But did you know that most furniture adhesives today are based on a plastic resin? UREA is generally the base for adhesives for wood for interiors, including solid wood furniture. You can't see the bond it forms (that's true of many important plastic applications), but it's stronger than wood, waterproof, and, unlike animal- or vegetable-based adhesives, immune to insects or vermin. Manufacturers like it because the adhesives are easily handled.

Equally important are glues used in laminated

Photo by Trede-Transfilm

plywood. Urea may be the base again, or PHENOL—the latter especially if the lamination is to be weather resistant. The molded plywood frame of the bedroom chair would not be practical without these plastic-based glues; nor would the plywood in table tops, decorative or structural wall panels, subflooring, or luggage. They have enormously increased the possibilities of using low-grade lumber advantageously.

Plywood, however, isn't the only laminate at home. Look at the top of the coffee table (15), with its unusual marbleized effect. But since these laminations are so important in kitchen counters and table tops, we'll wait until we reach the kitchen to tell you about them.

Man-made resins have replaced natural ones in paints, varnishes, and other surface coatings to a great extent. Furniture finishes generally employ a phenolic resin, which speeds drying. The plastic resins add durability, weather resistance, and color stability; can be made alcohol-proof. Different plastics perform different jobs. POLYSTYRENE is an excellent base for paint on living-room wallboard (16), for concrete or plaster surfaces, and for casein or water paints. Aluminum paints compounded with phenol dry quickly, reflect light and radiant heat, wear well. MELAMINE and vinyl bases for enamels—particularly in appliances—improve color and durability. Vinyl in metal prime coatings improves corrosion, scratch, and moisture resistance, especially for automotive finishes. Varnishes frequently are based on phenolics; so are paints for metal. In other words, if a finishing coat must perform a difficult job, a plastic resin base is probably the answer.

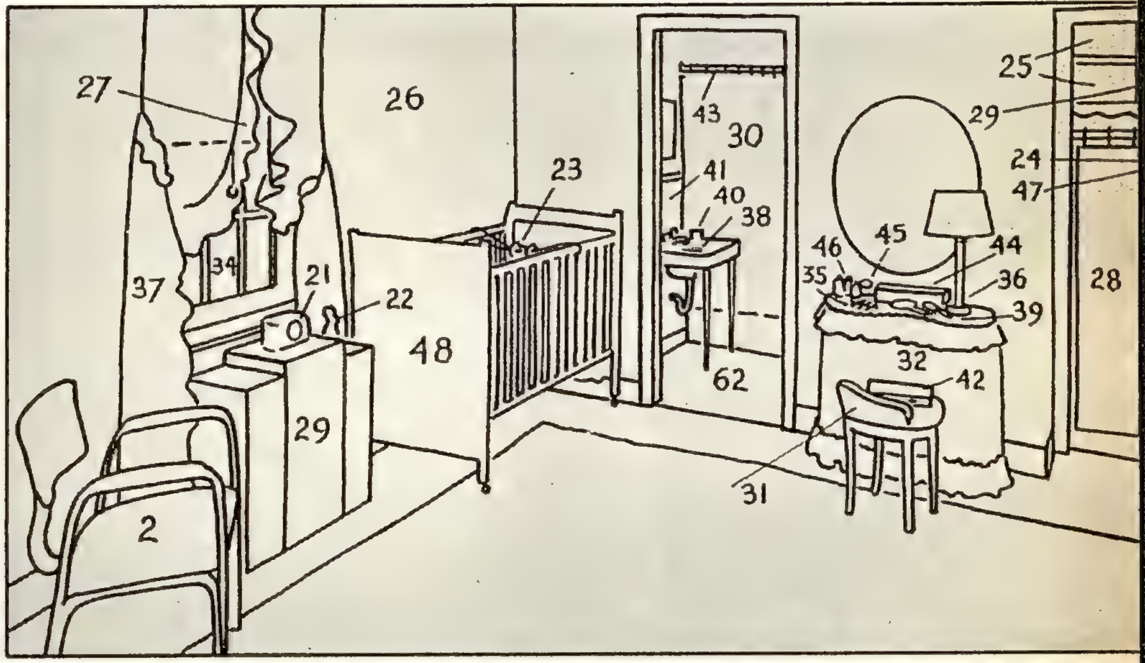
Radios and television sets (17) rely on plastics too. About 90 per cent of table radio cabinets are plastic—urea, phenol, or others. A television console now on the market is molded of phenol. The one illustrated is a wood cabinet, but phenol, vinyl, urea are used in sockets and switch parts, tube bases and sockets, transformers, resistors and condensers, wire and antenna casing, control knobs and tone arm. And your set may have an acrylic tube facing.

Mr. Hyatt's celluloid is little used now, because of its inflammability, but the CELLULOSE family of plastics derives from it. By varying the formula they may be made flame or salt-water resistant; given any color or special optical properties. They don't do well outdoors, however. You see them often in molded objects—piano keys, knife and tool handles, eyeglass frames, and buttons. The pen and pencil barrels in the desk set (18) are one form—inkproof cellulose propinate. The lamp shade (19) is cellulose acetate. (It could be rigid vinyl sheeting, vinyl "filled" with glass fibers, or paper coated with vinyl or melamine.) The lamp base (20) has a wood core, but is covered with molded, tufted cellulose acetate squares, also attractive for covering headboards or valances.

Plastics in the Bedroom

◆ Starting where we left off, with cellulosics, you probably could point out combs, novelty jewelry, or toothbrush handles in your room. In ours we see the alarm clock (21) and night lamp (22), crib toys (23)—especially safe for children because, even if shattered, the edges are smooth, not jagged—and coat hangers (24). In rigid, transparent form it's used for roomy hatboxes (25). Versatile—but that's an outstanding characteristic of all plastics.

In any home with children, plastics are welcome because they clean so effortlessly. Wallpaper (26), for instance, can be a happy hunting ground for grimy hands, splashes of jelly, and streaks of crayon. But coat a paper with vinyl, phenol, or melamine resins, or build it up with these resins under



AT HOME WITH PLASTICS

Continued

a heat-treating process, and stains roll off. Soap, ammonia, and detergents won't hurt it, nor will mild disinfectants. Variations in temperature and humidity have no effect. Lipstick, mercurochrome, chewing gum, even ink and grease, can all be removed with soap and water. Paper shelving, shopping bags, and packaging materials benefit from coating or impregnating with the same plastics.

We said vinyl was a work horse. Look at it here—in a new window shade (27) of unsupported vinyl sheeting, which never ravels. It has a lustrous finish and a long life. And vinyl is attractively quilted as zippered garment bags that stay open, shoulder covers (28); it covers blanket boxes and small chests (29). You recognize the shower curtain of extra-wide film (30), and the upholstery on the stool (31), but do you recognize that dainty eyelet dressing-table skirt (32)? Yes, it's vinyl too, as much as iron-on mending patches, washable playing cards, inflated toys, or unbreakable records. And so is the luggage (33), protected by its vinyl coating for travelproof wear. The screen (34) outside the window is vinylidene chloride, which won't rust or deteriorate.

Vinyl can also be molded—witness the hair curlers (35). And it can be extruded, so that it's rather elastic and feels like rubber—the electric cords (36) in every room. Improving on natural rubber, the cords are immune to grease and oil, and never crack. Other familiar extruded products include garden hose, clotheslines, belts, and dog leashes. POLYETHYLENE (more on this one later) is an excellent material for heavy duty in the electronics and communications industries.

Those ruffled curtains (37) are practical, because they're nylon—no more trouble than your stockings. Molded nylon tumblers, combs, or kitchen funnels can be sterilized. Nylon filaments for toothbrush (38), hairbrush (39), and paintbrush have the same thin-section strength and moisture resistance that make those filaments favorites for tennis-racket stringing, and for fishing lines and nets.

Polystyrene is a new and promising thermoplastic. Recognize the countless small molded objects made of it—like our hand-lotion dispenser (40)—by the metallic ring given off when it's tapped with a coin. Besides its exceptional resistance to most acids and chemicals, and outstanding electrical properties, polystyrene absorbs practically no water,

Photo by Trede-Transfilm

has high-impact strength at low temperatures, and costs little. That's why it's a favorite for bathroom wall tiles (41)—tiles the householder can install himself. Like cellulose, it's popular for toys. And versatile—both the handbag on the stool (42) and the shower-curtain rings (43) are polystyrene. See more of it in the kitchen.

Here are sparkling acrylic accessories —the cleansing tissue box (44), atomizer (45), and hand mirror. Also on the dressing table is an interesting application of polyethylene, the flexible cologne bottle with spray cap (46). Deodorants, insecticides, protective vinyl coatings and paints can be packaged the same way. And note the urea mothflake container (47). Urea, basic in paints and adhesives, can also be molded as hardware, buttons, cosmetic jars, and screw caps. They're all applications where its strength, light fastness, resilience, and uniform heat resistance count. Urea was the first thermosetting plastic available in light colors, a fact which hastened public acceptance of plastics.

Before we move on to the kitchen, a last look, at the crib (48). Its mattress is vinyl coated for protection against childhood accidents, and the tops of the guard rails are padded with cellulose acetate for additional protection when a baby begins to chew on everything in sight.

Plastics in the Kitchen

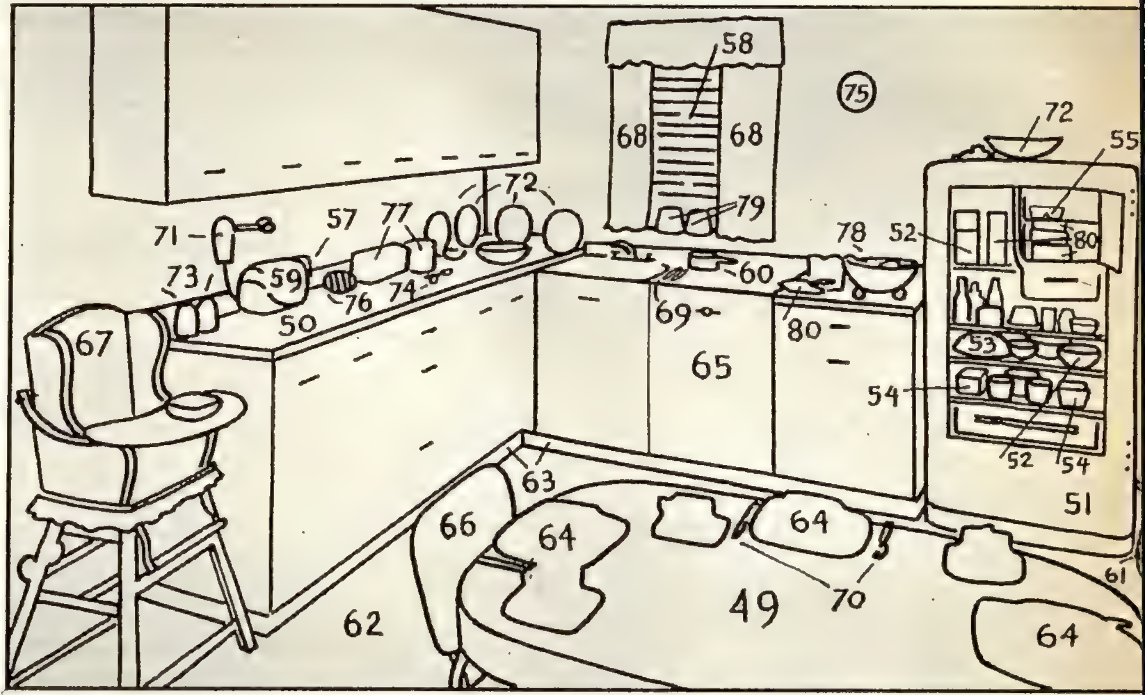
◆ Modern kitchens are chock full of plastics, but how often do you give a thought to the way they ease daily tasks? The laminated table (49) and cabinet counter (50) tops, for instance. Damage has to be almost deliberate before you can hurt them. They're proof against alcohol, fruit juices, even boiling water. They don't crack or warp, and the color stays right in there. Pearl- or linen-like finishes are common; table or desk tops and wallboards may have a wood veneer as the top layer.

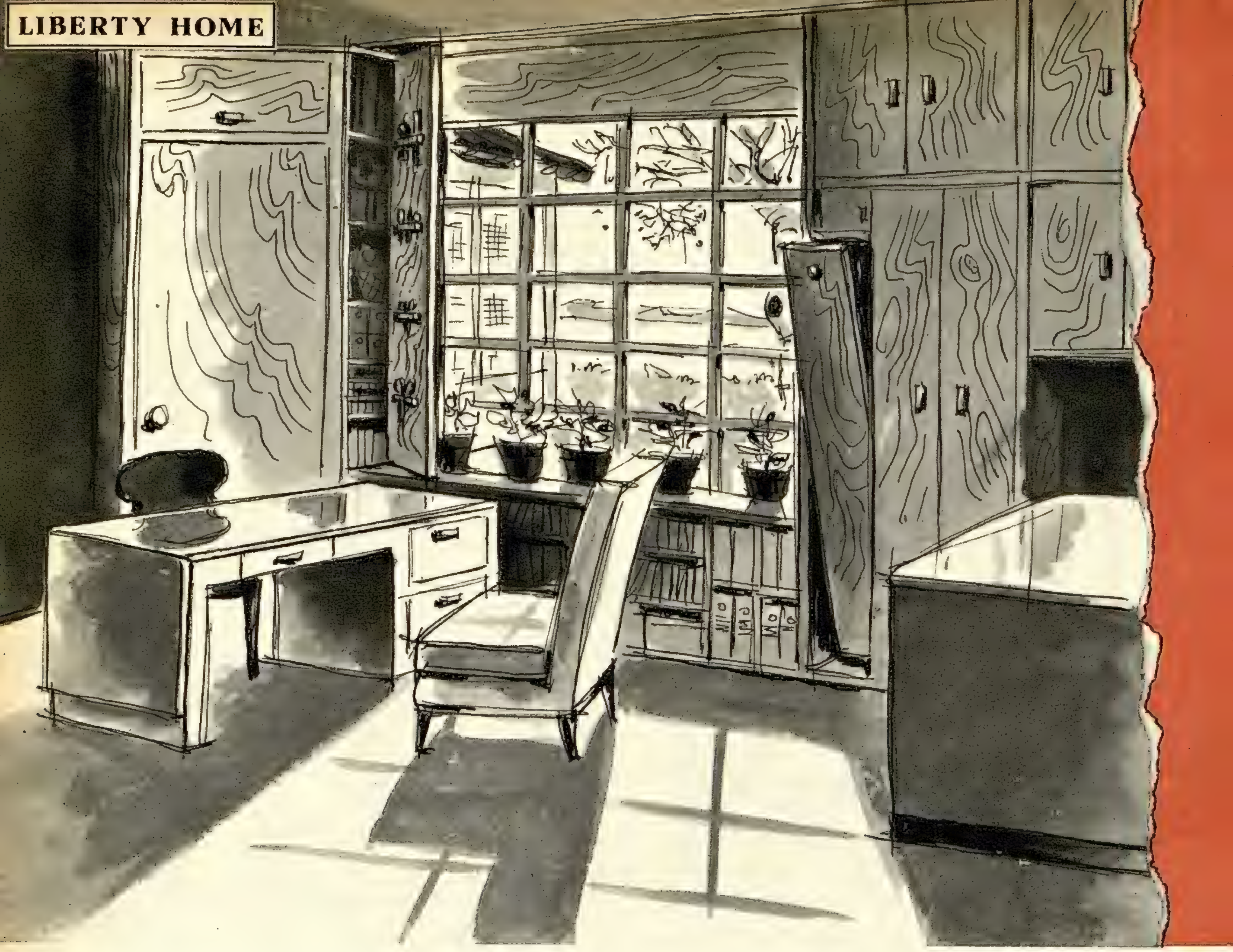
These laminates combine layers of various materials—wood, metal, paper, glass, fabric, sometimes even a layer of vinyl or other plastic film—with an adhesive, usually phenol. A thin layer of aluminum foil in the "sandwich" can add fireproofing. Decorative effect on the table is a veneer of attractively printed paper saturated with POLYESTER resin and heat cured, which adds the protective gloss. Some of the laminates use melamine resin.

Plastics are in your refrigerator (51) because they satisfy engineers' demands for reasonable costs, low water and odor absorption, impact strength (how often do you slam the door?), and dimensional stability. Breaker strips and control parts of phenol were the first applications. Today phenol is used in laminations for inner doors, in the latch bolt and light switch, in the automatic defroster you may have installed. Chip-proof polystyrene shows up in meat and vegetable trays, control knobs, evaporator doors and baffles. Waxlike polyethylene, with the lowest specific gravity and moisture absorption of any widely known plastic, is ideal with foods, drugs, and cosmetics. It remains flexible and workable under low temperatures, so it appears as ice trays. Vinyl is used for shelf supports. Enamel coatings frequently are based on urea or melamine.

Look inside the refrigerator, too, for flexible polyethylene containers (52), polystyrene in bowls which can double as plate covers (53) and left-over dishes (54), and polyethylene ice-cube trays (55).

Refrigeration engineers aren't satisfied, however. Some of the applications they foresee are foamed polystyrene (you first saw it in decorations last Christmas) for insulation, replacing hard-to-get cork; molded outer doors and inner shells—perhaps of polyester resins rein- (*Continued on page 53*)





Drawing by Jm. Halpert

YOUR HOUSE BEGINS WITH YOU

An authority on building tells how Pop and the rest of the family can build their house exactly as they want it

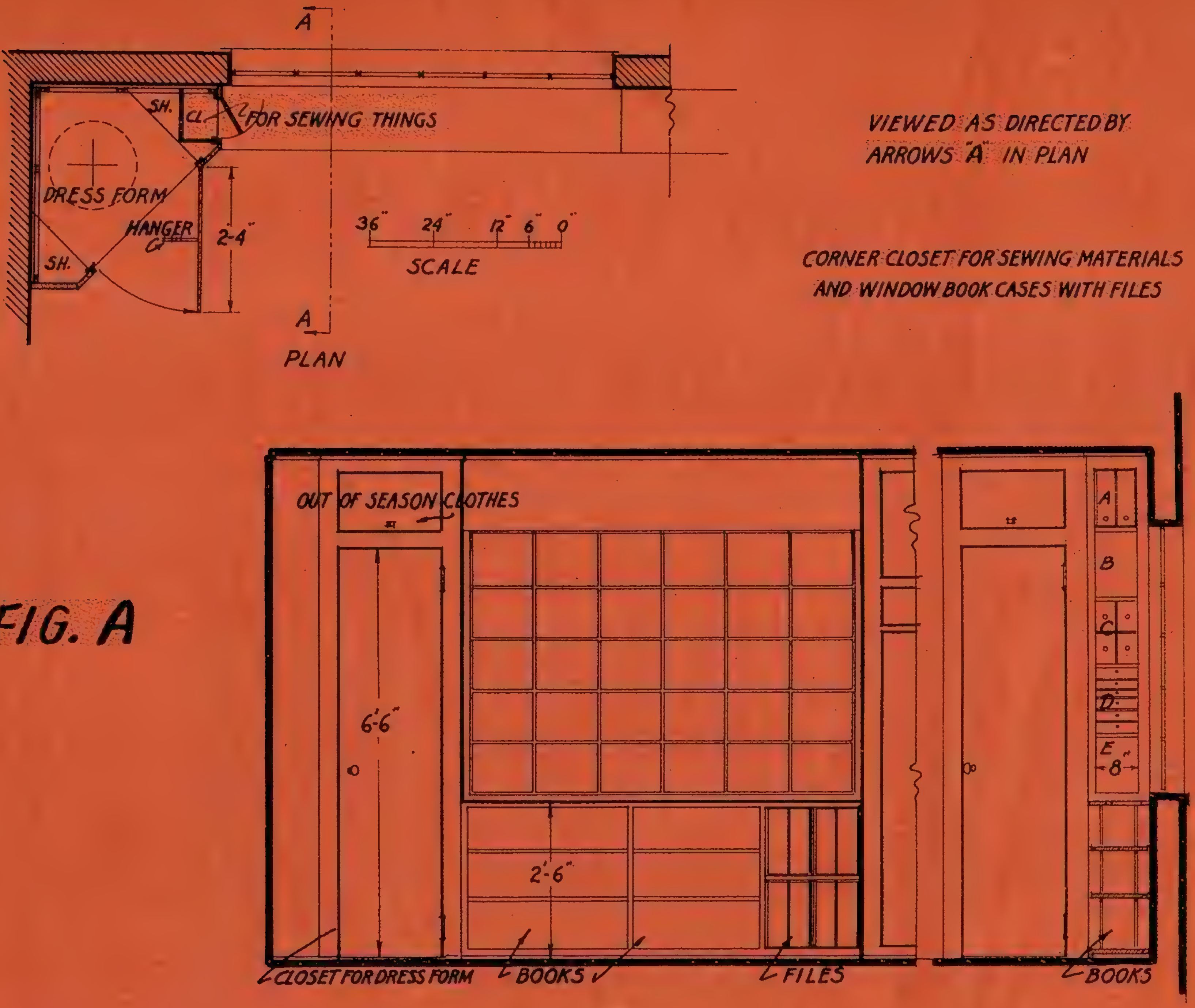
◆ The new book entitled Your House Begins with You, by H. Vandervoort Walsh, is the first step-by-step guide to personalized house planning developed around the family's interests and needs. "Planning your house is planning your living. Before you start to plan, you must decide what you want of your house."

"What do you want of your kitchen?" Mr. Walsh asks in his section on kitchen planning. "Do you want a smoothly running workroom planned for step-saving, ease of cleaning, and the highest degree of efficiency—or do you think of it as having the companionable warmth of an old-time 'keeping room' where the family gathered to share their work and leisure and to discuss the happenings of the day? Do you perhaps hope for the ease of a modern kitchen, with food preparation and storage and other work centers planned for efficient accomplishment, but also with areas devoted to children's play and handicrafts or hobbies, with a comfortable place to sit down to a bit of sewing or to wait for a cake to bake? Is your laundry or utility room a separate unit or a part of your kitchen?"

The illustration from the book, Your House Begins with You, shows "an attractive sunny center for your sewing, planning, sitting area. It will be a perfect place to start flats of seedlings for the garden, and to keep a few pots of herbs through the winter. There is space under the deep window ledge for cookbooks, files and household magazines. The corner closet has a shallow cupboard opening into the room for such things as spools of thread, measuring tape, scissors, buttons and the endless small findings for sewing."

The corner cupboard is designed to hold a dressmaker's form, with space above for keeping boxes of sewing materials and things to be mended. On the back of the door is a telescope rod for hangers

FIG. A



to hold those garments that are in the making.

The table-type sewing machine, with a drop leaf at one end to support your sewing, can double for your kitchen desk or eating space. The sewing machine comes up like a typewriter, and Pop can improvise the table from a secondhand typewriter desk.

In addition to similar details about every room in the house, the book has this to say about planning in general: "Granted you will want to take advantage of the forward strides in the mechanical aids to living, to lighten labor, to add comfort and to eliminate the irritations and annoyances of badly operating equipment. . . . But if your house is to be a home in its true meaning, you must expect much more of it. It must be a place that encourages the having and rearing of children. It must also be a place for the flowering of adult lives. It must give opportunity for each member of the family to develop his abilities and work out his ideas, to build and revise his theories and philosophies. It must be a family sanctuary to which one may return for security, warmth and affection. Moreover, since the family will expand and the children will grow and mature, the house must be capable of meeting the changing needs of the household."

The corner closet for sewing materials and dress form and the under-the-window bookcase and file cabinet are shown in a scale drawing in Figure A. Some dimensions are given on the drawing, but due to the small reproduction, many have been omitted. A measuring scale is on the drawing though, and can be used by Pop to get any dimension he wants. Of course this was designed for a specific house in the book and does not apply to yours, so dimensions are only suggestions anyway.

In this example the door to the big closet is without panels, usually called a "flush door" by the millman. It is 1½ inches thick, 2 feet 4 inches wide, and 6 feet 6 inches high. The door frame and the front of the closet ought to be made of wood not less than 1½ inches thick. This will permit you to hang the door with butt hinges and use the standard type of door handle and catch. On the inside of the door frame you will have to fasten a door-stop molding of standard size.

◆ The panel door above and the long narrow door next to the window may be made of plywood—five-ply thick, which is about ½ inch. These doors should be hung with strap hinges.

Inside the big closet there should be room enough for a dress form (allow a circular space of 24 inches diameter), with shelves on each side, in the corners, to store such things as a hem marker, assorted tapes, belting, scissors sharpener, rolls of carpet-binding tape, extra bottles of buttons, novelties, etc. A telescope dress hanger should be screwed to the back of the door, so that garments which are in the making can be quickly hidden if guests come.

YOUR HOUSE BEGINS WITH YOU

Continued

The back of the closet need not be finished with plywood, as the drawings show, but the plaster walls can be left exposed. However, if the closet is finished at the back with plywood, the exposed faces may be cedar veneer.

The tall narrow closet next to the window is 6 inches deep and completely separated from the big closet with plywood sides. The door into it is 8 inches wide and 5 feet high. The shelves in this closet should be adjustable, and the sewer in the family should plan their use before you design them. The sections of the closet, indicated on the drawing, are only suggestions. For example, Section D is made up of closely spaced shelves to hold clear plastic boxes or trays for spools of thread. Section C has four lightly constructed drawers to hold wools and yarns. Section A has two bins that can be pulled down, but since it is up high, only seldom used articles are kept in them such as scraps of cloth, old zippers, odds and ends of belting, etc. Sections B and E are open shelves for storing such things as pincushions, sewing baskets, button - maker kit, dot snapper and metal nailhead kit, and other articles of sewing equipment. On the back of the door should be hooks and strap hangers to hold scissors, a knife, awl, sock and glove darner, pinker, etc.

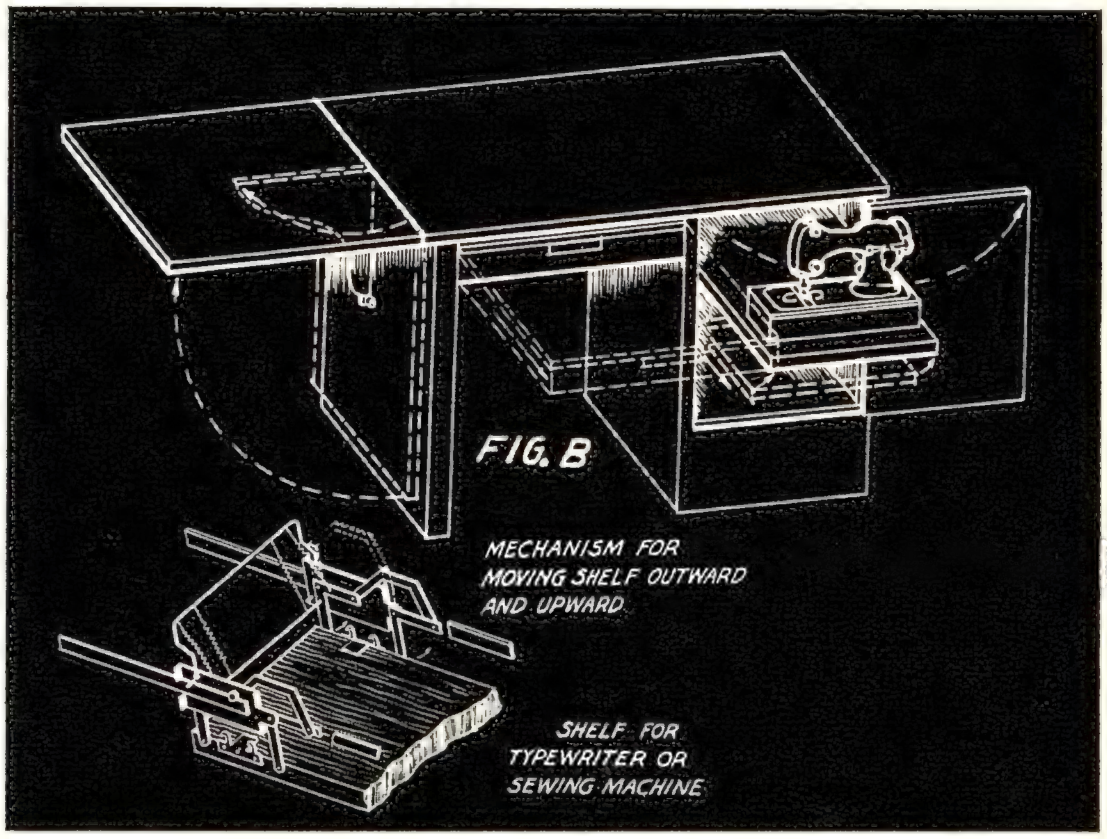


FIG. B

MECHANISM FOR MOVING SHELF OUTWARD AND UPWARD
SHELF FOR TYPEWRITER OR SEWING MACHINE

There is nothing unusual about the bookcases and files built under the window. They should be 12 inches deep and made with ⅞- or ¾-inch-thick boards.

The supports for the shelving should be adjustable. Measure your cookbooks and magazines and boxes for clippings and arrange the height of shelving to fit. For the household files, get the handy box letter type which fit on the shelves like a book. The size is 3 inches thick, 12 inches high and 11½ inches deep. You may need to leave space on the shelves for a duplicator machine and a handy tool box. Consider all these items in planning the arrangement of the shelving. The bottom shelf ought to be at least 2 inches above the floor. The top shelf should be covered with sheet plastic or linoleum, so that no overflow runs down on the books when the plants on the windowsill are watered.

◆

The easiest typewriter desk to convert into a sewing-machine table is the one shown in Figure B. The standard mechanism illustrated operates the typewriter shelf so that it can be stored in the cabinet or pulled outward and upward to a working position. A portable electric sewing machine can be screwed on this shelf in place of the typewriter. Before fastening permanently, set the machine on the shelf and move it to see how it clears all parts. There may not be enough height to let the machine slide back into the cabinet. If this is the case, either lower the operating mechanism inside the desk cabinet by removing and replacing the screws that support it, or cut off a strip of the cabinet door frame at the top. At the most, there will be only about 1 inch difference, because the average height allowed for typewriters is 10 inches and the height of portable sewing machines, including the base, is about 11 inches.

It is desirable to have some support for the garments being sewed on the machine. This is easily provided by adding a pull-out board just above the wide drawer over the kneehole. The slot for it can be made by cutting down the height of the drawer just enough to slightly exceed the thickness of the board. Then, when it is pulled out into position, it can be given additional support by pulling out the drawer underneath it. The level of this pull-out board should be the same as that of the top of the box or pedestal of the machine.

In the illustration a small-size typewriter desk is shown, so that a drop leaf is suggested as a desirable addition at the left end. But the large-size desk, with a bank of drawers on one side of the kneehole and the cabinet for the machine on the other, is big enough for most cloth cutting, averaging 34 by 60 inches.

As the conversion job depends upon the size and kind of typewriter desk you begin with, no dimensions are given in the drawings.

If the desk you buy or own is old-fashioned looking and you want to modernize its appearance, you can sheathe it with ⅜-inch plywood, giving it the simple lines of the desk in the drawing.

Quoting from Mr. Walsh's book: ". . . It is impossible for an outsider to generalize about the specific requirements of your family and the varying needs of its members. Even you may not have a very clear picture, beyond your urge for a streamlined kitchen and plenty of closets." But, by doing your own planning, you will discover what you need.

READER SERVICE BULLETINS

Please check your choice:

☐ 20 Delicious Ham Recipes .... 10 cents
☐ Lenten Recipes (Repeat Offer) .... 3-cent stamp

Send this order blank to Home Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 W. 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Please enclose stamps.

AT HOME WITH PLASTICS

Continued from page 49

forced with glass fiber; shelving; door gaskets of extruded vinyl to replace rubber; a low-cost adhesive as effective furniture adhesives.

Your heavy-duty plastic servant is phenol. Although not generally recommended for outdoor use, when molded with "fillers" such as wood flour, mica, and asbestos, it withstands high temperatures and much abuse. It's found wide acceptance for telephones (56), electric switches, wall plates and sockets (57), and recently, for the driving cam, main water impeller, and fittings in electric dishwashers. Venetian blinds (58) have turned up with phenolic slats (although for some time you've had them with vinyl tapes and cords for wood or metal slats).

Handles and base on the toaster (59), the sauce-pot handle (60), always cool to touch, and your iron handle are phenolic. If your vacuum is like the one pictured (61), so is the motor casing and front housing, wheels, crevice tool, and some attachment nozzles. Other plastic parts include attachments and nozzles of rubbery extruded vinyl—perhaps the bumpers or switches. Or your tank or hand vacuum may have a molded phenolic case.

Vinyl again—as floor tiling here (62) and in the bathroom—has been outstanding in resistance to wear and tear, to dirt, oils, and grease. It's slip-proof and has unlimited color possibilities. You can buy vinyl flooring as a resilient rubberlike tile (pictured), as a rigid tile, as continuous sheeting of vinyl attached to a backing, or as a surface coating on paper or regular linoleum. It can be compounded to serve as sound and thermal insulation. And if you remodel, consider vinyl strips for base molding (63) and quarter-round molding on sinks and counter tops.

We've mentioned melamine for laminations, finishes, and reinforced paper. Since it can be formulated to resist very hot water as well as scratches, it's sure to be popular for tableware (64) with glossy, steadfast colors—tableware that can be stacked in the dishwasher (65) without any qualms. Melamine, incidentally, is the resin used in shrink- and crease-proofing textiles.

By now, you ought to recognize the chrome-chair (66) and high-chair (67) upholstery, and the confetti dot curtains (68) as vinyl. When you shop, you'll also see attractive matching sets of curtains, bowl and appliance covers, tablecloths and aprons in vinyl or polyethylene or nylon film. Cellulose reappears in knife (69) and flatware (70) handles, the high-chair tray, and housing for the portable mixer (71). In the mixer, cellulose acetate has been made heat and flame resistant. There's polystyrene too—those stunning metallic-finish party plates and cups, bowls (72) and salt shakers (73), measuring spoons (74), clock case (75) and new-fangled rolling pin (76). The canister and bread box (77) are polyethylene; the salad bowl (78) acrylic. And waiting on the windowsill for your first weeks in the garden are the new polystyrene caps (79) that will protect the seedlings and tiny shoots.

One of the marvels we really do take for granted is food packaging (80), yet food distribution and marketing are greatly dependent on plastics. Prepackaged food is possible because polyethylene (particularly for frozen foods), vinyl, and cellulose films are thin, flexible but strong, and crisp even after heat sealing. You can color margarine without opening the package, because the film withstands kneading. Melamine, vinyl, or polyethylene coatings on paper cartons are leakproof and strong. Delicacies are packed in rigid transparent polystyrene. They all guarantee you safe, pure food, and speed its way to your table.

Living with Plastics

◆ Because you've been surrounded by them all your life, you realize that glass breaks, wool shrinks, steel rusts, paper tears, and wood burns. You're not so familiar with plastics, however, nor their limitations.

In general, they're amiable materials which cause little trouble. Just be sensible—your heat-resistant phenolic handles on cookware belong on the stove; polyethylene bowls do not. A sledge hammer can break a laminated table top or a phenolic iron handle. Drop a melamine plate or cellulose eyeglass frames out the window and they will crack. Don't use your polystyrene coasters as ash trays. Wash vinyl bowl covers in mildly warm water. Iron a coated tablecloth on the wrong side with a cool iron. Keep a straight-from-the-oven casserole away from any plastic film cloth. But give plastics normal usage and consideration, and they will return you good service and satisfaction.

Unless a label specifies, don't use boiling water with plastics. (The boilable ones will brag about it.) Steel wool or scouring powders will mar the surface gloss. Keep plastics away from strong cleaning agents unless you know just what the plastic is.

When buying, remember that there are grades of plastic products, just as there are grades of aluminum pans and silver spoons and organdy curtains. The shopper who looks for labeled products or questions salespeople, creates a demand for improved, standard-quality merchandise.

◆ So much for plastics in LIBERTY's home, but not for plastics in your everyday life. We wish there were space to tell you about plastics in your wardrobe, your car, your sports equipment, in medicine and dentistry, home-building, and in the industries which serve you daily.

What of tomorrow? Those who know believe that the main advances will be in bigger molded parts and in the combination of plastics with other materials. Already near the marketing stage are baby-carriage bodies, bigger television consoles, washing-machine tubs, sinks, and lavatories (now in use on boats and in trailers), car bumpers, kitchen cabinets, a piano. Once a mold is developed, the saving in labor costs is enormous. There'll be more low-pressure molding, which means manufacturing economies, even with frequent design changes to keep up to date. Prefabricated building panels, structural or decorative, in various combinations of glass fibers, sawdust, aluminum and magnesium, rubber, wood or paper, with plastic resins will improve insulation, increase weather and fire resistance, cut building costs. There's a new acrylic fiber, already available in curtains, which has all the advantages of nylon—only more so. You may see awnings made from it very soon. More plastic fibers will be woven into fabrics which breathe. Vinyl film with fluorescent qualities should be available about now. These and other dreams and doodlings of today will be the best sellers of tomorrow. ◆ ◆

1, 3: Upholstered in Ultron.
2: Thonet Industries.
3, 14, 15: Home Furniture Co.
4, 34: Lumite.
5: Toscony Fabrics.
6: Bigelow.
7, 12, 44: Neo Designs, of Lucite.
8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 45, 78: Plexiglas.
17: Westinghouse.
18: Forticel.
19, 20, 22, 24, 71: Lumarith.
21, 23, 69, 70: Tenite.
25: Vuepak.
26: Varlar.
27: Clopay.
28: Princess House, of Vinylite.
29: E-Z-DO.
30: Plastron.
32, 68: Utilitex Corp., of Koroseal.
33: Hartman, of Koroseal.
37: Cameo Curtains.
40, 54, 73, 79: Lustrex.
41: Great Northern Mfg. Co., of Styron.
42: Koret.
47: Beetle.
48, 67: Thayer, Inc.
49, 66: Arvin table and chair; Conolite top.
50, 51, 65: General Electric.
52, 77: Tupper Corp.
53, 55: New Plastic Corp., Coverbols of Styron.
57: Resinox.
58: Venetian Blind Assn.
59: General Mills, of Resinox.
60: Ekco, of Resinox.
61: Hoover.
62, 63: Sloane-Blabon, of Koroseal.
64: Brookpark, of Melmac.
72: Alladin Plastics, Inc., of Lustrex.
75: Telechron, of Lustrex.
76: Bakelite.

Ultron, Vuepak, Lustrex, Resinox are made by Monsanto Chemical Co.; Lucite by Du Pont de Nemours; Plexiglas by Rohm & Haas; Forticel and Lumarith by Celanese Corp.; Tenite by Tennessee Eastman Corp.; Koroseal by B. F. Goodrich Co.; Styron by Dow Chemical Co.; Beetle and Melmac by American Cyanamid Co.; Vinylite and Bakelite by Bakelite Corp.

Dressing table, Aristo-Bilt. Mirror, H. Sabel & Co. Bedroom rug, Cabin Crafts. Dressing-table lamp, Abels Wasserberg. Frozen food, Birds Eye. Crib blanket, St. Mary's.

Starting with neglected land and ramshackle buildings, the Greathouse family produced

FAMILY TEAMWORK PAYS OFF

By LESLIE W. MONYPENNY

◆ Do you—a city dweller—think a farmer works short hours for big pay in these times of high retail prices for his products? Or do you—a rural resident—think that farming is dull, hard work with little recompense and no fun?

You're both wrong, as this story of the Ray Greathouse family, who operate two farms totaling 345 acres near Hindsboro in the fertile flatlands of east central Illinois, will prove. There's still plenty of hard work left. The Greathouses don't dispute that, but they'll tell you that, starting from nothing, they've found an ideal way of life in which toil, pleasure, companionship, and profit mingle in happy combination.

Ray, the father, is 40, tall, lean, and balding. Ruth, the wife and mother, is 39, petite, blonde, and attractive. The youngsters are Jim, Terry, and Carlyle and Sue. The struggle of these people to make the land pay, to make six individuals into a co-operative unit, to achieve a well-balanced life, hasn't been easy. For the elder Greathouses it's taken 20 years of married life, but they're not too old to enjoy the fruits of their labors.

These two happy parents met when they were kids in and near Hindsboro. Through grade school and Hindsboro High, Ray always liked Ruth, but it wasn't until 1926 that he began to figure he'd marry her for sure.

It was then he acquired a calf on a shoestring. As a 4-H Club member, he raised the animal so well that it was chosen the junior grand champion of

this prosperous farm near Hindsboro, Illinois.

The struggles of the Ray Greathouse family to make the land pay aren't easy, but they all pitch in to build a good life

Chicago's International Livestock Exposition in 1926.

That victory gave Greathouse a taste of monetary reward, the thrill of achievement. Those things stuck with him when he and Ruth went off to the University of Illinois the next year, he to study agriculture, she to pore over liberal arts. Ruth quit her studies after they married so Ray could go on with his. But a year later the stock market had crashed. Jim, their eldest son, was on the way.

It was then they thought of the small farm which had been owned by Ruth's dad. It had been rented out since her father's death because there was no one left in the family to work it. The land was run down and the buildings were in bad shape. But the young Greathouses decided to take it over, on the grounds that they couldn't be any worse off than they were.

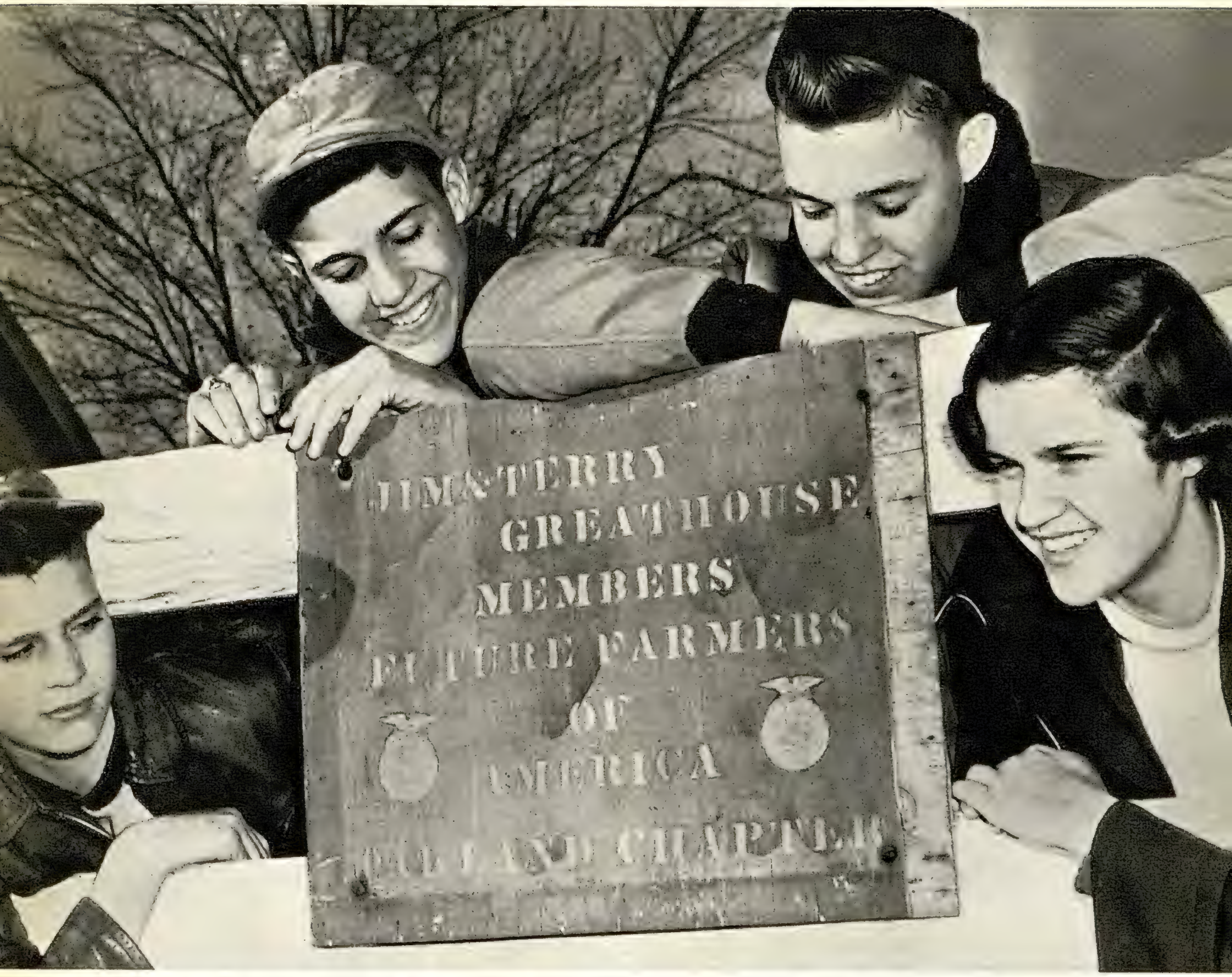
(Continued on page 71)

Jim Greathouse, 18. grinds special feed for his steer in a new grinder. The Greathouse farm is completely equipped with both farm machinery and electric appliances for the house.

Ruth and Ray Greathouse enjoy their frisky kids. Jim, Terry, and Carlyle are active in sports, 4-H work. Sue's a drum majorette and takes piano lessons. All four will go to college.

The Greathouse kitchen is as modern as a magazine ad. Their nine-room house has its own pumping and sewage-disposal systems. They own two new cars as well as two good trucks.

FAMILY TEAMWORK PAYS OFF *Continued*



The sign on the front gate declares Jim and 17-year-old Terry are members of Future Farmers of America. The twins, Carlyle and Sue, who are 14, look on. Carlyle's name goes on next. Sue is in the companion club, Future Homemakers of America.

THE BLUE RIBBON TRAIL

1

2

3

Ruth and Sue wave good-by to the boys and Ray (1) when they leave for Chicago and the International Livestock Exposition with the steers. Girls followed. At the hotel, Carlyle, Terry, Jim, and their dad (2) read news stories about the Exposition. Sue cuddles Toni (3), the Aberdeen-Angus steer she raised. She wept when he was sold for beef afterward.

Devout Methodists, the Greathouses say grace before each meal. Ray Greathouse is secretary of the county farm bureau, is on the school board, soil-conservation board, and belongs to the Masons. His wife, spark plug of the family, is equally as active.

4

5

6

Red, a Shorthorn summer yearling (4) was Jim's entry, but Terry's tender care of Blub (5 and 6), also a Shorthorn summer yearling, paid off with four prizes: two blue ribbons, a second and a third! The kids' five entries earned over $2,700 for the family. Now they're shooting for the grand prize that Ray won in the International Livestock Exposition of 1926.

THUMBS DOWN

ON HITCHHIKERS

By DON WHARTON

READING TIME 10 MINUTES Driving along the highway you see the hitchhiker standing there, thumb aloft. Is he a criminal out to rob you? An escaped convict who needs your car? A trigger-happy dope fiend? Or a college boy on his way home? You don't know. But there's one way to find out—slam on your brakes, ask him in, drive on, then wait and see. If he shoots you and grabs the steering wheel, or if he makes you stop, orders you out, pumps you full of lead, then you were mistaken—he wasn't the clean-cut young fellow you thought he was.

Even if you carry him to his destination without being robbed, shot, or slugged, you have no guaranty you weren't riding with a crook. Several years ago motorists on U. S. 1 in New Jersey were picking up a personable young man who said he was mayor of Boys' Town, hitchhiking to his sister's home. He would let his host see him mail a post card to Father Flanagan, tell the motorist of a coming tour of the Boys' Town band, offer to send tickets in appreciation of the lift. That was one way he got the motorist's name and address. Another was by borrowing a dollar or two, which he promised to repay by mail. This hitchhiker was good company, an interesting talker—and a shrewd one, for he would always draw out a few details about the motorist's business, his wife, how long he would be on the road. This information was what the hitchhiker, George Cvek, wanted, and here, if you've forgotten the revolting story, is how he used it:

Cvek would turn up at the motorist's home when he was away, talk to his wife, tell her he was "the boy from Boys' Town," get inside the door, then pounce on the woman, bind her hands behind her back, gag her with strips of towel, rape her, loot the house. Shortly Cvek would be out on the highway again, thumbing a ride, hoodwinking another motorist, then assaulting another wife. Altogether, Cvek got into some 15 homes. He was finally caught through masterly detective work and sent to the electric chair.

Not typical? Assuredly the technique wasn't. But the hitchhiker was. He had a criminal record: eight arrests in six years. That's typical of hitchhikers. The Wichita police department has been fingerprinting them for years, then checking the prints with the F.B.I. Police chief George Shepherd tells me they've found that, roughly, two out of five hitchhikers have criminal records. One kindly man who was beaten up by two of them, nose battered, eye blackened, face lacerated, told me of a fundamental mistake motorists make: "A hitchhiker may look like the boy next door. The thing to remember is that he *isn't*. We *don't* know him. Too many motorists will never learn this until they have faced death."

WELCOME TO
6

Drawing by Marvin Bileck

There are about 40 times as many hitchhiking murders and assaults as even a thorough newspaper reader would think. For every hitchhiking murder you read about, even if you plow through all the little one-inch items in the back pages, there are dozens that never get in your paper. A newspaper publishes accounts of hitchhiking crimes in its vicinity and runs the stories of bizarre ones in far places, but the routine hitchhiking murder story is not published all over the country.

if you are a trusting motorist who can't ignore an upturned thumb, you'd better read this before you pick up another hitchhiker

In February, 1947, two hitchhikers in Georgia forced a young motorist to turn into a country lane, clubbed him to death with the butt of a gun, stole his shoes and leather jacket, threw his body into a thicket, where it lay in rain and blistering heat for over a year. This case involved painstaking work by the F.B.I., which had only two clues, both scraps of paper: one an employee's sales receipt from a chain department store and one other containing a street address: "1612 W. Second"—no indication of what city. The murderers were caught, sentenced to the electric chair. Column after column appeared in the Atlanta papers, but newspaper readers in many cities never heard of the case. This is why many motorists think hitchhiking crimes much rarer than they actually are.

One crisp morning last fall, while reading police reports, I decided to take a look at the hitchhikers on a sample New Jersey highway. On a ten-mile stretch I counted eight. Seven of them were fairly tough-looking characters, two of them hitchhiking together; but on the whole, my 15-minute sample seemed tame, unalarming—until I read my New York Times the next morning. Buried on page 23 was a 12-line item headed, "Hitchhikers Beat Pastor." Scene: a couple of miles from where I had been driving. On page 31 was a nine-line item headed, "Shot Four Times by Hitchhikers." Scene: less than two hours' driving farther down the highway I'd sampled.

Brutality is a characteristic of hitchhiking crimes. The hitchhiker wants your car and cash. He may kill you to facilitate escape. But don't make the mistake of thinking he'll give you a swift, clean death. Usually a hitchhiker kills with virtual sadism, as if he were taking out on the motorist his grudge against society.

In Tennessee last year two hitchhikers forced a tobacco executive from his car, lashed him to a tree, and, making a human target out of him, pumped bullets into his body. Recently I talked with a schoolteacher who picked up a hitchhiker in Philadelphia and was ordered to head for the state line. For an hour and a half the schoolteacher drove along, a gun pressed firmly against his right side. Each second he thought might be his last—and there were 5,400 seconds. He asked if the hitchhiker was going to use the gun; was told no. When the hitchhiker told him to stop the car, he stopped it. When the hitchhiker said get out, he got out. When the hitchhiker asked for money, he handed it over. The hitchhiker climbed back into the car, leaned out, shot the teacher twice, turned the car around, then stopped, got out, fired two more shots into the motionless figure. From his hospital bed, bullet wounds in lung, knee, shoulder, and hip, the teacher told of the terror a motorist has when he realizes that a man he could have passed by so easily is now going to kill him.

Another motorist told me that while two muttering and cursing hitchhikers were slugging him, he could feel "it was the end of everything," and the thought rang through his head, Why did I pick them up? *Why?* He said that for nights he would wake repeatedly, lie there in the dark with that same haunting question: *Why?*

Wade Philpott of Elmira, New York, is another motorist who told me to tell everyone: "Pass the hitchhiker." He said this, sitting in a wheel chair, paralyzed from the ribs down by a bullet a hitchhiker fired into his back two and a half years ago. This hitchhiker pulled a .32 revolver on his host, made him turn onto a dirt road, get out, walk ahead into a gravel pit. He bashed Philpott on the head with the butt of the gun, knocked him down, rifled his pockets. While Philpott lay motionless in the gravel, face down, offering no resistance, the hitchhiker stuck the gun in his back, aimed for the heart, pulled the trigger, then searched the bleeding man for his watch. Later Philpott, his legs paralyzed, spent three hours dragging himself by his hands out of the gravel pit inch by inch, up to the highway. The hitchhiker was caught the next day, given 35 to 70 years. Like one of the next hitchhikers you see on the road, he had a criminal record.

Some motorists say, "I pick 'em up and nothing ever happens to me." Philpott could say the same thing until July 13, 1947. He picked up a hitchhiker that morning and nothing happened to him. He picked up a second and nothing happened to him. When he picked up the

(Continued on page 82)

Each year 40,000 tourists visit the Dome Room in New Mexico's Carlsbad Caverns, an underground fairyland 60,000,000 years old.

In northern Arizona, rock sentinels like the famous El Capitan rear their massive heads throughout desolate Monument Valley.

PARADISE for the SUNSTRUCK

By GEORGE KEANEY

From late fall till the end of April there are enough activities going on in the Southwest to satisfy every chilblain dodger who yearns for a spot to bask in the sunshine

READING TIME 7 MINUTES Time was when fugitives from the frigid zone wouldn't arrive for their sun soaking in the Southwest till after January 1, and would all evacuate the area by the time the income-tax man called in March. But now they start thumbing their noses at the wintry blasts as early as November. The summer tourist brigade has hardly stopped dropping into the Grand Canyon and o-o-ohing and a-a-ahing over the Carlsbad Caverns when the first chilblain dodgers arrive to burrow in the sands of Arizona and New Mexico. And they stay on well into April, when the days are still sunny, the nights balmy, the desert colorful with cactus, wild flowers, and fragrant citrus trees in bloom.

While the winter tourist invasion still hits its peak between early January and the end of March, New Mexico has become an all-year playground for vacationists. The entire Southwest can thank the Wright brothers for the tourist bonanza which has assumed such proportions that this year's visitors will leave millions of dollars behind them in this land of the sun. The roads are good and a couple of transcontinental railroads as well as two transcontinental airlines pour passengers into the region.

Whether or not you arrive on a wing, spring has special significance in New Mexico, the Land of Enchantment. Here the Indians still dance to their pagan deities which control the rain, the sun, and the fertility of all growing things, according to Indian legend.

Albuquerque, New Mexico's largest city, on U. S. Highway No. 66, will be the scene of a colorful fiesta May 28, honoring San Felipe de Neri.

A ceremonial spring dance, which is open to the public, will be staged June 13 by the Indians of Sandia pueblo (village), less than 13 miles north of Albuquerque.

A similar dance will be held on that same date at Taos pueblo, some 65 miles north of Santa Fe, the oldest capital in these United States.

The multi-story mud-built pueblo at Taos (pro-

The Southwest is a happy hunting ground for photographers. "Under the Cross," whose stark drama won first prize in a New Mexico state fair, was taken near Albuquerque by Harry Hall.

Las Vegas, Nevada, has a healthy climate and the luxury hotels, swimming pools, and bathing beauties that attract vacationists.

Dudes are big business in the Southwest. Ranches catering to them feature unlimited riding, glorious scenery, and old-time rodeos.

PARADISE for the SUNSTRUCK

Continued

nounced to rhyme with "house") invariably intrigues the camera fan and artist.

Set in fairylands of green lawns and palm trees, and almost invariably equipped with swimming pools and sometimes a golf course, most of the hotels provide everything to make your vacation a memorable one.

The motor courts that pockmark New Mexico and the Valley of the Sun in Arizona take care of a great number of visitors. They are equipped with landscaped grounds, carpeted floors, refrigeration and heating facilities, garages that are called "car ports," and "evaporative cooling." Some of them have their own swimming pools.

There are ranches where tenderfeet can yell their yippees for $12 a day, meals included and the use of a horse thrown in. The swimming pool has invaded the ranch down Arizona way, as has the package tour. There's one in the Tucson area which lets a guest hang around the old corral for seven days, feeds and lodges him, and includes daily riding for $69 a week.

Almost anywhere the tourist goes in the Southwest, in the comparative lowlands anyway, he or she won't have much of a clothes problem. A plaid shirt, blue jeans, and boots will answer the wardrobe question at most resorts which wouldn't be caught dead without a stable, and where the ladies put on a dress only when they're putting on the dog.

But woe unto the tenderfoot who appears in eastern garb during the Western Weeks many towns have. Expert ropers are waiting to lasso anyone not in blue jeans, and the judge is waiting to toss him in the hoosegow.

If the tenderfoot gets fed up with the three Rs—riding, ranching, and rodeos—and looking at the thousands of desert plants that cover hundreds of acres in Arizona's Desert Botanical Gardens, he can always visit New Mexico's Carlsbad Caverns, that underground wonderland where the temperature remains constant at 56 degrees the year round.

The state is dotted with national parks and monuments to tempt the true tourist, one of the most amazing being White Sands National Monument, a 30-mile desert of gleaming white sands, almost pure gypsum, stretching across the Tularosa Valley. Great dunes range from 10 to 60 feet high. Or for the tenderfoot who just likes to browse and rest, the Land of Enchantment has a multitude of Indian silversmiths, especially around Taos.

Miami papers will please note that Phoenix says it is the sunshiningest city in these United States.

It's only a hop, skip, and a ski jump from Phoenix to the dice tables of Las Vegas in Nevada, and not much farther to the orange groves of southern California. And if one is ski-minded, he might as well go to the "top of the nation," as Colorado calls itself, for a timber-line tan at one of its 34 ski areas.

The late spring vacationist gets a break in the Southwest, in the wallet as well as in the weather. He might even find an empty bed. The rates come down, the flowers come out, and in Colorado, where they ski, generally, from Thanksgiving to June, they measure the square miles of powder snow by the thousand. All this, and the Cleveland Indians too, in Tucson; the New York Giants in spring training in Phoenix.

No dearth of things to occupy the March and April tourist's eye and interest: flower shows in California, ski meets in Colorado, Indian dances in New Mexico, and rodeos everywhere. ◆ ◆

Photos Santa Fe Railway, Desert Sea News Bureau

television outgrows its knee pants

READING TIME 7 MINUTES Like the traditional giant of fairytale days, television is stalking the United States with seven-league boots, covering the country with an ever-widening net of its electronic magic.

Easily the nation's fastest-growing industry, the young video giant can look back on an eventful year of achievement and forward to an even more exciting future. Already in the cards are the cable connection that will make possible a lively interchange of programs between the East and West coasts; color television; the telecasting of up-to-date movies, and the presentation of video programs on the large screen of motion-picture theaters.

Television's biggest headache right now, and for the foreseeable future, is programs. While the spreading cable has brought some 60 per cent of the nation within reach of one of the 110 video transmitters that should be on the air by April, the artistic end of the medium has not been able to keep pace with this rapid extension. To be sure, many fine programs are on the air, and even better ones are in the planning stages, but they still lean too much on the conventional radio standards and too few show any pioneering spirit.

While the television program fare is bound to show some pretty drastic improvement as more sponsors spend more money on shows, and Hollywood relaxes its hard-shelled attitude against permitting new films and many of its stars to go on the air, video news during the next few months will continue to be made by the medium's physical growth and by the many technical refinements that will make viewing more enjoyable.

Figures may make dry reading but, in the case of television, they come alive to speak volumes of truly phenomenal growth and success. Take the statistics on receivers alone. At the beginning of 1948 the various manufacturers were turning out 30,000 sets and thought they were doing fine. By the end of 1949 that same figure had risen to 300,000 sets a month, and it is estimated that by the first of April, this year, about 4,800,000 sets will be installed in homes from Dallas to Schenectady. No less an authority than RCA's David Sarnoff has estimated that within only five years 20,000,000 receivers will be in use in American homes.

The statistics on stations and networks also convey an impressive gain. Between January, 1946, and January, 1949, the number of television transmitters on the air jumped from eight to 51. At the start of 1950 almost 100 antenna masts beamed programs from mountaintops and skyscrapers.

The growth of television stands and falls with the expansion of the cable network. During 1950 the accent still will be on the cable web in the East and Midwest; 1951 will see it spreading out as far as Omaha; in 1952 the network will crisscross the southern plains and interconnect Seattle with San Francisco and Los Angeles in the Far West; and in 1953, finally, the cable should connect Fort Worth, Texas, with Los Angeles, completing the east-west circuit and sounding the start of a new era in television.

While the public during the past year thought of television mostly in black-and-white terms, the FCC commissioners in Washington were treated to a peek into television's future—in brilliant colors. The demonstrations, held to determine a set of standards for color video, made many an observer gasp at their vividness (*Continued on page 77*)

By FRED HIFT

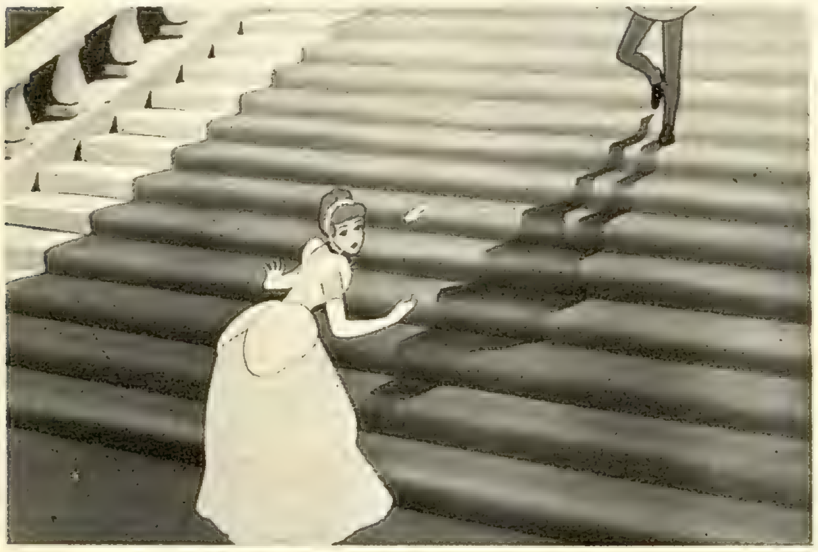
Physically, TV is getting bigger and better daily; but even when color adds to its popularity, it's got a long way to go to become well-rounded entertainment

Liberty's Movie

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

OUR VERY OWN (Samuel Goldwyn Productions) is a wholesome, entertaining picture of a typically American family. It stars three talented young people—Ann Blyth, Farley Granger, and Joan Evans—and it is exactly the kind of picture the public has been clamoring for: fresh faces and good family stories. As an 18-year-old whose heart breaks when she learns she is adopted, Ann Blyth gives a sensitive, beautiful performance. Joan Evans is perfect as the jealous younger sister who "tells." This picture teaches the lesson of family unison and love.

TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH (Twentieth Century-Fox) hits with an impact of emotional tension and suspense that will make it one of 1950's most worth-seeing films. Gregory Peck is more than convincing as the general sent to sharpen up the 918th Bomb Group of the Eighth Air Force, whose losses in daylight bombing raids are far above average. Men's pride and emotions as key figures in a war are captured exactingly by producer Darryl F. Zanuck's hand-picked cast. There are Dean Jagger, a desk major, and Gary Merrill, a warm-hearted colonel.



CINDERELLA (RKO) has been enchanted by the magic Disney wand of color, romance, music, and downright lovableness to make this favorite fairy story a beautiful and delightful experience. Ilene Woods, a 22-year-old radio and television singer, does Cinderella's narrating and sings three lovely ballads you will be hearing for a long time to come. Although Cinderella is the star, Disney's round, bouncing animal creatures are not ones to take a back seat. The stepsisters are comically ugly, and the stepmother is as wicked as the Prince is charming.

RIDING HIGH (Paramount) is a remake of Mark Hellinger's famous Broadway Bill. Directed by Frank Capra and starring the one and only Bing Crosby, this racing-story picture is a joyous must. Bing becomes manager of a box factory to please his society fiancée (Frances Gifford), whose father (Charles Bickford) owns the place. But when Broadway Bill shows he may be a winner, Bing rebels and leaves. A younger sister (Coleen Gray) follows Bing to the track. After many mishaps, both comic and tragic, Broadway Bill wins his race and Coleen wins Bing.

Reviews

Top film fare: a traditional American story.

Liberty suggests: a film solely for adults.

We recommend you take the children, too.

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

THE KEY TO THE CITY (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is a happy-go-lucky and often slapstick comedy that stars Clark Gable and Loretta Young. They play a couple of mayors—Gable, a former longshoreman with a twinkle in his eye, and Loretta, a prudish girl graduate of Harvard, who meet at a San Francisco convention. At first they clash and then they clinch. Gable wanted a comedy, and he's got it. Complete with atom dancer (Marilyn Miller), a brawl in a Chinese restaurant, and Gable in a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit. He asked for it.

YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN (Warner Brothers) is a drama of the late '20s, when jazz was really jazz and not be-bop. Kirk Douglas, the muscle man of The Champion, plays a sensitive young musician whose entire existence is his love for his trumpet. (Harry James does the tooting off-screen.) Hoagy Carmichael does his own superb piano playing on-screen, and Juano Hernandez is tops as Kirk's teacher. There are two women: Doris Day, a freckled and friendly singer, and Lauren Bacall, who plays a mixed-up dame who never does learn the score.

NO SAD SONGS FOR ME (Columbia) brings Margaret Sullavan of the fascinating husky voice back to the screen after an absence of seven years. She still has that same genius for creating genuinely poignant characterizations. In this gripping drama built around a young woman who knows she is dying of cancer, with only ten months to live, Margaret outshines even herself. Wendell Corey plays the husband of the ill-fated heroine, and his dramatic scene of hysteria is unforgettable. Swedish Viveca Lindfors is the enchanting "other woman."

BLUE GRASS OF KENTUCKY (Monogram) couples a fast-moving racing story with young romance and wraps the whole thing in a Cinecolor package stamped excitement. Pat Armistead (Jane Nigh) and Lin McIvor (Bill Williams) are the heirs to neighboring stock farms whose business is to win horse races. The McIvors have pride and spirit, and the Armisteads have winners and money. Lin won't consider marriage until the McIvors produce a winning thoroughbred. Pat takes matters into her own hands and brings in a pair of winners for a happy ending.

Continued from page 32

customs gate at LaGuardia to meet her. She was wearing a brown suède beret over one eye and her turtle-necked sweater and skirt were in matching brown. She carried a buff leather hatbox in one hand and what appeared to be a black box in the other.

As excited as I was over seeing my sister again, I was fidgety throughout the family embraces. I wanted to meet Colonel Nicoli Sobokovsky. Suddenly a very attractive, tall, tweedy young man came up, and Nina smiled at him. This seemed to please him more than words.

"This is John Raines. Johnny, this is the family. We're engaged," Nina announced.

I kissed Nina and said, "How wonderful, darling!" George shook Johnny's hand.

"And where is Colonel Nicoli Sobokovsky?" I demanded.

My sister turned to John Raines and the two of them became convulsed with laughter.

"Didn't you get my letter, Edee?"

"We received your cable and nothing more, unless you mean that letter you wrote seven weeks ago."

"I knew I shouldn't have asked that idiot messenger to mail it," John Raines muttered.

"I told you Johnny and I wanted to be married next month in the States," my sister said.

"Let's discuss it at home, everybody," I suggested.

◆

I lifted the black box. I felt something inside it roll to one end.

"What have you got in this thing anyway, darling?" I teased Nina. "Hitler's head?"

"No—Colonel Sobokovsky's."

"Eeek!" The box hit the floor.

Nina leaned down and began unfastening the lid. She pulled it back slowly and we stared fascinated into moss-green eyes set in a frame of gray velvet. The kitten was no more than two or three months old.

"This is Colonel Nicoli Sobokovsky!" Nina announced.

"I wonder if Henry will take back his caviar?" muttered George.

A tall man in a black Chesterfield coat and Homburg hat suddenly became part of our retinue. He tipped his hat.

"Pardon, madame," he said with a Continental accent. "I was observing the little kitten. Is there a chance you will be selling him?"

"Why, no," said Nina. "The Colonel's part of the family now."

The man's gray eyes narrowed. "Ah, that is too bad, madame. How my wife would love to spoil him." He bowed and left us abruptly.

Johnny had a snack with us and left around ten for his club in Manhattan. He wouldn't let George drive him in.

Nina waited all the next morning for Johnny to call her. Finally in desperation she phoned his club. She came away from the phone ashen and shaking.

"Johnny was attacked last night! Just outside the building. By two men. It's his head," she breathed. "He's just had a doctor. He can't remember when he got to his club."

I went straight to the phone and called George. They had to get him out of a Bopsey Cup conference, but I told him to come right home. Thank heavens the children were in school.

Just as Nina finished telling us what Johnny had said, our apartment bell rang. I went to the door. Two rugged-looking but clean-shaven young men were standing there.

"Mrs. Crocker, ma'am?" one asked. I said yes, and he pulled out his wallet and flashed a card. "Federal Bureau of Investigation, Mrs. Crocker."

They followed me into the living room, and I introduced Nina.

◆

"Mrs. Crocker, we got a call about some foreign agent being here, and the chief sent us out to check. They said this person called himself a colonel."

"Colonel Sobokovsky," corrected the shorter fellow.

"I'm afraid," I began, "you have been victims of a prank. You see, the Colonel is a kitten."

"Maybe we'd better take a look at him, Mrs. Crocker."

I produced the Colonel, who snuggled in my arms.

"I think we'll have to take him along with us," said the tall man. "The chief will want to see him. You know—to get the whole thing cleared up for the records."

Suddenly the downstairs doorbell rang sharply three times.

"That's George," I said.

"Who's George?" asked the short man.

"My *legal* husband!" I answered.

The two men made a move toward the door.

"I don't think you're F.B.I. men at all!" Nina said.

They were at the door now and the taller man opened it with a jerk. "We'll look into this again, Mrs. Crocker. Just keep that tom handy."

They slammed the door as they left. I ran to press the button to let George in downstairs. When he reached the apartment he wasn't alone.

"Ah—met Lola in the elevator," he said sheepishly.

"How nice of you both to drop by," I said. "Won't you come in?"

"Thanks, darling," drawled Lola. "We'd love to."

I introduced her to Nina.

And she settled herself on the divan.

"Johnny was kidnaped and beaten up last night," Nina began, "just outside this apartment house."

"How perfectly thrilling!" Lola exclaimed.

"And that's not all," Nina said when she had finished about Johnny. And she told him about the two F.B.I. men.

"Well, we can check that much right now by calling headquarters," said George. He went to the phone and returned a few minutes later. "Yes, they were phonies all right," he told us. "But, Nina, you should have been able to tell that. You're a smart government girl."

"I wasn't suspicious of them until they tried to take the Colonel."

"You mean the Colonel's here, in the apartment?" Lola demanded. "I must see him, darling!"

I went into the kitchen and got him. "Lola," I said, "meet Colonel Nicoli Sobokovsky."

"A cat!" she exploded.

"He came all the way from Berlin," I volunteered.

"Exactly where *did* you get the Colonel, Nina?" George asked her.

"An American M.P. found him on a street in Berlin one night, just as he stepped over the line between the Soviet and American zones. He brought the kitten to our office the next morning and I fell in love with him," Nina explained. "He had a little name tag tied around his neck. We had it translated."

"And it came out Colonel Nicoli Sobokovsky?" George asked.

"Yes," said Nina.

The downstairs bell rang just then. George went to the door and came back with a handsome man in his middle thirties.

"This is O'Hara, really of the F.B.I.," George announced and he made the introductions.

"You don't have to stay, Lola dear," I suggested. "You must be terribly bored by all this." I turned to O'Hara. "Mrs. Rand is a neighbor, Mr. O'Hara."

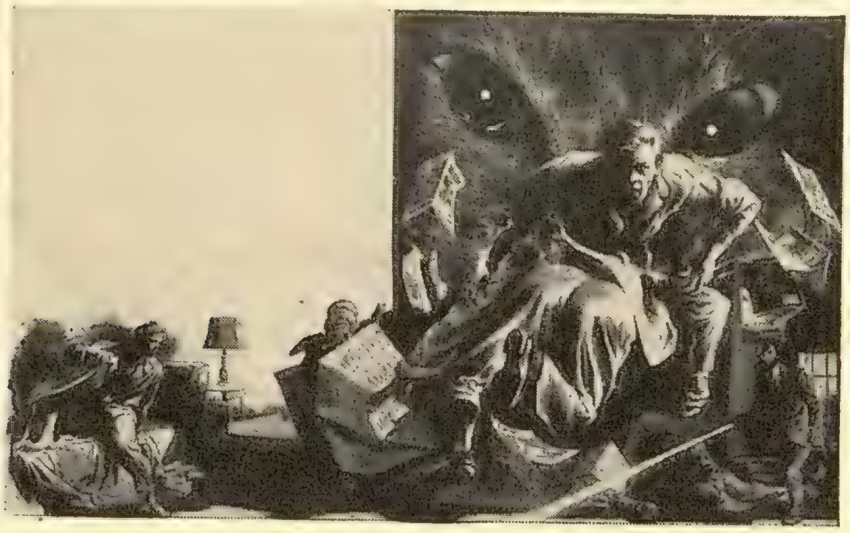
"But, darling," drawled Lola, "I might be able to help."

O'Hara asked us to tell him everything that had happened since Nina and Johnny had arrived from Berlin the day before, and after we had all finished, George started to leave. Lola decided to drive into Manhattan with him.

"Have fun, *Georgie,"* I said as they went out. He turned and made a face at me and I laughed.

O'Hara stayed an hour longer, asking Nina about her work in the State Department and trying to find out everything about the plane trip back. I reminded her about the distinguished foreign gentleman at the airport who had asked if the Colonel was for sale. This seemed to interest O'Hara and he took down a description of the man.

Johnny came out for dinner that night. He looked a little pale and he had a piece of tape on the back of his head. George mixed martinis and we talked over the past twenty-four hours. After dinner the Colonel



sat on the hearth at George's feet and watched the flames until they lulled him to sleep. Johnny left for Manhattan early, and we all turned in, exhausted.

I had been asleep for about three hours when I heard the first crash. There was another and I sat up and turned the table lamp on. Remembering George in the living room, I reached for my dressing gown and opened the door to the hall. I saw a faint light catch the hallway a moment and then I stood terrified in darkness again. Nina came out of the other bedroom.

"George!" I screamed. "Where are you?"

The apartment door slammed and I heard someone running down the hall outside. Then the door opened. George came in, in his pajamas. He was breathing hard.

"What happened, George?" I cried. I pulled him into the living room and made him sit down on the divan. The bed linen was strewn all over the floor. One lamp was broken and the coffee table was turned over.

Before he could answer me our bell rang. Nina went to the door. The apartment superintendent was standing there with most of our neighbors behind him. I heard a siren wailing down the street. Nina made the children put on their robes while I helped George into his. The superintendent told the neighbors to go back to their apartments, and he waited until the police arrived. A reporter talked to Nina while the police questioned George.

"I must have been dead to the world not to have heard him come in," George began.

"Who come in?" asked the lieutenant.

"A man," answered George. "I chased him down the hall. Couldn't catch him. I used to be a trackman, too. But he bolted down the stairs."

George gave them a vague description of the intruder. Maybe the same man who had come with the tall character impersonating F.B.I. men. Nina suggested it out loud first. Then the lieutenant asked for the whole story.

"And this cat, the Colonel, where is he now?" he asked finally.

"On my bed," announced little Susan. She fetched the Colonel and put him in the lieutenant's arms. The lieutenant stroked the kitten's head, then put him on the floor.

"You say this fella was in here before you heard him?" he asked.

"I thought it was my wife, so I called out," George explained. "When no one answered, I jumped up. *Someone tackled me around the middle and I went down. He had a small pocket flashlight and was looking all over the floor.*

"I heard him say 'Kitty' before I jumped him."

"Maybe you'd better get rid of that cat," suggested the police officer. "The Animal Rescue League could handle this job."

"Over my dead body!" George said as he winked at the children.

The next morning we made the front pages of the newspapers. Apparently the police reporter who'd been here had had one of those small pocket cameras. There was George in his pajamas looking at the lieutenant, who was holding the Colonel in his arms. The caption screamed out at us:

INTERNATIONAL CAT CASE MAKES NEWS IN HEIGHTS

George bellowed as he threw down the paper, "This is going to look great to the Bopsey board of directors!"

The phone rang then. It was Johnny, and Nina talked to him.

"Well, he did have some encouraging news," she told us. "O'Hara communicated with Army Intelligence in Berlin. The distinguished gentleman at the airport was a former professional general who operates in the States at a fancy price for whatever government hires him. He's a declared internationalist and they've been trying to deport him from the States for years. Just haven't been able to get enough evidence."

"Well," George said, "spying wages must be at a minimum these days if a notorious fellow like that has to turn kitten snatcher."

"But that's not all," Nina continued. Just then the phone rang again and George left the table to answer it.

"No . . . no . . . NO!" He sounded emphatic. "Sorry, but it's impossible! . . . No, that's final!" He slammed down the receiver and

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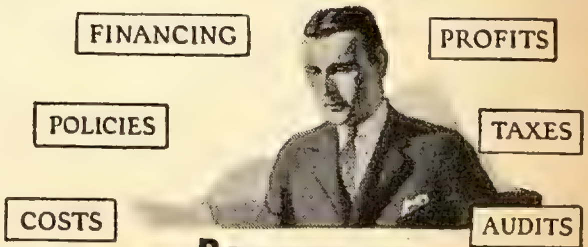

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came back to the table. "Some booking office wanting to know if I'd sign for a personal-appearance tour with the Colonel. Great bop!"

Nina and I had a good laugh for the first time in two days.

"What's the rest of the dope, Nina?" George interrupted us.

"Oh—yes!" she began. "Johnny said O'Hara told him there had been a famous Russian flyer, a White Russian, named Colonel Nicoli Sobokovsky! He was killed ten years ago in a plane crash in Germany. Army Intelligence found a file on him in the old Luftwaffe headquarters. Seems he was a great war ace. He trained Nazi fighter pilots for Hitler. He wanted to get back at the country he'd been chased out of. And he was a notorious lover on the Continent."

George looked at the Colonel, who was sitting on the rug by the window, dozing in a ray of sunshine.

"Do either of you take much stock in reincarnation?" He got up from the table and kissed me goodby. We heard the door close after him.

Nina went into Manhattan at noon to meet Johnny at the Stork Club for lunch. They were going to spend the afternoon shopping for their silver. I gave Timothy and Susan their lunch when they came home from school.

"Is anything wrong, darling?" I asked Timothy who, for a change, didn't seem interested in his food.

"They've been teasing him," Susan said. "Bobby Sand said his daddy told him he shouldn't play with us."

"He said we had Russians and caviar in our house," sobbed Timothy.

"And a couple of kids called us Red," Susan added. "What does it mean, Mommy?"

"It doesn't mean anything, dear, except that someone isn't telling the truth. Did your teacher say anything to you?"

"She asked me how the Colonel was, that's all. Miss Burns loves kittens!" said Timothy.

◆

"Now listen to me, children," I began. "We're not sure what is going on exactly, but you can understand this much: Daddy and I haven't done anything wrong and Aunt Nina and Johnny haven't either. The Colonel is a sweet little kitten, but someone else seems to want him too. And I want you both," I said, "never to talk about people the way Bobby Sand has. We aren't fighting the Russians or anybody else in a war, like we had to fight Germany. We're trying to understand them and have them learn about our country. This takes time. Your daddy and I don't ever want you to call other people names."

"Like Red, Mommy?" Susan asked.

"Yes, darling. But this will be something you'll both understand better when you're older. Right now I just want you to know there is a little mystery about the Colonel, but it has nothing to do with the things Bobby Sand said. Your father will straighten this whole matter out.

About four o'clock that afternoon Nina called me from Manhattan. She said Johnny wanted us all to have dinner with him at the Angel Note that evening. It was the gala opening of the new Manhattan night club.

"O'Hara's sending two of his best men out to the apartment tonight," she said, when I hesitated. "The children will be safer with the F.B.I. huskies than with us, surely. Oh—by the way, O'Hara's going to join us for dinner."

Nina said she would be home around five and we hung up.

I called George, who seemed to agree with Nina, saying the children would be better off with the F.B.I. and Bessie, our maid, than with their own parents.

The two F.B.I. men arrived about six thirty with O'Hara. Both were attractive, tall and confident. When they met the Colonel they laughed good-naturedly and kidded each other about the assignment. We left the children feeling happy.

We had a fine ringside table and one of the best dinners I've ever tasted. It was a thrill. We hadn't done much night-clubbing since we'd left San Francisco.

"Darling, I love you so," I whispered to George, as we danced.

"Let's go home then, angel," George said romantically. Then I suddenly felt him stiffen.

"Edee," he whispered, "look over there to the left, in the far corner!"

I turned slightly. "Why, it's Lola!"

"But that fellow with her, Edee!"

I looked again. "Why, of course! It's the distinguished gentleman who tried to buy the Colonel at the airport!"

"I think they've seen us!" George said tensely.

"Yes. . . . They're leaving!"

We reached our table and managed to tell the others in time for O'Hara to put a tail on them.

"Oh dear," I said, "now I'm worried about the children. Please go and call the apartment, George."

George left the table to phone.

"What do you think of Lola being with our gentleman friend?" I asked O'Hara.

"He calls himself Count Reneau," he told us. "I think *la femme fatale* may be dabbling in more than affairs of the heart."

"You mean Lola's mixed up with the Colonel?" Nina asked.

"But she seemed so surprised when she found out who Colonel Sobokovsky was!" I reminded them.

"She used to be on the stage, didn't she?" O'Hara said. "I don't imagine that Mrs. Rand is allergic to material reimbursement, either."

Just then I saw George coming back to the table. He looked excited and I was suddenly frightened about the children.

"The Colonel's gone!" he announced, as he sat down.

"Are the children all right? Tell me, George! Are they all right?"

"Yes, Edee," answered George. "They've been safely in bed and asleep for hours. I talked to Bessie."

"When did the Colonel disappear? Did either of my men tell you?" O'Hara asked George.

"They weren't sure," George told him. "They had some beer and sandwiches sent up from Henry's delicatessen about nine. They said the door was open for a few minutes then.

"Poor Sobokovsky," said Johnny.

"But the Colonel doesn't know his way around New York, George," I said. "We've got to find him, the poor little thing."

"Maybe we should have left him in Berlin after all," Nina said solemnly.

"We'll find him, Nina," Johnny reassured her. "Don't give up yet."

"I think we'd all better go back to the Crockers' apartment," O'Hara announced.

◆

As we were leaving the club a young man approached George.

"Hiya, Mr. Crocker. Anything new purring on the cat case?" he asked and then laughed. Suddenly we recognized him as the reporter who'd been in our apartment with the police the night George was attacked.

"I wish you wouldn't refer to us as the 'cat case' in your papers," said George. "I'm getting a little self-conscious about the whole thing."

"Come on, dear," I interrupted him. "We've got to get home and find the Colonel."

The reporter's ears twitched a little and he grinned at George.

"You mean Colonel Sobokovsky's gone?" he asked. "I'm sorry, Mr. Crocker, but you're making copy again tonight!" He left us and spoke to O'Hara a moment. Then we saw him head for a phone booth.

"Great bop, Edee!" exclaimed George.

"I'm sorry, dear," I apologized, "but you know he would have found out anyway."

It began to rain just as we reached the apartment. I nodded to Bessie and the F.B.I. agents as I went through the living room and into the bedrooms to see the children. Both of them were fast asleep. It would be hard to face them with the sad news in the morning. I went back into the living room and joined the others. Bessie had already gone home.

"Someone's watching this apartment," O'Hara said calmly. He had been standing by the large casement windows that overlooked the corner below.

"Want us to go outside, chief?" asked one of the F.B.I. men.

"Ross," said O'Hara, "you go downstairs and sit in the lobby by the main entrance. Read a paper and act like a caller. And, Mackey, can you make yourself inconspicuous on the stairway between this floor and the one above?"

"Certainly, sir," said Mackey.

"O.K., then," continued O'Hara. "Watch apartment 9B, Mackey. I have a hunch a young lady will be storming out of there tonight. Let me know when she leaves."

"But that's Lola Rand's apartment!" George exclaimed.

"Exactly," said O'Hara. "Ross, I want you to ring the downstairs bell to the Crockers' apartment twice when the lady returns with her gentleman friend. You'll see her go out and come in, I believe. You can't miss her. She's a gorgeous blonde with a figure that should be under glass. About thirty years old, I'd say. What would you say, Mr. Crocker?"

"Thirty?" said George pensively. "Maybe twenty-nine. With a build like hers it's hard to—"

"George, yes or no will do," I reminded him.

"Well, yes, I'd say thirty, then," George concluded.

"I'd say twenty-five," Johnny volunteered.

"I wouldn't say anything if I were you, darling," advised Nina.

"O.K., fellows," O'Hara said to his two young assistants. They said good night to us and left.

"I don't mean to be unreasonable, O'Hara," said George, "but what has this cops-and-robbers game got to do with finding the Colonel?"

"Maybe nothing," said O'Hara, "and maybe a great deal. I want you to make a little phone call for me, Mr. Crocker. I want you to call Lola Rand."

"Call Lola!" echoed George. "But what for?"

"Tell her the Colonel is missing and ask her if she's seen him in the building tonight. Say you're afraid the kitten's run away."

"And what's Lola supposed to say?" George asked him. "Meow?"

"She'll either be genuinely alarmed or she'll put on a sympathetic act."

"But isn't it pretty late to call Lola, George?" I objected.

"It's just eleven ten, Mrs. Crocker," O'Hara assured me after looking at his watch. "And that reminds me. How late does Henry's delicatessen stay open?"

"Until eleven thirty generally," I told him.

"I think we'd better order up some beer and sandwiches, then," O'Hara suggested.

"Why, we have beer," I offered.

"Let's say I want to place this order for props," O'Hara advised me mysteriously. "Have Henry deliver it himself. Say Mr. Crocker wants to talk to him about a business deal in the neighborhood."

I went to the phone and placed the order, and Henry agreed to deliver it. George called Lola next and we listened to his end of the conversation.

"Yes, Lola. We just found out about two hours ago. . . . No, we haven't any idea where he could have gone." He listened. "Yes, it was a nice opening," he continued; "fine club. Sure we saw you there. The kids will be sick when they find out the Colonel's gone. . . . O.K., Lola, and thanks." George hung up.

O'Hara turned away from the window when George came back into the room.

"What was the reaction?" he asked George. "Could you tell?"

"Not sure," said George slowly. "She's an awfully cool customer."

"I'm surprised to hear that," muttered Nina.

"We'll know in a few minutes," O'Hara advised us. "Turn off the lights, except that reading lamp in the far corner. I want to get a better view of our friend down here on the corner."

We dimmed the room. Nina and Johnny settled on the divan, smoking and talking very little. O'Hara peered out the window from behind one of my chintz drapes.

"There it goes," he said suddenly. "The fellow has gotten a signal from some place and I'll wager it came from the apartment above us."

"That's Lola's!" I exclaimed.

"The lady seems to be taking her time, however," said O'Hara. "Her sentinel just lit a cigarette and is crossing the street to a sedan parked on the other side."

"I'm frightened, darling," I said to George, and he took my hand.

There was a soft knock on our apartment door. It was Mackey, who'd come to tell O'Hara that Lola had left her apartment.

"O.K., Mackey. Keep watching that apartment. I think she'll be back with company," O'Hara told him. Mackey slipped out the door and we continued our silent watch. It must have been twenty minutes later when two sharp rings from the downstairs bell made us jump.

"The lady returns," said O'Hara smugly. "I've got all my pigeons in one house now. O.K., Mrs. Crocker. Can we have some of that beer and crackers out here? I want it to look as though we're enjoying ourselves."

"But I thought Henry was to bring up the props?" I said.

"We want his order to look like refills. Can't ask a man like Henry to have a drink when there's no excuse for it," explained O'Hara.

Nina and I had all the ingredients of a party in the living room when Henry buzzed downstairs.

"Let him in, please, Mrs. Crocker," O'Hara said. "Now, Mr. Crocker, I'd appreciate it if you'd go up to Mrs. Rand's place and ask her and whoever is with her to come down here for a drink. Tell her you're having a party. Drop a hint about the Colonel."

I was anxious about George, but O'Hara was so completely in command we'd all stopped asking him

LITTLE LULU

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cat
sat
KLEENEX
marge

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questions. Henry came up and delivered the beer and sandwiches. He was in a business suit and said he'd closed his store. I insisted he come in, saying my husband would be there in a minute and wanted to talk to him.

"O.K., Mrs. Crocker," Henry said, leaving his hat on the hall table. "Nice place you folks have here." I introduced him to everyone in the room and poured him a tall stein of beer. I became more and more concerned about George. O'Hara caught my eye and winked at me.

"Don't worry. We'll find the Colonel," he said. I had introduced him as a friend from San Francisco.

"You mean the cat's gone?" Henry demanded tensely.

"Why, yes, Henry," I said. "But I didn't realize you knew about the Colonel."

"Well, you know, Mrs. Crocker, I hear a lot of stuff in the store," he explained.

◆ Just then I heard voices in the hall and George came in with two other people. I saw Lola and nodded, but when I saw the man with her, I dropped the cheese knife. He was Count Reneau. But it was Henry who surprised us all. He stood up suddenly and dropped his stein of beer on my rug. He was thoroughly shocked. The Count eyed him reprovingly for a bare second.

"Ah, you two seem to know each other," said O'Hara. "Come in, come in."

"I am afraid, sir," said the Count, "that it is impossible for me to remain and share this generous hospitality. I must meet a friend who sails with the tide this morning."

"You mean you're going to see a man about a cat?" O'Hara asked him calmly.

"What's going on here?" Lola spoke sharply. "George, I thought you said you were having a party."

"We are, Mrs. Rand," O'Hara told her. "We're having a wake for a missing cat. Just about one hundred thousand dollars' worth, wouldn't you say, Count? I wonder what the gentleman at the boat would say if he knew he was getting the wrong cat. You might not fare too well either, Mrs. Rand."

"Say, who are you framing, O'Hara?" Lola asked. "Ivan! What's this about?" she turned to the Count.

"Why don't you try Henry, Mrs. Rand?" O'Hara suggested. "He's an expert on cats and their trade-in value. Aren't you, Henry?"

"Comrade Reneau—" Henry gargled.

"Shut up, fool!" ordered the Count, his poise gone.

"But you've got to get me out of this!" cried Henry. "I told you it wouldn't work!"

"Very well, Henry, I shall get us all out of this," said the Count, and suddenly we were all staring at a small gold automatic in his hand.

"Sorry we have to be impractical," he went on smoothly. "You Americans are all so impractical. It's almost causing me to become bored with my business. See if any of them has a weapon, Henry, please."

"Maybe you mean the one in your back, Count. Drop that gun." Mackey's voice came out of the dark hallway. I never enjoyed a concert in Carnegie Hall more than that sound. The Count put his pistol on my best arm table and smiled ironically.

"Good boy, Mackey!" said O'Hara. Then he shouted through the door, and Ross came in, holding his gun in readiness too. "You two take one of the cars downstairs and escort our distinguished guests to their new accommodations. And you can tell the men outside to look around the block for a small tiger kitten. Tell them it's a favor for me. He answers to the name of Colonel. Let the lieutenant down in the lobby take the Count's rough New York boys to his own precinct. We'll let the police have first crack at them."

"I'm really surprised at you, Lola," George said. "You don't choose your playmates very carefully."

"But I only met the Count through a mutual friend," Lola whined.

"Through a number of friends, young lady," O'Hara reminded her. "I'd say through a whole party of friends who weren't satisfied with the United States government."

"Shut up, Lola!" ordered the Count.

"Take them away!" O'Hara said suddenly, with disgust in his voice. "I deal with this type so much I'm getting sick of the sight of them. Their friend won't sail tonight either. You know, Count, you shouldn't do favors for party members over there, even for one hundred thousand round American dollars' worth of cat!"

◆ Ross and Mackey left with the strange trio. O'Hara went over to the coffee table and picked up a cigarette before settling on the divan. He began talking very slowly.

"You just saw three different types of anti-American agents. First there's the Count, who draws income and pleasure from proving his political power among frightened men." O'Hara paused. "And Henry — well, he's the ignorant stooge who's been dominated by nagging customers so long he craves a new identity and importance for himself."

"But I can't see Lola in this picture," I said. "She seems too material-minded to take an interest in political intrigue."

"Mrs. Rand is bored," explained O'Hara. "She joined the group for excitement. They're victims of power, ignorance, and boredom. We've suspected the nest out here for several months."

"Where does a kitten fit into all this?" Nina asked. "Don't tell me he's a party member too!"

"The Colonel originally belonged to the mistress of a high-ranking Russian officer operating in the Soviet sector in Berlin. It seems he was violently jealous of the kitten when his lady named him after a former lover of hers who had been killed in an air crash."

"Colonel Nicoli Sobokovsky!" Johnny declared.

"Exactly," continued O'Hara. "One night the Russian officer tried to dispose of the kitten and had one of his men drop the Colonel near the American zone in Berlin. The Red officer's mistress was furious when she learned about it, and she threatened to leave him or kill herself if the kitten wasn't returned. It seems she had some fantastic theory about reincarnation."

I looked at George and he blushed under my stare. "Birds of a feather," I muttered, and George passed me a cigarette before I could expose him.

◆ "Somehow Soviet agents operating in Berlin traced the kitten to Johnny and his fiancée. Army Intelligence over there got all this information for us," O'Hara explained. "But the Soviet agents didn't get on the trail soon enough in Berlin and the Colonel left for the States."

"I'm beginning to get it now," Johnny interrupted. "So they notified their top agent here, the Count, and offered a fabulous price for the Colonel's return!"

O'Hara nodded. "The Russian officer in Berlin, I understand, would have done anything to keep his lady."

"Wonder what she'll do now," George said quietly. "I feel like a sequel to a Tolstoy novel."

"She's probably left him already," said O'Hara. "I understand the lady never really cared about anyone after Colonel Sobokovsky was killed. Anyway, my job's over, but I bet my grandchildren will never believe this one."

Our upstairs doorbell rang and George went to answer it. I heard him say, "It's about time!" and then the door closed. My husband walked back into the room. In the crook of his arm snuggled the most ragged-looking little tiger kitten I'd ever seen.

"One of O'Hara's men found him in the alley two blocks away," he said.

Nina went into the kitchen and presently brought back a little dish of caviar. The Colonel lapped it up daintily.

Then Johnny and O'Hara went out together and the rest of us left the Colonel with George in the living room because they both seemed to want it that way.

Some weeks later, when Nina and Johnny were married, it was George who proudly showed them the Colonel's new family. You see, that night out in Jackson Heights had revealed something. The Colonel was a lady! ◆ ◆

FAMILY TEAMWORK

Continued from page 55

"When we first moved in, snow used to come through as though we had a mesh roof," Ray grins. "We worked long hours. Ruth forgot she'd been a pretty coed only two years before. She learned to run a tractor, and she worked in the fields as well as in the barn and house. Most of the time we couldn't afford a hired man.

"We kept in touch with the university's ag school and other sources of farm information," Ray said. "Whenever a better method for doing a job came along, we adopted it. And we fixed up the house ourselves, always doing what seemed most needed at the moment."

Always, though, the Greathouse family put away part of its earnings—no matter how small—to plow back into the farm. As the youngsters came along and grew up, they were given specific chores to do, after a careful explanation that they were part of the family work force and that only by combined effort could the family achieve its goals.

The family has plenty of material possessions now, but the main result of Ray and Ruth's effort doesn't show in these things. It does show in the easy companionship of the family group, the obvious affection its members have for one another, the good times they have, and the fact that when there's work to be done everyone pitches in without prodding.

"We like farming and we like one another," says Ray Greathouse. "We believe in work, but we also believe in play. We believe in God, and in giving everyone the break and courtesy that we'd want for ourselves. And we believe in putting in enough hours to make sure that we're doing a good job, that we're going to make a profit, and that there's going to be a bit left over for savings and improvements."

The Greathouses make it sound easy. It isn't. But as long as there is young love, ambition, the will to work, receptiveness to new ideas, and a plot of ground, there will be other young Americans proving that all American opportunity isn't in the city. ◆ ◆

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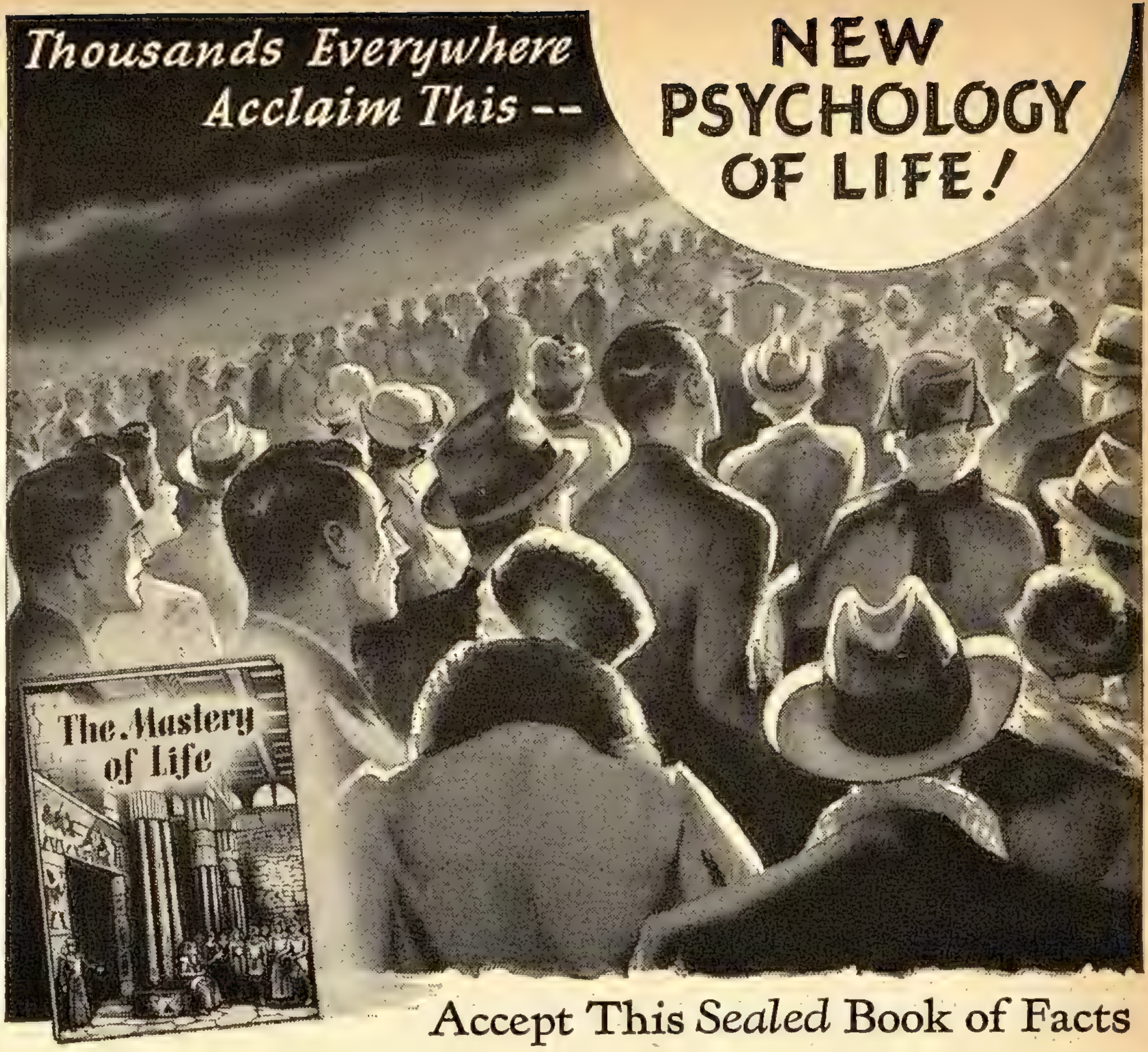

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LIBERTY TO WORSHIP

Continued from page 19

been the third President of the United States.

In his instructions for his tombstone inscription, Jefferson wrote that "by these as testimonials that I have lived I wish most to be remembered." I have already quoted from the words of the Declaration of Independence in which our founding fathers placed their trust and cause in the hands of the Almighty. The Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom was a more concrete expression of Jefferson's belief in absolute freedom of the individual conscience.

In the early days of the Virginia settlement, various restrictions were placed on those who were not members of the Church of England. Together with another great Virginian, George Mason, Jefferson led a fight in the legislature for religious freedom. This resulted in the passage, in 1786, of the statute of which Jefferson was so proud. There is not enough space here to quote it, but its spirit can be expressed by quoting an earlier document, the Virginia Bill of Rights, written by Mason and adopted in 1776:

> That Religion, or the Duty which we owe to our Creator, and the Manner of discharging it, can be directed only by Reason and Conviction, not by Force or Violence; and therefore, all Men are equally entitled to the free Exercise of Religion, according to the Dictates of Conscience; and that it is the mutual Duty of all to practice Christian Forbearance, Love, and Charity, towards each other.

Even in the third achievement he deemed worthy of listing on his tomb, the founding of the University of Virginia, Jefferson was concerned with the question of freedom of religion. Although the plans for the university stressed that, unlike most schools of the time, there would be no provision for giving theological instruction and no religious requirements or restrictions, Jefferson wrote this was not to be construed that he believed "instruction in religious opinion and duties . . . indifferent to the interests of society." In a letter to a friend, he explained, "On the contrary, the relations which exist between man and his Maker and the duties resulting from those relations, are the most interesting and important to every human being, and the most incumbent on his study and investigation."

He then went on to propose a program under which each sect or denomination would be permitted to establish its own school of religion on the university grounds, with the students given ample time and opportunity to attend the religious school of their choice. His program was almost identical with what we know as the "released-time program" of religious instruction, now part of many public school systems. Under this plan, a portion of the school program is allocated to religious instruction and pupils desiring to take advantage of this are released to attend religious schools set up by their own faiths.

I have drawn heavily on our country's history to show how deeply rooted in the main stream of American life is our concept of liberty to worship. I have also attempted to show the close association of this principle with the belief that our nation cannot progress or prosper unless it and its people seek the guidance of God. Even the earliest of our anthems, one we still sing, speaks of "Our fathers' God! to Thee, Author of liberty," and concludes by praising "Great God, our King!"

One point of the utmost importance should be stressed. Although there can be no doubt that the founders of our country believed in the separation of Church and State, and properly so, they did not intend to establish a nonreligious state. They wanted no one church to dominate the State, but they also wanted the moral and spiritual principles taught by all religions to influence and motivate its affairs.

Those people who would eradicate religion from education and public affairs by driving an even greater wedge between God and our government are in fact sounding the death knell of freedom. William Penn warned us, "Unless we are governed by God, we shall be ruled by tyrants." Much of the world, living in a godless society under the totalitarian heel of a godless state, has learned how accurate his warning was.

Americans have fought and bled and died to preserve liberty of worship and our other liberties. We have also tried, and with some success, to obtain for other peoples these same freedoms we prize so highly. Unfortunately we live today in a world in which the areas where men's consciences can be free is, apparently, growing smaller each minute. The "cold war" in which we are engaged is a great battle for freedom of conscience as well as for those other liberties we believe are granted to men by God.

But, like anything else, and even in its own homeland, liberty can grow rusty and decay. Like the barn that isn't painted, the bearing that isn't greased, the muscle that isn't exercised, liberty that isn't used soon becomes useless, and eventually is lost to us. It is not enough to defend our liberties. We must exercise them.

Have you been to church or synagogue or a house of worship lately? Have you tried to understand your neighbor of another faith—and have you avoided using the phrases or doing the things which you know will offend and embarrass him? Have you used your liberty to approach God in whatever way your conscience dictates to ask His help for you and for your country?

Our liberties are our most precious possessions. We have bought them with "blood, sweat, and tears." Of them all, liberty to worship in our own fashion is the most basic and most important. It is the only way in which we can obtain the guidance we need. Cherish it, use it now, before it is too late. ◆ ◆

THE BEST IS YET TO BE

Continued from page 29

instantly analyzes and details the complex logistics necessary for its execution. It flashes, in correct sequence, millions of impulses along the pathways of your nerves, causing your muscles to contract and relax, just so much and no more, each in its own turn. Through a different network of nerves, your brain receives reports from each muscle that the commands have been accurately obeyed. A third network of nerves transmits to the brain sensations of the changing picture of light, sound, feel, smell—"intelligence reports" which the brain notes and classifies, and when necessary changes its orders to the muscles. In a couple of seconds you have walked across the room and your fingers have flicked the switch. And this unbelievably complex operation, by an aggregate of cells far more numerous than the people of any nation, was accomplished by your deciding to walk across the room and turn on the radio. The minute details of how to fulfill that command were never the concern of your conscious mind. All that vast work was accurately performed by your subconscious or, if you prefer, your unconscious mind.

The capacity of the human mind, especially the subconscious mind, is far greater than we realize. We do not use more than a minute fraction of its capabilities. Our methods of education and training need to catch up with the march of science.

The old method of teaching—that is communicating ideas—began with the slow task of memorizing the individual letters of the alphabet, then painfully learning how to string letters into words, words into sentences, and then how to extract from them the small kernel of meaning which they contain. The modern method is to teach how to recognize entire words at a glance. This is a step in the right direction. We now also supplement words with pictures. That is an even more important step in the right direction.

In recent years the greatest advance in education was logged by our armed forces. To win the last war we had to train millions of individuals to use exceedingly complicated tools of warfare. The job had to be done in record time, yet the teaching had to be so thorough that the use of those tools became second nature, as easy as walking across the room and switching on the radio. The old-style textbooks would have been useless. So the armed services developed a new kind of textbook, the modern technical manual. This is a pictorial textbook: it communicates information through the use of step-by-step pictures, with the wordage reduced to a minimum. The pictures transmit to the mind new concepts —not one at a time, but in short bursts of many related concepts simultaneously. This is a more direct method of communication, and the mind absorbs new data faster and remembers them more accurately.

A motion picture is an even more forceful way of communicating knowledge. The impact of moving pictures upon the human mind is tremendous. Modern civilization and the outlook on life have been greatly influenced by movies—at home and abroad.

Television, with its ability to transmit moving pictures of events instantaneously as they occur, and to reach millions simultaneously, will provide an even greater impact on the mind, especially the collective mind. Already, with only three million television receivers in operation, the impact of television upon our national life and individual habits is vital.

Speed of communications is a measure of the progress of civilization. Words alone are too slow to keep up with today's pace.

Ten years ago, in the Battle for Britain, the British radar warning net correlated reports from observers at many points in a matter of minutes. Today we do not have the minutes: we must deal in microseconds. With existing supersonic aircraft, and with the coming guided missiles, we have no time for words—not even when those words are transmitted with the speed of light. Radar observations must be transmitted by coded pulses directly into electronic computers, which automatically flash resultant command pulses to interceptor aircraft a few microseconds later—without words and without human relays.

We have found that it is useless to talk by radio to pilots of supersonic aircraft. By the time you finish talking, the airplane is nearly a hundred miles away. To meet these new needs a basically new system of communications had to be developed. Commands are transmitted in short bursts of pulses, not to the pilot but to the airplane, and are automatically acknowledged by the airplane, not by the pilot. At the same instant the airplane's automatic transponder flashes the entire message to the pilot in a visual form, to be grasped at a glance and acted upon in a moment.

One of the great electronic discoveries in recent times was that radio waves travel beyond the earth. Four years ago the Signal Corps of the U. S. Army sent radar pulses to the moon, and some two and a half seconds later, after a round trip of nearly half a million miles, the echo blips registered on the radarscope on earth. Electronics have bridged the gap between the earth and the moon.

One day we shall send an exploratory rocket to the moon. Satellite vehicles, giant rockets launched into space to patrol the earth as they whirl around it in their orbits like minature moons, may become a reality. Electronics will guide these space ships in their courses and send back a wealth of new data. In a second or two, radio pulses will transmit voluminous observations, to be received here on earth in graphic form for visual study, pictures worth thousands of words.

Whether we want it or not, our lives are growing in complexity as time goes on. Yes, we need new education for the electronic age. The key to that lies in world-wide dissemination of ideas, and television may be a means to achieve that.

If I had my life to live over again, I think I should like to be born right now. We live in very interesting times. The best inventions are yet to be made, not only in electronics and nucleonics, but in the new humanities—geriatrics, the study of old age and prolongation of life; cybernetics, investigation of nerve and brain communication processes; radionetics, application of electronics in medicine, and other fields which are just beginning to unfold.

Immense opportunities are before us. The best is yet to be. ◆ ◆

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enemy, a judo grip that limited my movements, so that he could break my arm if the mood inspired him. I struggled against the power of his giant hand, but he only grunted and applied the pressure. I yelped with pain. Then there was a knock on the door.

The fat man glared at me and pushed me forward until I was sitting alongside Penny again. There was a gun in his hand suddenly, a small and evil-looking automatic, aimed at my forehead. Penny shrank against the window.

"A stupid move," the fat man whispered. He backed up and opened the door a wide crack.

"Anything wrong, suh?" the porter asked.

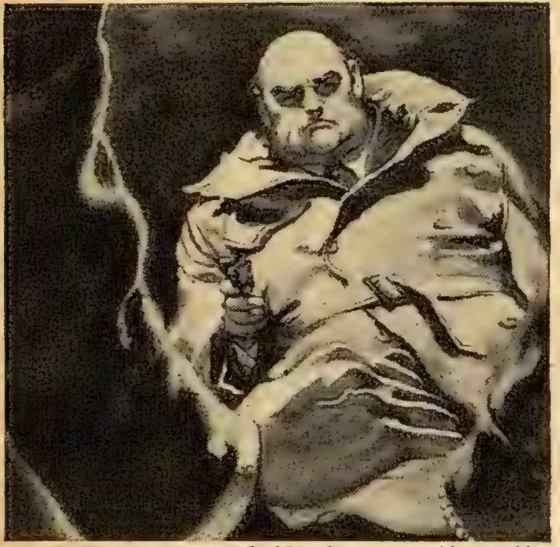
"Nothing at all," the fat man said with jollity. "Just a friendly little argument."

"I thought I heard somebody yelling, suh."

"You certainly did," the big man chuckled. "Everybody shouts these days when politics are discussed. Don't you? I rang for a nightcap, but we've changed our minds about it. Here's a dollar for your trouble."

The porter mumbled his thanks and the door closed. The fat man stood over us.

He said, "Please move next to your wife, my friend. I'd prefer to be facing both of you. We must not have another flurry of that sort, for I'm much too nervous with a gun in my hand.



"I recommend that you sit quite still and do not excite me."

Penny squeezed her trembling knee against mine to tell me that she was afraid. I returned the pressure.

"What's the gag?" I asked.

"Gag? There is no gag."

"What do you want?"

"The pleasure of your company."

"You mean you're not leaving?"

"Not tonight," he said. He let himself slide into a more comfortable position while he reached into his jacket pocket and took a small card from his wallet. "I am a prosaic business man in an unorthodox situation. I can understand your incredulity, young man, but there is little you can do about it, I assure you. We might just as well remain in good temper."

He handed me the business card:

LEMUEL GOODE
Importing—Exporting
Duane Building, New York

I fingered the card, staring at the strong highlight on the muzzle of the automatic.

"To be specific, let me say that I am pursuing a course that will insure me temporary haven for the night," Lemuel Goode was saying with a little shrug. "I am following the old rule that there is always safety in numbers."

"Safety from what?" I asked.

"Death," said Lemuel Goode.

He closed his eyes on the word, smiling at it, savoring it. Penny brought a hand to her mouth. I put my arm around her. I kicked myself in the mental seat of my pants for not having told her about my assignment. She would enjoy this scene if she understood the complications, I knew. I wondered vaguely whether Frenchy Armetto was on this train.

Mr. Lemuel Goode leaned back, a mountain of placidity. The train clacked on through the night and the boxed stillness of our little room built the tension inside me. I had time to study him, fascinated by his closeness, observing the large diamond pin in his tie, an ancient ornament, one bright stone surrounded by a circle of small emeralds. He would be about sixty. I am no flyweight and the army had taught me how to use my body in defense and attack, yet I had been powerless under the strength of his hands. The tremendous paw that held the gun was neat and clean and well manicured. He wore gold cuff links of a simple pattern, uninitialed. He was grinning at me, his pig eyes bright, his thin lips curled in a mocking smile.

I said, "Somebody wants to kill you?"

"Precisely."

"And you're sure he's on the train?"

"Quite sure," said Lemuel Goode.

"Then why don't you tell the conductor?" Penny said. "A tug on the emergency cord would stop this train at any large town along the way. They'd give you all the protection you need."

"Your wife is clever," Lemuel Goode said. "But I prefer your company, don't you see?" He examined a gold wrist watch. "It is almost midnight. I'd suggest that you both try for sleep."

"A charming thought," Penny said.

"You don't inspire peace and quiet," I said.

"You must put it out of your mind, my friend. Forget about my presence here."

"You're too fat to forget," Penny said.

Lemuel Goode shrugged and said nothing. Outside, the landscape fled by our window, a black panel punctuated by little dots of light. Already Penny had stopped stifling her yawns. The activities of the day had been wearing. Soon she was asleep and breathing lightly, but my innate stubbornness would not allow me to rest. I half closed my eyes and gave myself up to a game of cat and mouse. If I could catch him off guard, I might disarm him in a frantic rush. I watched him patiently, a fogged figure through the narrowing slit of my right eye. I estimated the level at which I would hit him, low down in his stomach, so that I could knock him breathless and grab the gun. He held it on one knee and I thought I saw his hand waver slightly, as though he himself might be dozing off. I pretended to sleep deeply and began to snore to prove it. The muscles in my legs were knots of tightness as I prepared to use them.

And then Lemuel Goode laughed.

"Amateurish," he chuckled, opening his eyes to gaze at me with an owlish amusement. "A very amateurish attempt at histrionics, my friend. The next time you wish to feign sleep, you must not snore so soon or so loud. You should learn, too, how to control your reflexes. When I coughed a moment ago, your fingers moved slightly, an unnatural reaction for a man who snores so sincerely. I assume that you've been planning to disarm me, and I suggest you abandon that strategy. I have an ability to remain awake indefinitely."

I gave up my game two hours later and fell asleep.

◆

Lemuel Goode was gone in the morning. The train was easing into Grand Central Station and I woke Penny and explained who our fat visitor had been.

"My face is red," I told her; "but that's what you get for marrying a detective, Penny. I couldn't resist Kimball's fee. It looked too easy."

"I don't blame you for taking the case," Penny said and kissed away my embarrassment. "But you should have told me about it, Mike. I almost died of fright when he walked in. Do you suppose he knew you were following him?"

"That doesn't make sense, Penny. My theory is that he saw Frenchy Armetto on the train, or one of Frenchy's henchmen. Choosing our room was just a coincidence, but I don't doubt that he might have been running from a murderer."

"Why would Frenchy Armetto have him followed?"

"To recover the Camilli pendant, of course. If Frenchy stole it and Kimball hijacked it from him, there'd have to be mayhem in the offing." I brought her up to date on the history of the Camilli pendant. "Half a million dollars is involved. But that's no concern of mine, Penny. It's my job simply to follow the fat man."

"What are we waiting for?" Penny said, her eyes alive with excitement.

We packed quickly. We ran up the ramp and into the station and Penny spotted Lemuel Goode moving at a leisurely pace toward the Vanderbilt Avenue exit. We followed his cab downtown to Greenwich Village, where he got out at one of the newer apartment houses, the Creston Arms.

We sat in the cab patiently, but my nerves were sharpened by a new excitement. Another cab had stopped behind us, less than a half block away.

"Somebody else is interested in Mr. Lemuel Goode," Penny said, "and he looks like something out of a grade B gangster movie."

◆

There was a man standing alongside the cab, chewing a toothpick, staring up at a neighboring apartment roof. Something about his figure rang a bell in my memory. He was the same size as Rocky Trask, the little gunman who was Frenchy Armetto's bodyguard and right-hand man. He did not move when I went into the lobby.

I checked the mailboxes and found LEMUEL GOODE on the one marked 704. My job was finished here. I would report this address to Kimball and collect my fee.

In the cab, Penny said, "The man with the toothpick seemed quite interested in you. Do you suppose he'll follow us now?"

"I don't think so, Penny. He's interested in Lemuel Goode, not us."

I was right. No cab followed us on the way to the Trent. We were greeted warmly by the manager, who told us that Mr. Gilligan had made all the arrangements for our stay. He showed us to the bridal suite, Number 909, four delightful rooms with a breath-taking view of Central Park.

New York was all new to Penny and I enjoyed taking her from the zoo to the peak of the Empire State Building and City Hall and the Statue of Liberty.

I had forgotten about the man with the toothpick until we sat down for dinner at the Maison Crochette, a sidewalk restaurant on the East Side.

"Don't look now, Mike," Penny said, "but isn't that our friend in the cab—across the street, pretending to read a newspaper?"

He was leaning against the wall of the building opposite, chewing his toothpick. As I watched him, he slid his eyes my way. He started down the street at a casual clip. And he was Rocky Trask.

"He's one of Frenchy's men, Penny. He must have been on the train last night, pursuing Lemuel Goode. He may assume that we're intimate friends of Lemuel."

"Shouldn't we turn the tables and ask him what he wants? That's what detectives do in the movies."

"A movie detective never marries a beautiful girl like you, sugar. Nor does he go on a honeymoon. I can think of better things to do at this moment than following a strange man who chews toothpicks."

We walked the few blocks back to the Trent. I tried to still the gnawing urge to turn and look back every now and then and to lose myself in the magic this moment should have held for me; to blot out Lemuel Goode and Larry Kimball and Frenchy Armetto.

But when I opened the door to our suite, reality returned with a shock. Penny gasped, overcome by the impossible disorder in the room, the upset chairs, the lamp overturned on the rug, the table on its side. And near the table, his gory head partly covered by the decorative cloth, lay the body of Lemuel Goode, his face beaten beyond recognition.

◆

I took Penny into the bedroom and returned to survey the wreck. The big man lay on his back, his arms outstretched in a last violent gesture. I bent over him and saw the antique stickpin. The emeralds glimmered at me like malevolent green eyes.

What had brought Lemuel Goode to our rooms? And who had found him here? I threw the table covering over his head when Penny came back.

She had read my mind. "Shouldn't we call in the police, Mike?"

"I can't, Penny. They'd jail me."

"How could they do that?" Penny came to my side. "You have a reputation in Chicago. They'd know you didn't kill this man."

"They'd have to book me," I told her sadly. "We're all tied up in this thing as tight as they need for an arrest. They'd have the testimony of the porter on the train that he heard me fighting with Goode. They'd lock me up and that would mean the end of our honeymoon."

"What else can we do but tell them?"

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"We can move," I said. I took out Lemuel Goode's calling card and studied it. "But we'll have to move fast. There's a chance I can crack this one if I can tie Lemuel Goode up with Frenchy Armetto. But we'll have to get more information on the fat man. We'll have to search his office and his apartment first."

We left the room in a hurry. The big clock in the lobby stood at ten fifty-two, an incongruous hour for newlyweds to be leaving their nuptial nest. We turned our steps eastward, down a darkened side street.

Lemuel Goode must have hidden the Camilli pendant in our luggage last night, I thought. It was an ideal plan for protecting the jewels for a short time, until he thought himself free of his pursuers. He must have exited from the Creston Arms and doubled back on my trail, following us to the Trent this morning, and then biding his time for the right moment to enter our suite and reclaim his booty. Someone had caught him there and killed him.

My reflections were jolted when we were halfway down the quiet street. There was a man standing at the curbing, leaning against the sleek chassis of a big sedan. I tugged Penny to one side, planning a quick detour across the street. But he was at our side before we got started.

"In the car," he said.

He had a low voice, guttural and flat. In the darkness I couldn't see much of his face, but something was moving in his lips, a thin white line, back and forth, and I knew it was a toothpick and that he was Rocky Trask. He dug the muzzle of his gun into me.

"Get in fast, mister," he growled. "We're going for a ride."

We got in.

To be concluded in the next issue.

WITH FAITH, HOPE, AND THERAPY

Continued from page 33 . . .

ridden home. If, finally, with all the ingredients for a happy marriage, we couldn't make a go of it, what could either of us hope for from any kind of life? It boiled down to this: If there was a fighting chance of saving our marriage, we had to take that chance.

It is considered ideal for husband and wife to be analyzed at the same time. Psychoanalysis is an adventure, a voyage of the mind, and like all adventures it is a richer experience if it is shared. A couple setting out together work *with,* not *against,* each other. However, most analysts prefer not to treat both partners at once. We made our arrangements with two doctors, each of us for three sessions a week.

How do you get psychoanalyzed? You start by talking. Sitting in a chair or lying on a couch, you pour out your history and your hopes, your problems and fears, daydreams and nightdreams, loves and hatreds. The doctor may ask a pointed question, suggest an explanation here and there. But mostly he listens. He wants to know how you are feeling, what you are thinking, what comes into your mind. And it is your job to tell him.

This sounds easy enough, but before long you may find yourself struggling with embarrassing silences. Perhaps it is a shameful incident out of your childhood which you could never tell to another soul.

Memories long buried float to the surface, and with them, insights. As you dive deeper you begin to get glimpses of what you really are, and why.

Such glimpses are not always pleasant, and some are painful indeed. It is difficult to give up the grandiose daydream of what you might be and what you would like to be for the mortal reality of what you are. Giving up, in this sense, means growing up. It calls for a certain maturity to make friends with one's real self. And it is because analysis is a way of growing up that it takes so much time.

It is through our relations with human beings that we grow, and psychoanalysis is, first and finally, a human relationship. Few are so close. You cannot confide in another person hour after hour, month after month, without developing powerful feelings toward that person. Dissection of those feelings is one of the most difficult and illuminating tasks in the treatment.

To me the analyst seemed a "watcher." Little by little I became aware that I was mentally referring all my actions and decisions to him. Would he approve? Would he give me a good mark? All this despite the fact that he never praised or condemned; he only analyzed. He showed me that my attitude toward him was rooted in a fear that he might be displeased with me. Not only that: This fear permeated my relations with my boss, with my wife, with my parents when I was a child. *This fear was my typical reaction to people.*

With other persons, however, there had always been something at stake—my job, my marriage, my childhood need for love. In the analyst's office nothing was at stake but my honesty. Feelings that I dared not admit to myself in my dealings with others were encouraged to come out of hiding here.

In the fourth or fifth session, the doctor interrupted me. "You've been analyzing your wife pretty thoroughly," he said. "How about yourself? How do you feel?"

My spate of words stopped abruptly. It was true. I had been enlarging on Helen's symptoms almost exclusively. I took a long inward look. What was wrong with me?

Despite all my friendships, *I had never really unlocked myself to another person.* I had presented each with a mask, intended to please. And now I had such a collection of masks I couldn't distinguish my own true face among them.

I started all over again and talked about myself. I told him my wife's jealousy was infuriating me. She had asked questions about my past, banteringly at first, later in dead earnest. And, perhaps mistakenly, I had told her the truth.

"Why is your wife's jealousy so necessary to you?" the analyst asked me during a pause.

I expressed astonishment. Yet in time the question found its mark. Perhaps I *wanted* to feel like a child again. And if Helen's jealousy had put a distance between us, wasn't there *always* a distance between me and anybody I knew? Perhaps I wanted to keep that distance. Perhaps—well, why not confess it? *I was afraid of any close relationship with another human being.*

◆ These insights by no means came as fast as I write them. They took weeks and months of work, and I resisted them every step of the way. Not on purpose, but because the truth was too hard to accept. Deep down I was angry at the world.

Why, again? Where did this bitter hatred come from? It goes back to earliest childhood, to parents who, blinded—as Helen and I have been—by their own inner conflicts, used the children they loved as weapons against each other; to parents for whom there was no such help as we are getting.

It wasn't long before Helen and I began comparing notes. For her, too, an unhappy childhood had made the world a friendless place to live in. As the story of her inner struggle unfolded, my resentments dissolved in a desire to help.

Though they hadn't wanted her to be born, Helen's parents had made many financial "sacrifices" for her. She didn't want their sacrifices, though. She wanted the one thing they were unable to give her —love. This natural need, unfulfilled, became a deep, inarticulate craving and grew with the years into an inordinate demand. But later, whenever she encountered real affection, she mistrusted it as she had learned to mistrust the "love" of her parents. Whoever loved her, she felt, would desert her, as surely as they had. This was her great fear, and it expressed itself in bitter jealousy.

If anybody loved her, *she must chain him to her.* He must not turn from her, even for a moment. But who could submit to such a demand? How could there ever be the "right" man?

"You're not the man I'd take to a desert island," she told her analyst. "I'd want somebody athletic."

"And how do you know I'm not athletic?" asked the analyst, a young man, trimly built.

Helen didn't know, of course. It was just that there *had* to be something wrong with him, because he was becoming important to her. As soon as anybody became important to her, she was stricken with a dread certainty that he would desert her. To make such a doom more bearable, *she must belittle everyone who meant something to her.* She must try to convince herself that his loss would be a small thing after all.

We are sharing many such discoveries that might have frightened us once; but today we are eager to learn the worst. And the sooner the better, because these things are curable. The very act of sharing our insights has brought us closer together than we have ever been before.

A refreshing candor is replacing the old silent grudges and recriminations. For we realize at last that our kind of unhappiness springs from within, and we are less inclined to blame each other. Besides, it is easier to be tolerant when each of us knows that the other is sincerely working to overcome any failings.

The important thing is that we are growing up—a little late, it's true. But perhaps our experience will give us an extra margin of understanding and good will that may make up for much of what we have lost. Perhaps it will help others like us, and perhaps our children will have a better start. ◆ ◆

TELEVISION

Continued from page 63

and clarity, but they inspired an immediate avalanche of protests from frightened set manufacturers who condemned the showings as "experimental" and "premature."

Inevitably there were countercharges, but there was no denying it—the color race was on and it became clear enough that black-and-white television may be obsolete before outgrowing its childhood clothes.

The Columbia Broadcasting System has developed a color transmission that is based on a mechanical device—two wheels, one in front of the camera and the other in front of the receiver tube, rotating at exactly the same speed, and CBS says it is ready to start commercial color television service.

That company's rival, the Radio Corporation of America, for years has been working on an all-electronic color system, but has often said that it won't be ready for another five years. Irked by the CBS show, RCA held its own demonstration and with good enough results. It's up to the FCC now to decide which of the two methods should be adopted for popular use.

As the years progress and television gains in stature, considerable advances can be expected. Some of them have already been

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evident during the past year. Programs like NBC's Texaco Star Theatre, which features the inimitable Milton Berle; the same network's amusing Who Said That?—the quiz show which has radio's photogenic Robert Trout popping the questions; the ballet; ABC's telecast of The Rosenkavalier from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York; and the series of excellent Studio One dramatic shows over CBS, all attest to a growing awareness that television must attain its own character and that it is fully capable of standing on its own feet provided its programs break with precedent and show some independent thinking.

Musically also, television will become more important. Unless the network program planners suffer a change of heart, more of the outstanding radio concerts, musical shows, and serious discussions will be put on video for simultaneous radio and TV transmission.

Another few years and television will be as much a part of the American household as the radio. ◆ ◆

KETCH DOG

Continued from page 28

hunkered over the stove like something sad off for her help and protection. "Jeff Keyser's got more dogs than ary man needs," he gave out. "Figger I could get one off him for only four-five dollars."

"All right, Sump," Mom said with a sort of sigh.

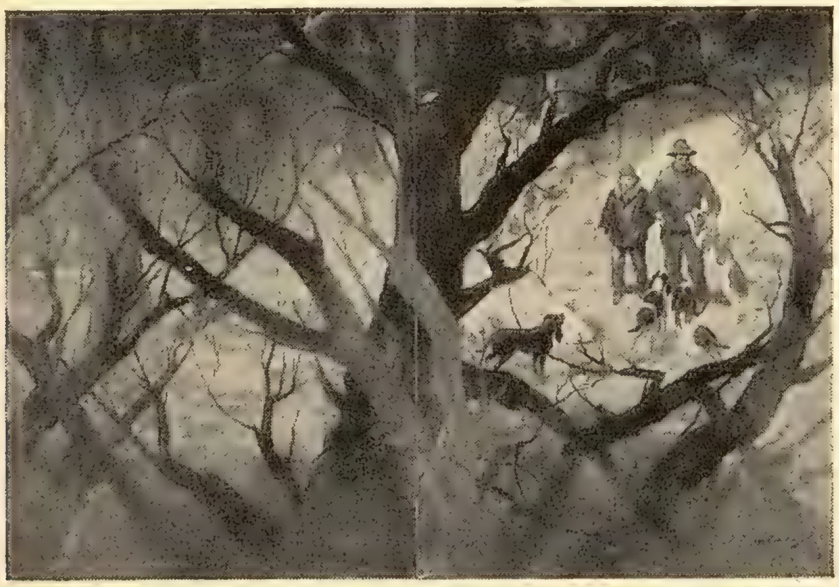
As soon as the chickens were fed, Roddy and his father set out to track the coon. "We'll round back by Jeff Keyser's place and see what he's got," Father said as they left. "Might be he's got some kind of ketch dog that'd do us. But four-five dollars is all I'll pay."

That seemed to please Mom.

Jeff Keyser's old bark-shake cabin at the bend of the river was a wonderful place where dogs, squirrels, and jays came right in and made free with the food, and a kid could too if he wanted.

Jeff's hounds heard them coming afar off. They set up a belling song and came squandering out to meet them.

Old Blaze, a liver-and-white hound, came first, followed by Baldy and Lillybelle, who had black and white spots. Behind them came a little old feisty half-grown pup with a stub tail and droopy ears and the saddest haw eyes Roddy had ever seen. He didn't come clear up to them and he didn't squirm and whirl his tail like the other dogs. He stood staring at Roddy with his brown lonesome eyes.



He was mostly black, with dark brown underneath, like a coonhound. Then Jeff Keyser came out. He and Sump Wills hailed each other, the two of them grinning till it like to have split their skulls, and they all went down to the cabin.

The black-and-brown pup was watching Roddy's face with a sort of asking, begging look in his eyes. Roddy put down a hand and he smelled of it, then sat down and watched his face again.

Like always, his father and Jeff hunted and dog-talked from the first minute. Father had already told about Old Bandit raiding them and killing Emily. That purely laid back Jeff's ears.

"Dangdest thing I ever heered!" he yelled. "Somethin' had ought to be done about that before another dawn-glowm, Sump."

"We aim to do that little thing," Roddy's father said. "Yessir, Cora's come around to talkin' dog, Jeff."

"You don't say," shouted Jeff. Then he laughed big and long and Father laughed with him and Roddy joined in too.

"Yessir, we stopped by to see could we bribe some kind of ketch dog off you, Jeff. Just four-five dollars' worth of dog; nothin' special. Now, what's this you got here?" Father looked down at the black-and-brown pup and snapped his fingers and talked dog to him, but the feist just gave him one look and turned back to Roddy.

"Won't pay me no mind either," Jeff said. "Reckon he's one of these one-man dogs. Ain't found him the right man."

"Happen he's found him right now," Roddy's father said, watching.

"Funny thing—four-five dollars was just what I was fixin' to ask for that dog, say four-five dollars' worth of corn." Jeff grinned. And then, before you could say Kit Carson, Father fished a brown bottle out of the lining of his old coat and he and Jeff slapped each other on the back and poured two drinks.

And so that was the way of it. They had a ketch dog. And he was Roddy's dog. He'd singled Roddy out from his owner and all the people in the world as the one he wanted to be with. It was the biggest thing that had ever happened to Roddy and he couldn't say anything. He squatted down and put an arm around the pup to hide the tears that had started down his cheeks.

He went off back of the cabin and the pup followed him. He went out to the edge of the woods and sat down there. The pup licked his hand and then his face, and Roddy held him close and warm against his ribs. The pup's face wrinkled up in a sad smile that showed his teeth, because he'd never been talked to and had his head rubbed like that before.

◆ Finally something out back of Jeff's shed-house caught Roddy's eye. Swift movement there and a flash of color. Just then his father's sudden haloo from the cabin drove every other thought from Roddy's head.

They were all going out now to give Old Bandit a run for his chicken, Father hollered from the door. And Roddy's dog, he said, could run along with the hounds.

An almost intolerable thrill went through Roddy as he ran toward the cabin. Never before had he been allowed to go on a hunt with Father and Jeff, the most famous hunters in the Santee River country.

Jeff and Father had been passing a flask back and forth. Father wiped his lips with his sleeve as Roddy came in.

"You say you never run that pup with the growed dogs?"

"Told you he wouldn't never foller 'em," Jeff said. "He'd go a short piece, then turn back home."

They started out at once, and within a few minutes the dogs had picked up the fresh trail of a coon. It was Old Bandit, Jeff said; he could tell by the way Blaze threw his tongue.

At first it looked like the hound pup wasn't going to get into it. He'd tagged along after Roddy and when the other dogs struck the trail he just turned back. But when Roddy pointed and ordered him in, he gave the boy one look and took out after the hounds. From then he was in there every minute and you could pick out his voice.

The other hounds yapped and bayed, but Roddy's little old dog had a deep *bong* that set the echoes rolling among the hills like church bells on a Sunday. He said as plain as a fellow shouting through a megaphone: *"Cooooooon! Cooooooon!"* In all his life Roddy had never heard such a lovely sound.

"Lordy mercy! Just listen to that!" his father cried. "That's Roddy's dog. Ain't he talkin' up? Purty as an army bugle, I'll declare."

"That's the old bloodhound into him," Jeff Keyser said. "They've started Old Bandit."

"What'd I tell you?" Father said. "That little old feist o' Roddy's is a born coon-finder. Oh, ain't he tellin' it sweet?"

Jeff and Father cupped their hands to their mouths and sent long echoing calls to the dogs across the hills, urging them on: *"Whooo-way-oh! Whoo-way-oh!"*

They sat down awhile and passed the bottle back and forth while they listened. They could tell every trick the coon played and what the dogs were doing about it, because they knew every foot of country the chase led through. Now the sounds would burst out clear and sharp as the dogs crossed the rim of a hill, then they'd sink to a mere yapping echo as they wound through some stretch of swamp.

"He's devilin' 'em up above Bee Rock now," Father would say, spanning the miles between by the sounds, and Jeff would nod; or, "Happen he's lost 'em now up along Hat Creek."

That was when the trail call stopped for a long time and all you could hear was the hounds yelping and whimpering in misery over some trick the coon had played. It purely looked like Bandit had fooled them for keeps and the hunt had come to a stop.

At last one voice sounded the trail call again, a deep bell-like *"Oooooo-wahh, Cooooooon! Cooooooon! Cooooooon!"*

It was Roddy's little old black-and-brown pup telling it sweet that he'd found fresh sign again. Roddy jumped up, yelling and whirling and grabbed his father's arm. Father and Jeff were spooked up enough then to follow on another half mile. But soon Father was hitching along in pain from the holes in his old worn shoes, and he and Jeff took to a log again.

◆

Toward the end of the afternoon the dogs sounded the treed call. You could tell they'd just sat down on their tails round that tree and moaned. The coon was a goner now, Roddy thought, as he dragged at his father's arm to hurry him on. But Father just said, "They ain't reely treed that old scutter, son. Likely he's just roundin' back home by the overland route—through the top branches."

Roddy ran ahead alone. Sure enough, it wasn't long before the treed call changed to a lot of wild yelping and bawling. Then from high up in some tree there sounded across the woods the squally bark of the coon. There was a sneery snickery laugh in that bark.

Father and Jeff started off through the woods on a short cut for home. If that was coon-hunting, Roddy thought—lazying on a log, talking and tipping a bottle all day—he was washed up with it.

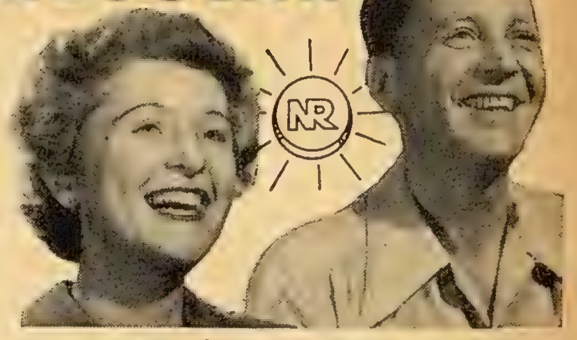
Old Darkus had shut down before they reached the river, but a three-quarter moon already in the sky took over where the sun left off, painting the river and woods in quicksilver and ink. Jeff and Father circled down to a place where the stream forked beside a big old sweet gum that grew close to the water. It was a tree with a big hollow in its base and another big hole twenty feet up the trunk, eaten out by some old fire. As they stood there a coon's head suddenly popped out of the top hole. It was Old Bandit himself.

Roddy never expected Father and Jeff to shoot the coon; the law of the coon hunt said that only dogs could do the killing. But he did figure they'd do more than stand there and laugh.

It was just about there that the dogs came up, tongues hanging, all muddy and bloody from the long chase. Not a dog thought of looking up, and there wasn't any scent on the ground because Old Bandit had reached his home tree through the top branches. The dogs never dreamed the coon was in that tree. And it was plain that Father and Jeff wanted it that way!

Roddy was the maddest kid to be found in five days' march as he followed them on back to the cabin. He was seeing a lot of things he'd never understood before. Mom, she was a mighty strong-minded woman—and she set a lot of store by some things, like her chickens and Roddy's amounting to something in life. Father set a lot of store by his dogs and his hunting. But his hunting was a fake. This hunt had been a fake. And Bandit's raid on the chicken yard was a fake.

It swooped down on him then—the thing he'd seen out back of Jeff's shed-house. There in Jeff's wired run he'd seen a pretty red hen—the spit image of Emily. He couldn't believe it was really Emily at first. He was afraid to. Then he had to, because he'd heard the funny throaty chuckle she made and seen her clucking out her orders, coming it over Jeff's chickens just as she'd come it over theirs. He had to believe it then. He was so glad, he could have cried, that Emily was alive, but he'd gone hornet-mad over the thing Father had done—lying and sneaking and making Mom and him suffer over it. He'd remembered how Father had been out till late the night before. Sneaking Emily down to Jeff's place! Because of his dog and because of the hunt, he hadn't spoken of it; but now, as soon as Jeff got his old lantern lit, Roddy faced his father in the dim yellow glow.



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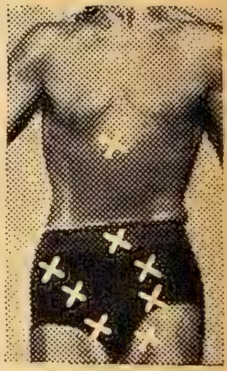

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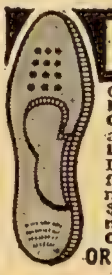

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"Pa, you got to tell me one thing. Bandit did come that first time, a week back, didn't he?" There was desperate appeal in his voice.

Father was sober all in a second, as if he'd never had a sniff of corn. "Yes, son, he come that time an' kilt him a hen—cross my heart an' hope to die. Guess you musta seen Emily."

Roddy gulped and nodded.

"We just had to have us a huntin' dog, didn't we, son? Well, the only way to get round your ma was Emily. So I just upped an' fetched her down here late last evenin'." He stood there blinking and grinning, the way he did in front of Mom. "I know, I know. It hacked you some, findin' Emily here. It hacked you we didn't smoke out the coon for the dogs, too. But Lordy mercy, a coonhound without a coon—that's just nothing. W'y, there ain't but a few coons left in these woods, son. Old Bandit, he's got to last us for a long-come-short."

He put out a gnarled hand to Roddy's shoulder. "Best darn kid you ever seen, by crimus," he said as if to Jeff. "Spit image of Cora when he talks up like that."

Through pain and tears Roddy was seeing the toes of a pair of worn-out shoes, the wet look on a pair of gaunt brown cheeks, the hole in an old brown sweater. And the man in the sweater was Father, and he was weak and sorry, ragged and pitiful. And the bent skinny figure behind him, just as sorry, was Jeff Keyser, the great hunter, tipping a bottle of whisky.

Roddy moved to the door so he wouldn't break out and bawl right in front of them.

"Mom'll prize up a big row," he said through closed throat. "I'm goin' home."

"Good boy. I'll be along right soon, son. We got some tall old talkin' to do to your ma, about the dog an' all."

Then Roddy was out in the cold dark with the wind and the dead leaves. The pup was right there, so close he kept touching Roddy's ankle. Roddy let the tears come then, for all his dreams of woods-prowling with hounds and a lot of the wonder of just being a boy had gone up in smoke that day. He guessed maybe the shoe Mom talked of was on the other foot at last.

But he did have his dog. Even though he'd never hone again to hunt from dawn to dark and be like Jeff Keyser, he had a crackajack ketch dog with the sweetest voice from here to yonder. He sank down beside the trail and held the dog close and warm against his chest, and under its ribs he could feel its heart beating strong and steady as a little old turbine. ◆ ◆

LABOR: FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE

Continued from page 17 • • • • •

Ouvrière, now has 600,000 members.

Moscow's labor puppet in Latin America, the once-dangerous Lombardo Toledano, was neatly checkmated by the new democratic Inter-American Confederation of Labor. Toledano's strength has dwindled steadily for the past two years. He now controls an estimated 800,000 workers, compared to the new Confederation's 4,000,000.

In Norway, free labor's anti-Moscow sentiments extended to the political field. The incumbent Labor Party, backed by the Federation of Trade Unions, supports both the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact. It was returned to power in the 1949 national elections, but the Communist Party, which elected 11 legislators in the previous election, failed to win a single seat.

Labor groups in both Canada and the United States also did some Communist housecleaning last year, notably the C.I.O.'s purge of its fellow-traveling electrical workers' union. But the most serious setback to Russia's timetable for global dominance of organized labor was the 1949 split-up of the World Federation of Trade Unions.

The W.F.T.U. was organized just prior to the end of World War II. It was the era of the visionary. Diplomats, military men, labor leaders—all had sincere hopes of postwar co-operation between democracy and Communism. Among them were America's C.I.O. and Britain's T.U.C., which joined forces with Soviet state-run unions to form the W.F.T.U. Fifty-three other nations were also members. There was one major absentee: the always Red-shy American Federation of Labor.

Looking back on those days when some men's eyes were on the stars, C.I.O.'s mild-mannered Philip Murray has no regrets for having tried.

"In January, 1945, while the Big Three were meeting in Yalta in the hope of working out the basis for One World," Murray recalls, "the C.I.O. joined with the British and Russians in organizing the World Federation of Trade Unions. We knew the reasons for doubting the Communists' good will. But we were convinced that every effort to bring the people of the world closer together should be made. It was our doubts, and not our hopes, which proved correct."

In its first year the W.F.T.U. showed real promise. Then came the "cold war" in international politics.

That's when the Reds took the wraps off, revealing fellow travelers in many key W.F.T.U. jobs. Instead of a world labor movement, it degenerated into a Communist ideological agency, the postwar revival of the Popular Front movement.

Double-crossed and disgusted, Britain's T.U.C. and America's C.I.O. walked out. Canada, Belgium, and

The Netherlands followed. So did other democratic labor groups, adding up to a secession movement of almost 15,000,000 workers.

Discredited but still powerful, the W.F.T.U. now has an estimated 54 to 60 million workers under its control. Eighty per cent of its strength is in Eastern Europe and Communist China. Russia itself claims 27,000,000 trade-unionists, although by U. S. terms, none of them has even the bargaining power of a "company" union.

The W.F.T.U. split-up confirmed the belief of many old-time labor chiefs that Communism and free unionism can never be working partners. Documentation on that score is a favorite topic of David Dubinsky, aggressive, outspoken president of the International Ladies Garment Workers.

Ever since Dubinsky beat off Red attempts to infiltrate his union in the mid-'20s, he has been hounding them wherever and whenever possible. He warned the C.I.O. in 1935 that any working alliance with fellow travelers was pure folly. In 1948 his union's $250,000 financial aid to dissident Italian labor groups tided them over the crucial early days after they withdrew from the Communist-dominated C.G.I.L.

Words as well as dollars have been weapons in U. S. labor's fight against world Communism. The A.F.L. international bulletin, printed in four languages and distributed monthly throughout Italy, Germany, France, and Latin America, documents slave-labor conditions in Russia's satellite countries. Its authenticated reports have dispelled numerous misconceptions about Russia as the workingman's Utopia.

"The real test of Red strength," says George Meany, secretary-treasurer of the A.F.L., "is their ability to call a successful general strike. Czechoslovakia was the prime object lesson. Within 96 hours after the Communists got control of the labor movement, they pulled a general strike and set their own terms. Within seven days they had control of the government."

◆ Communism, however, is not the only enemy. Resolutions at the London meeting also cited Spain, Peru, Venezuela, San Domingo, Nicaragua, and Argentina as totalitarian states where labor is oppressed.

Headquarters of the new international labor organization are located in Brussels, with regional offices at strategic spots throughout Europe, Asia, North and South America. Day-to-day operations of the I.C.F.T.U. are under the direction of its general secretary, J. H. Oldenbroek, chief of the Dutch transport workers union.

Significantly, the I.C.F.T.U. constitution contains no reference to Socialism or nationalization of industry as a political-economic goal. Socialist leanings of labor groups in Britain, Belgium, Switzerland, and France are not reflected in the constitution. The omission is regarded as a concession to American influence. Despite their domestic differences, the C.I.O., A.F.L. and United Mine Workers' delegates worked in close harmony at London to insure a strictly democratic labor organization.

Commenting on the absence of any Socialistic tint in the new constitution, the U.M.W. delegate, Paul K. Reed, said:

"Like Communism, Socialism is an attempt at government-imposed security through nationalization of industry. As John L. Lewis has often stated, the U.M.W. has always opposed such false economic philosophy. We believe in free enterprise and free labor movements, and we oppose government domination of industry just as we oppose government-controlled labor movements. The fact that several pro-Socialist unions in Europe have joined in this new labor confederation is tacit admission that American labor has progressed further under the U. S. system of free enterprise."

◆ One of the more important byproducts of the London conference was the rapprochement effected between America's two major labor rivals, the C.I.O. and A.F.L. The two old foes worked in perfect unison.

The A.F.L.-C.I.O. unity on international questions may eventually be reflected in domestic policies. Future merger of the two groups is common discussion around Washington these days. In off-the-record remarks, officers of both groups indicate that merger is possible.

Despite its bright beginning, leaders of the new world labor organization realize their war against Communism is a long-range operation. As long as poverty, exploitation, and insecurity exist in the world, there will always be Communism or some other ism to nurture on man's misery. That is why the I.C.F.T.U. insists the positive approach is the only effective way to fight Communism.

"The I.C.F.T.U. is organized for positive purposes to work with all free trade-unions to insure greater productivity, efficient production, and a higher standard of living for all people," says James B. Carey, C.I.O. secretary-treasurer. "It was not organized primarily just to oppose Communism. It fights primarily the social and economic conditions in which Communism finds its best opportunity to flourish."

The last line of an editorial in the Textile Challenger, monthly paper of the Textile Workers of America, is probably the best summation of why free labor is the strongest bulwark against Communism.

"Organized labor in the free nations," the editorial says, "knows that Communism has nothing to offer but its chains." ◆ ◆

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Continued from page 59

third one, something did happen.

Some motorists think they can tell a hitchhiker's character by his clothes. Philpott says the criminal he picked up was well dressed. Another autoist slugged by two young hitchhikers observed that even a criminal can be wearing gray slacks and a tweed jacket. There are uniforms in every attic, the war-surplus stores advertise them continually. As a result, our postwar crime files are full of cases of motorists who were slugged or killed by criminals in uniforms.

Taking a hitchhiker into your car has been compared with bringing a panhandler into your home. It is much more dangerous. The average home has no one movable item as valuable as a car. Moreover, unlike anything in a home, an auto helps the thief make a quick getaway.

Not long ago an elderly woman, out driving one morning in Florida, gave a lift to a hitchhiker. Just before getting out, the hitchhiker said he had something to tell her: never pick up another hitchhiker. His story: that he hit the highway that morning determined to steal the first car he got a ride in; that he got in with her, planning to shoot or slug her, pitch her out in the piney woods, and drive on; that he couldn't do it because she reminded him of his mother. You don't believe it? Well, the woman did. She had seen his gun.

A motorist who for years picked up hitchhikers—until two took his car and almost his life—tells me he believes many hitchhiking crimes are unplanned, spur-of-the-moment assaults and robberies, partially the result of too much temptation. He recalls, and every motorist will corroborate, how common it is for a hitchhiker to say, "You got a lovely car," or "I wish I had a car like this." The car doesn't have to be new or luxurious to overstimulate the criminal type.

A retired California schoolteacher, crossing the country in her 13-year-old Ford, picked up two young hitchhikers to help her with the driving. In Utah, while fixing a flat, the hitchhikers decided to steal the car. They agreed to drive on with the teacher until one of them gave the signal for attack by singing Love Letters in the Sand. With the opening bar, one hitchhiker hit the woman in the head with a mechanic's hammer and threw a blanket over her. The two then took turns beating her through the blanket. Then the two pushed the dead body out of the car, rolled it into a ditch, drove on.

During the war there were valid reasons to pick up hitchhikers in uniform. The danger to the motorist was negligible and the male civilian motorist who wouldn't risk it had a strange set of values. Often a lift meant the soldier got home a day earlier. The fare he saved was not so important as the time. Often a serviceman got his pass at inconvenient hours—no train, no bus.

Today there is no more reason for a motorist to pick up hitchhikers than for a bus to provide free rides. The argument that it doesn't cost the motorist anything to let the hitchhiker have the empty seat represents absurd reasoning. It would be just as valid to say that because no extra cost is involved, a householder should let a tramp have the empty bed in his guest room. Further, except for the opportunity to rifle your pockets and steal your car, a motorist doesn't give a hitchhiker anything of real value. A motorist hauling a hitchhiker 35 miles may easily exaggerate the value of his gift—it's actually the equivalent of about a 75-cent bus ride.

The average hitchhiker — and this includes college boys—is as able to buy a bus or rail ticket as the average motorist is to pay his own bills. Stories about sick mothers in Alabama or jobs in some far-off city should fool no motorist. The fact is a penniless man in Chicago with a job waiting in Los Angeles has various ways of getting rail or bus fare. Travelers Aid will help legitimate persons like that get, for example, an advance from the employer. As for commuters hitchhiking because they lost their tickets and came away from the office without any money, Travelers Aid has petty cash for legitimate cases of that type.

Even if you want to risk losing your car or life, there are other reasons not to pick up hitchhikers. It encourages begging, truancy, lawbreaking. There are 23 states with laws against hitchhiking, and in the other 25 there are towns and cities with ordinances against it. Motorists picking up a hitchhiker are quite likely to be helping him violate some law.

Then there is the financial risk—in 21 states a motorist is liable for any injury to a hitchhiker in an accident, though the motorist's negligence is minor. One hitchhiker collected $3,250 because his host took his eye off the road a second to dial the radio. Even if you are covered by insurance, your policy can't keep you from having to spend day after day in courtrooms. One motorist, as the result of giving a college boy the equivalent of a 26-cent bus ride, had to go through years of litigation. From a motorist's legal financial viewpoint the college boy might be called the most dangerous hitchhiker—injure him and he can sue, whereas the criminal wouldn't think of suing.

Another reason not to pick 'em up: it helps some criminals flee the law; others to hurry on to more crime. Several years ago an Illinois burglar fresh from Joliet prison began hitchhiking about the country with his girl friend. Motorists helped this pair hitchhike 10,000 miles on an 18-state crime tour that included 27 hold-ups and three murders.

The women who flag passenger cars may be even more dangerous. For instance, two Tennessee girls whom motorists hauled around until they murdered a middle-aged Indiana farmer. For two years motorists helped Sandra Peterson, a redheaded girl from a Massachusetts reformatory, move from coast to coast. She hitchhiked from job to job, with a numbers racket in Florida, cafés in California and Texas, gambling houses in Reno. Last summer she got a lift with a Texas real-estate man, shot him with a .32 revolver, left his body in a ditch. Ten miles from the death scene she failed to make a turn, hit a pole, wrecked the stolen car. That made no difference—she got out and hitched another ride.

This has been going on for more than two decades—case after case after case. You can help end it by taking a few obvious steps.

First, refuse to pick up any hitchhiker; let it be your firm policy and then you will not weaken for someone who looks young or dresses well.

Encourage friends, business associates, and employees to ignore hitchhikers. If you have salesmen on the highway, supply them with "No Riders" windshield stickers.

As a voter you can back laws against hitchhiking. If your state has no law, help get one.

Finally, insist that the laws be enforced. There's not much sense in state troopers chasing cars that exceed the speed limit and ignoring hitchhikers illegally beckoning at motorists. If you belong to an auto club, find out what you can do to get more enforcement or stronger laws.

Meanwhile, don't pick up hitchhikers. ◆ ◆

NEW-STYLE BOSSES

Continued from page 38

low his ideals. They feel he has faith in them, and repay with faith.

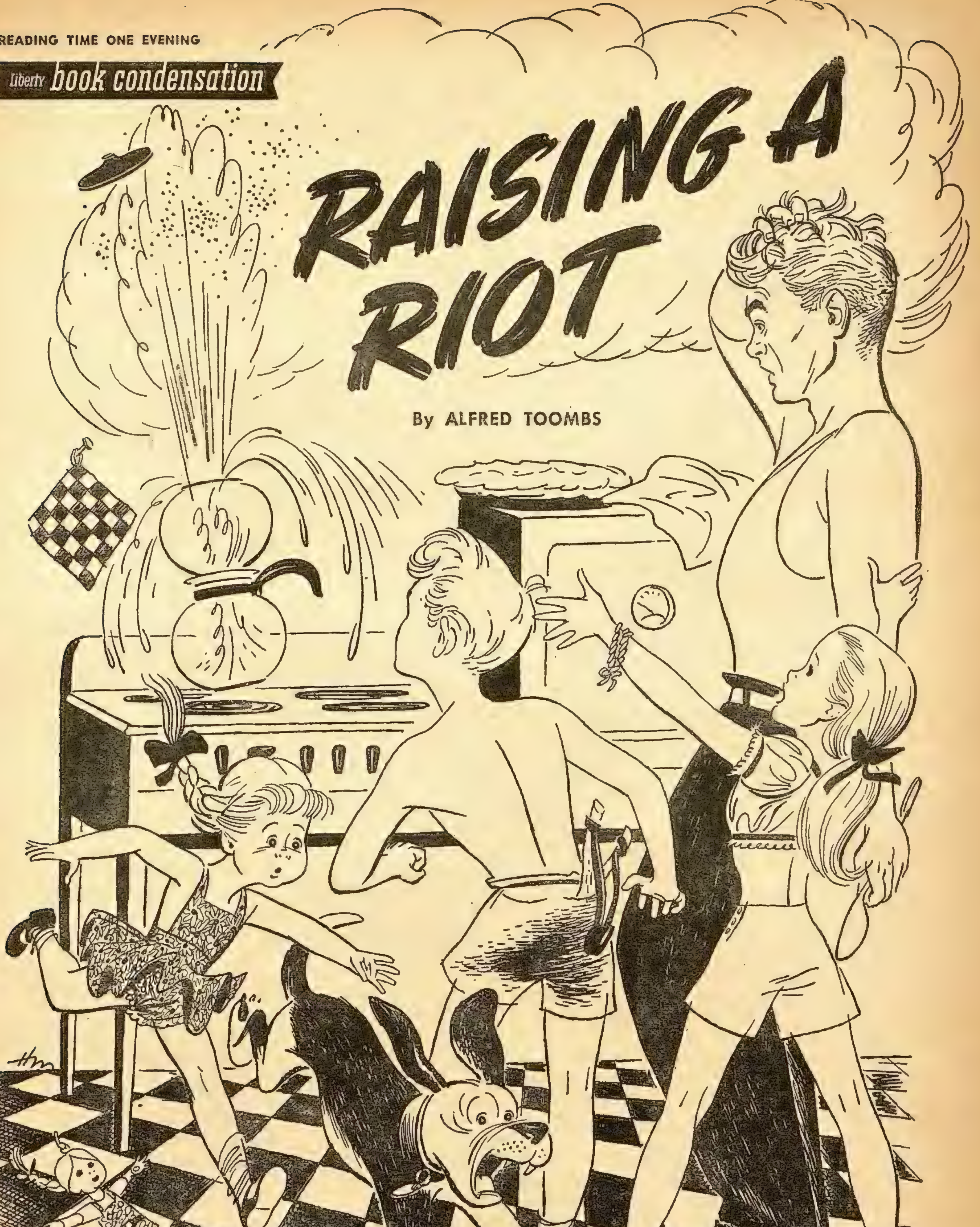
To the alumni of Harvard Business School, Clarence Francis, chairman of General Foods Corporation, gave this Hippocratic oath: "I believe that a business's greatest assets are its human assets and that the improvement of their value is both a matter of material advantage and moral obligation. I believe, therefore, that employees must be treated as honorable individuals, justly rewarded, encouraged in their progress, fully informed, and properly assigned, and that their lives and work must be given meaning and dignity on and off the job. . . . *if I have the supervision of so much as one person, I will strive to honor these principles in practice.*" ◆ ◆

READING TIME ONE EVENING

Liberty book condensation

RAISING A RIOT

By ALFRED TOOMBS



Illustrated by Hal McIntosh

Liberty book condensation

I HAD arrived in New York after three years of the war in Europe, to find my wife packed off on the doctor's orders for a complete change and a therapy that might go on for years. My harassed mother had been minding our three children until my return and she was beginning to look like a candidate for a rest cure herself. She had suggested that we all move to Washington to live with her, but I had declined the invitation.

"Me for the country," I said gaily. "If you and Dad will let me, I'd like to go down to the island for the summer."

The "island" is a summer cottage which my family owns in southern Maryland. My father loves the place. But because of its remoteness and the hazards it presents to the sensible housekeeper, my mother will have none of it.

"Bad as things are," she said, "you have to think of something worse. What will you do for a living in the country?"

"I want to go back to writing."

"And who can you get down there to cook, clean house, and watch over these three wild Indians?" she asked.

"Why," I said casually, "I'll do it myself, of course. I'll just have to get them organized — something women don't understand. Then everything will take care of itself."

I still remember the strange way she looked at me—for such a *long* time.

Larry, who was ten years old, could not picture himself leading The Full Life without a movie house and a corner drugstore nearby. Lynn, who was seven years old, seemed quite willing to take her chances anywhere with Daddy. Our youngest, Leslie Eugenie—whose name, for understandable reasons, has been shortened to Janie—was only four years old. At that age, it is difficult to visualize the difference between a few hours and a few months out of the future, and so this radical move seemed to her to be as routine as a week-end visit.

When we arrived in Washington, we taxied to my family's home, where I planned to take on water and provisions. Until I set out for the super-market that day, my shopping experience had been limited to the purchase of an occasional loaf of pumpernickel. Not only was I ignorant of what to buy, but also of how much. The children began to stack up my shopping cart with cereal—choosing only the kind with their favorite comic characters on the box—and quantities of peanut butter, cookies, jam, potato chips, and fruit juice. In the process, Janie upset one of those pyramids of eggs, and so I found myself buying three dozen eggs, more or less damaged. The only things I could find at the meat counter that I could cook were hot dogs and hamburger. Then I started to wonder where the vitamins were coming from, so I wandered over to the vegetable department and began to fill a sack with spinach. Turning to a lady shopper, I asked how much spinach it took to feed four or five people.

"You'd better get a bigger bag," she said. "It'll take two or three times as much as you have there."

My eyes falling on green beans next, I got another big bag. By now the helpful lady had moved on, so I couldn't ask her, when I had filled it, whether five pounds of green beans was too much.

It started to rain just after we crossed the city limits. It was one of those midsummer cloudbursts. Out of the back seat where children, suitcases, and groceries were struggling desperately for *lebensraum,* came a small, insistent voice.

"Daddy?"

"What is it, Larry?"

"I just saw a sign that said there's a kennel—one mile ahead."

"In this rain, you want to stop and look at dogs?"

"You promised . . ."

This, I told myself, could get serious. Mustn't let the kids down the very first thing. We finally agreed upon a fat floppy-eared female beagle hound and resumed our journey.

Getting out of the car when we reached the cottage, I paused to look around. It was here that I had spent my summers as a boy. At high tide, a river and a creek join across the neck of land connecting our property to the mainland—and so we call it "the island." I looked at the small white cottage for a moment before entering. It was a place which my father had largely built and rebuilt himself, on week ends and vacations. Well, this is home, I told myself, and opened the door.

◆ Dawn came early the next morning—earlier than I can ever remember. During the war, I had learned to sleep through air raids and shell fire, but I found that three children getting up in the morning make much more noise. Mine came out of bed swinging and yelling. The minute I opened my eyes I had an awful feeling that I was behind with my work. I staggered into the bathroom and prepared to shave as usual. Then it occurred to me that I had better put the coffee on first. The children were already clamoring for breakfast. That over, by dashing wildly in all directions at once, I managed to get some housecleaning done before it was time to start cooking dinner. Then I hurried to do the dinner dishes, so I could get back to housecleaning; racing through that so I could keep my promise to take the children swimming; rushing in from the river to clean up the mess the puppy had made.

Dazed and glassy-eyed, I collapsed into a chair later in the afternoon to find myself staring at the face of a clock which warned me that it was time to get supper on the table. By the time the meal was over, I was on the verge of complete exhaustion. Still, by dint of long years of practice as a husband, I made the trip from the dinner table to an easy chair. I sank into the chair in a normal after-supper stupor, waiting for someone to clear off the table and wash the dishes. It was a few minutes before the awful realization burst upon me that no one was handy to perform this little task for me.

When the dishes were done, I made my way unsteadily back to the easy chair—but I had hardly touched bottom when I remembered that there were three children to put to bed. After that, by calling upon what seemed to be my final ounce of strength, I was able to get to the bedroom and throw off my clothes. I flattened myself out on the mattress with the relaxed finality of an egg dropped on concrete. Just then I remembered that I had forgotten to put fruit juice in the refrigerator to chill for breakfast.

In those first days, I never moved at a pace slower than a dead gallop. There was never a moment, dull or otherwise, that I could call my own. Housekeeping was certainly the hardest job I had ever tackled. It requires the use of all known muscles—and some which we have not yet developed—plus a considerable amount of intelligence and all of the virtues. Other jobs tax a number, or perhaps all, of these resources, but housekeeping is the only one that's run on the 140-hour week. My feet swelled, my hands puffed up, my back ached, my head spun. But still there was something more to do.

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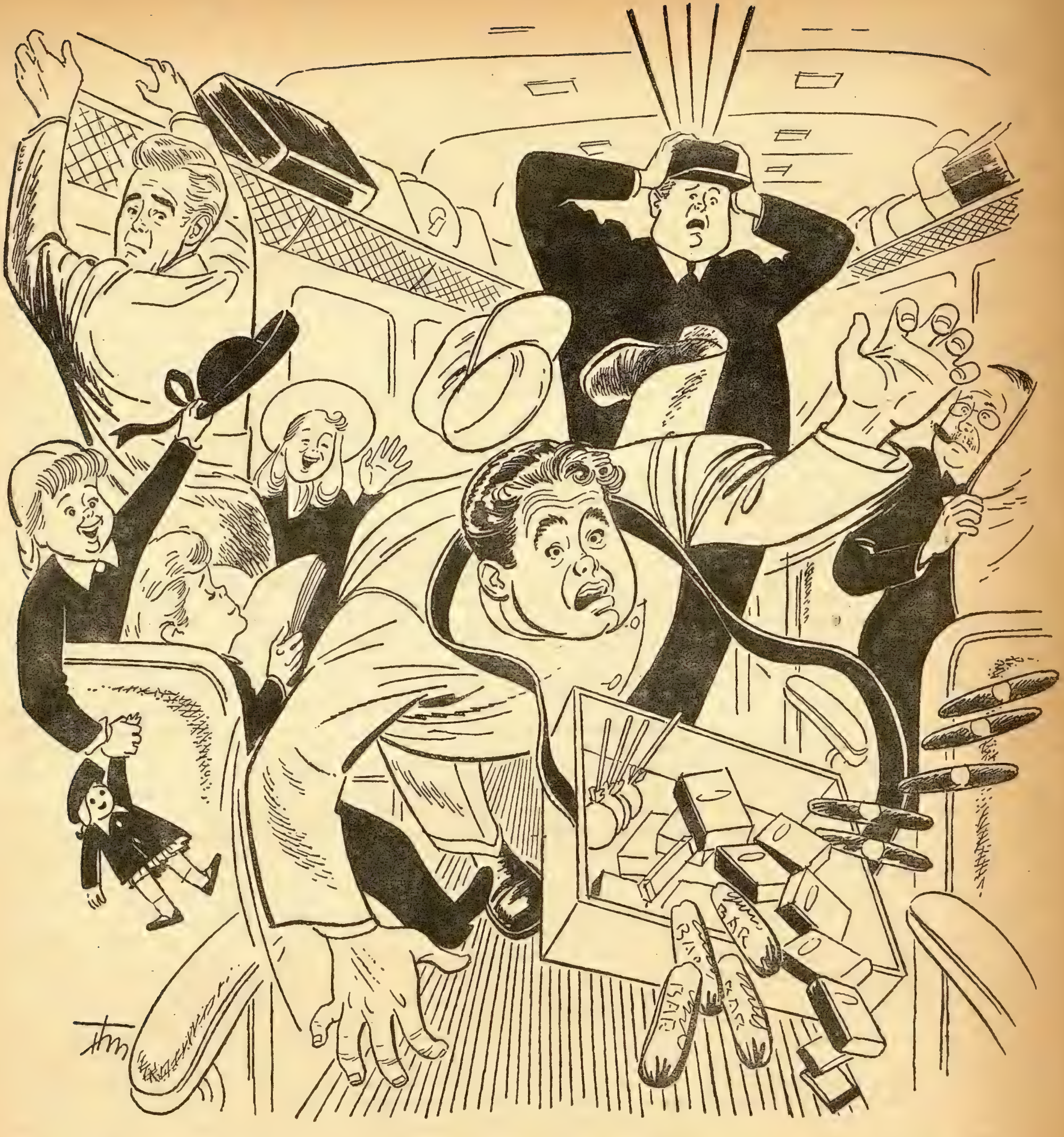


Within fifteen minutes after we boarded the sit-up streamliner my children had tripped the candy butcher.

◆

I attributed the chaos marking my first weeks of housekeeping to my lack of familiarity with the field. But when conditions continued to get worse rather than better, I called the children together and said:

"This is getting to be too much of a job for me. You kids are big enough to help with things around here. We could run this place like an army. I'll be in command. Larry can be the first sergeant. Lynn can be a corporal, and Janie will be the private. When I have a job to do, I'll give the orders to the first sergeant and he can organize a detail to do the work. The corporal and the private take their orders from the sergeant, and you have to do what he tells you. I'll hold him responsible if the work isn't done properly."

"Oh, boy," said the sergeant, "all I have to do is make them work."

"No," I said hastily, "that's not the idea at all. You're supposed to be the leader. You have to do your share of the work, to set them a good example."

"Oh," he replied, much let down.

"But you'll get more pay than the others. Each of you gets paid according to rank."

The first little cloud on the horizon appeared one day when Janie came to tell me that she was tired of being the private.

"Ever'body gives *me* orders," she pouted.

"You've been doing such a good job that I've been meaning to promote you," I said, after a moment's thought. "From now on you can be a private first class and get a nickel more pay every week."

"But who'll be private?" she asked.

"Tinker," I said. "Tinker can be the private and then you can have somebody to give orders to."

"But Tinker's uh dog. How can uh dog be in uh army?"

"Sure she can. Ask Larry to tell you about the K-9 Corps."

This seemed to satisfy her. But, as time went by, I began to understand what Janie was really protesting against. The first sergeant had become the funny-paper personification of the tough-guy top sergeant. He never spoke to the girls, but always barked at them. The girls began to get balky and to talk back to him and, as much as my sympathies lay with them, I felt that I had to back up Larry's authority.

"The thing he likes best," I explained to the girls, "is to be able to boss you this way. Try to figure out what he's going to yell at you about before he *can* yell. That'll cure him."

◆ The next morning when Larry rushed into their room at seven-thirty to begin the horrendous din with which he usually awakened his sisters, I heard him give a loud shout. The girls were up already. Furthermore, they were dressed and had made their beds and washed themselves. Larry scurried around for a few minutes, looking vainly for something he could give them an order about. But he could find nothing.

"Okay," he said grudgingly. "As soon as I get cleaned up, we'll have inspection."

"You've got to make those girls stay in bed in the morning," he complained to me next day.

"Why?" I asked.

"How can I have reveille if everyone is already up?"

As the days went by, the sergeant was reduced more and more to complaining that the girls were doing their jobs too well.

"This army's no fun any more," he protested.

"No? Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. The girls won't do it right."

"I thought they were doing fine."

"It's no fun. Can't we have something else?"

"I'll have to talk to the girls," I said.

By now their tongues were hanging out from all the anticipatory work they had been doing, and they, too, were willing to call it quits. So that night we had appropriate ceremonies for disbanding an army and I paid everyone off. The kids went to bed, happy in the knowledge that there would be no contest the next morning to see who could get up and dressed first. This thought was not quite so consoling to me, and I lay awake for a long time, thinking.

"Some way," I kept telling myself, "this thing can be organized. Some way."

◆ All my difficulties paled into insignificance, eventually, before the onslaught of the greatest menace to orderly housekeeping that the world has even known—my father. I have never known him to use hard language or hard liquor or even opium. He never shows more than a flicker of interest in a passing blonde. But for the past twenty-five years he has devoted his week ends to putting this cottage up and tearing it down; installing electricity, water, and sewage systems, and moving tons of earth from one place to another.

I had always looked with tolerance upon these activities, assuming that, as weaknesses go, this one of his was better than most. But when I started trying to cook three square meals a day in the house where he was conducting his operations, I began to take a dimmer view of the whole thing. Doors would suddenly be moved and I would find the main stream of traffic shifted from one place to another.

Three or four weeks after we had moved into the cottage, I heard an unusual amount of hammering and sawing going on in the living room. At the time, I was trying to concentrate on halving a cookbook recipe and so I didn't take the trouble to rush out and see what was being demolished. When I did wander out into the room, I found that Dad, with his little hatchet and saw, had removed about one third of the side of the house.

"Going to put in a fireplace," he announced proudly. "Been trying to get around to it for years."

"Hm," I said, and studied the hole in the wall thoughtfully for a while. Then I said: "Didn't know you could lay brick."

"Oh, I could do this myself, but I don't think I will. Going to get some bricklayers down from town next week or the week after."

Father left that Sunday, cheerfully suggesting that if it started to rain I could cover up the hole in the house with some canvas. Having the side out of the house did, of course, improve the view—no glass or screens to distort or obscure the natural beauty of our yard. Then the children could come in through the side of the house without using the front or back door, and I didn't have to worry about the screens being open. In fact, so many insects came in through the hole that I opened the front screen so they'd be able to find their way out. Birds, particularly, seemed to have trouble locating the place where they had entered.

By early September I had been housekeeping for nearly two months. During that time I had cooked 168 meals; had made 13 pies (5 with meringue); had baked 493 biscuits, with no recorded fatalities; had made 187 beds, washed 1,834,851 dishes (estimated); walked the equivalent of six times around the world without leaving my own house; and had swept enough dirt off the floor to fill the crater of Mt. Vesuvius. When I informed the children that we would have to go back to the nice, warm city, their howls of anguish were prolonged and repeated.

"No," said Janie firmly. "I wanna stay here, wif alla sand."

"But it's going to get cold here," I said. "And you kids have to go back to school."

"Aw, you know more than any old teacher," said Larry. "Why don't you teach us at home?"

"Yes, Daddy, yes," shouted Lynn, jumping up and down.

"I'll teach my dolls," said Janie. "You won't have to do 'at."

◆ I didn't agree immediately, but when the middle of September arrived and I had found no place in the city to live, I called the children together.

"I've written to some people in Florida," I told them, "and maybe we can go down there for the winter. I don't think there's much use in starting school. We'll just study at home."

I sent a hurried note to my father asking him to bring down an assortment of textbooks when he came for the week end. Meanwhile, by ransacking the cottage, I did manage to find an old book on penmanship and a French grammar, reminders of my bright resolve in some bygone year to study during summer vacation. So, for the rest of the week, we specialized in the arithmetic tables, penmanship, and elementary French.

At last a telegram came:

"Have furnished cottage at fifty-five dollars monthly. Near stores and school. Wire if you want it."

◆

On a frosty November afternoon we boarded one of those sit-up streamliners, bound for Florida. A hush fell over our coach as I swept in with my flying circus and, for all of thirty seconds the children stared around the car in wondering silence. Then, with a series of loud explosions, they got back to normal. Within fifteen minutes they had put both of the car's drinking fountains out of commission, had tripped the candy butcher, and had started a small flood in the ladies' room.

I had brought along a collection of games, puzzles, and comics. A sailor on one of the seats behind us joined in and we managed to keep the children occupied until we reached Richmond.

"I'm going to the club car," he announced then. "This is too rough."

"Can I go with him, Daddy?" asked Larry.

"Sure," said the sailor. "I'll buy you a bottle of milk."

Their departure made room for the rest of us. The car was full, and with four of us squeezed into two double seats, there had been just enough room to breathe. An hour later I left Lynn to watch over her sister and started out for the club car, where I found Larry and his friend. The sailor had finished thirteen bottles of beer and Larry was on his fourth bottle of milk.

"Can I stay here all night?" Larry asked.

I told him that he could stay for a little while longer and I went back to the girls. I persuaded them to lie down on our seat, and they were asleep in a few minutes. That left nowhere for me to sit, so I went to the smoking compartment. Larry came back after a time and sat with me. I sent him out to look at the girls a little later and he reappeared to announce:

"Gee, Daddy, everybody must have gotten off the train."

I walked back with him and found that our end of the car, which had been packed solid an hour before, was now deserted. The sailor was stretched out on an entire seat, dead to the world, with his feet dangling in the aisle. Larry and I picked out seats and went to sleep.

It was still rather dark outside when I woke up, learned our station was next. The sailor was still snoring peacefully and Larry was all for waking him up so that we could say good-bye, but I persuaded him it was better to let sleeping gobs lie. We went to the coach vestibule to wait for the train to pull into our station. While we were standing there, the sailor appeared suddenly.

"Rough voyage, huh," he said. "How'd you like the way I cleaned that car out for you?"

"Did you do that?"

"Sure," he grinned. "I started the rumor that the little girl had chicken pox and they all beat it to the lounge car."

He laughed and leaned down to pat Janie on the back. Suddenly he straightened up, his grin at half mast.

"Hey," he said. "Look at the kid—she *has* got something."

I leaned over quickly and inspected her. "She's got something, all right," I said, "and it *does* look like chicken pox."

"My aching back," whooped the sailor. "And I ain't never had it."

At this moment the train ground to a stop.

"So long," I yelled to the sailor, but there was no answer.

I looked around hopefully for my friend John, who had promised to meet us. He was not there and my heart sank. Then I noticed a couple of young men hurrying toward us.

"You must be the folks we're looking for," one of them said.

Then he went on to explain that John had been called away and had asked them to meet us. They were to take us out to John's house, where we were to stay until we could get into our own place. After I told them our troubles, they immediately took charge. They drove us to John's house, got a doctor, obtained medicine, brought us food, and called for Tinker, the puppy, at the express office.

◆

"Gee, they're nice to us," said Lynn.

"That's southern hospitality," I explained. "Down here, people are very kind to strangers and do courteous things for them. You children must remember that and you must be extra polite while you're here."

While I was spending most of my time around the house, watching over the chicken-pox case, Larry and Lynn were out exploring the neighborhood. They had both had chicken pox when they were younger, so they were in no danger. In their journeys they found an alligator farm which they visited once a day, and an orange-juice stand, which they visited twice a day. It was one of those places which advertised "All the Orange Juice U-Can-Drink—10 cents." I would give each of them a dime when they set out after breakfast and another dime when they left after lunch and would forget about their citrus vitamins beyond that. One day they didn't ask for their dimes after lunch and I wanted to know why.

"The man said we could only come once a day from now on," Lynn said.

"Why?" I asked. "Haven't you children been polite?"

"Well," said Lynn thoughtfully, "he told us that since we came here, he'd been losing money."

"Aw, he's just an old sourpuss," Larry blustered. "Why, Lynn hardly ever drank more than six glasses at a time."

"And ten was the most you ever drank," said Lynn.

◆

One afternoon Tinker, the beagle, went off with the children, but when they returned, she wasn't following them. They said that she had started home an hour before, and so we set out to look for the dog. I went toward the woods behind John's house and Larry walked over toward the highway that ran some two hundred yards away. He had been gone only a short time when I heard him cry:

"Daddy! Daddy!"

There was more anguish in that cry than I ever remember hearing in a human voice. I started running. When I reached him, he was standing beside the little dog's body at the side of the road, crying, and I took him in my arms. After leading him back to the house I had to tell the girls what had happened. Then I went out to bury Tinker. When I got back to the house, the children were wailing at the top of their lungs. I broke down and joined in myself. It was two or three hours before we could pull ourselves together.

"I tell you what," I said. "Why don't we start a beagle kennel up in Maryland? We'll name it after Tinker—call it the Tinker Kennels. Then we can have lots of little beagles running around."

I don't know what made me broach the idea—because I had been vowing, until that moment, that we would never have another pet.

"Could we call them all Tinker?" Larry asked.

"How would they know when to come?" Lynn demanded. "You'd call one Tinker and the bunch of them'd come running."

"No," I said, "why not just give them names that begin with 'T'—like Tippy, and Topper, and maybe Tonker?"

The children were enchanted now, so we went on building up this paradise for beagle hounds. After I had put them to bed that evening, three of John's friends called on me. I told the ladies the story of our day. The following morning one of them came back.

"I woke up thinking about those poor children," she told me. "I just had to come over and ask you all to come down for dinner today."

I accepted and spent the morning getting the children presentable.

"Now, for heaven's sake, remember your manners," I warned them. "You're going to get some southern hospitality and I want you to be very polite. If they have something for dinner that you don't like, eat it anyway and act as if you enjoyed it."

After dinner our hostess said she wanted to take the children for a ride. Half an hour later they came back, and the children were shouting excitedly.

"We went out to her sister's house," Lynn said, "and they had lots and lots of cats. There were a lot of children, too. So her sister asked us if we'd like to have a cat, and I said sure, it would sort of take Tinker's place. So the lady yelled to her children: 'All right, everybody, grab your own cat.' So all the children picked up their kittens and there were just these two little ones left over. So we decided to take both of them. Aren't they cute?"

"I bet you're just furious with me," our hostess said, laughing. "I'll take them back if you don't want the kids to have them."

Just then Lynn looked at me archly. "It's southern hospitality, Daddy."

"Can we keep 'em, Daddy?" asked Janie.

"Why," I said, choking a little, "of course you can keep them. Now don't forget to say 'thank you ever so much.' We certainly are glad to get them."

Everyone smiled happily at that, except the kittens and me. We sat there quietly, exchanging looks of mutual suspicion.

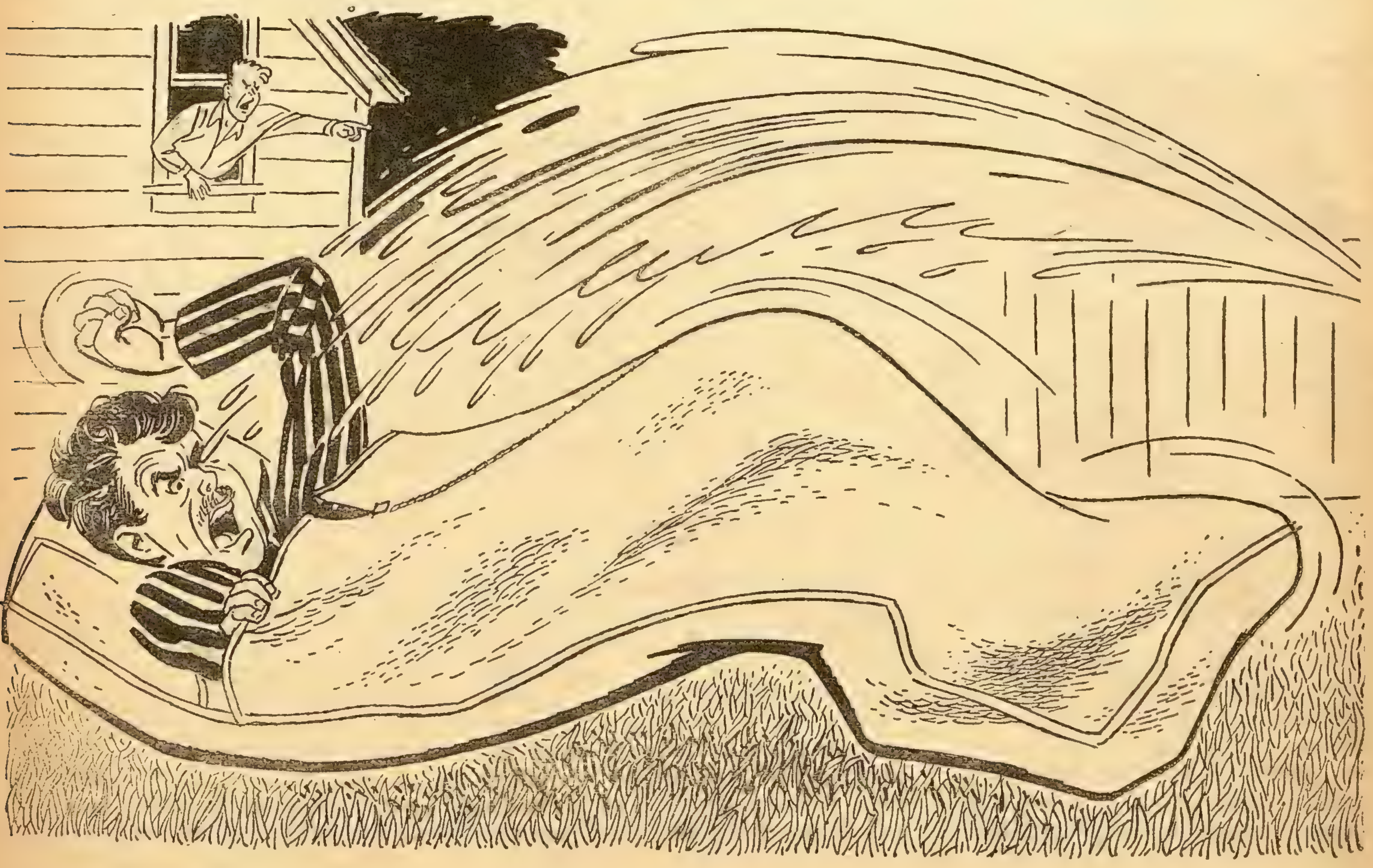
◆

In our village there was no place to buy Christmas presents or decorations. We lived twenty miles from the nearest shopping center and I had no car. Good old John told me not to worry, because he would drive out and take us to town to do our shopping. He failed to show up entirely the first three times he made dates with us. The fourth time, he arrived just as I was getting breakfast for the children.

"I haven't been to bed yet. Big party. I'll just take a little nap while you're getting the children ready," he said.

By three o'clock I would have called the coroner, if John hadn't been snoring so vigorously. I bought a couple of extra chops at the country store, on the theory that he might wake up in time for dinner. He did regain consciousness at five-thirty and then rushed off to keep a luncheon date. He was back at midnight with a small party of twelve. I locked him in the house all night and so we were able to get to town the next day.

John promised to come back on Christmas Eve to take us out to cut a tree. But on Christmas Eve I waited until an hour before sundown and decided by then that he



They saw Rodney in his sleeping bag. "I wonder if that thing really is waterproof," Larry speculated. Then I heard had confused this with some other day. There was no axe on our place, but I found a dull old hand saw and started down the road to find a tree. I was feeling so low that I thought I really should travel on all fours—a poor, lone, incompetent man, completely on my own, without a friend in the world, and it was up to me to make Christmas a wonderful thing for three little children. Yes, sir, I certainly was feeling sorry for myself.

◆

With my dull saw I hacked away for half an hour until I got a little tree down and then I dragged it along toward home. It was a half-mile walk and the sun had set before I reached the house. As I turned the corner, I saw John's car. The door was open and he was unloading a great armload of boxes.

"A fine guy . . . " I started to say.

"What's the matter?" he asked in surprise. "I got everything. *Everything.* Nettie McKay decided she wouldn't have a tree this year and she sent all their decorations down for you. Lights and everything. Presents for the kids from everybody in town."

"John," I said, "the trouble with you is that I can't even depend on you to be undependable." He gave me a blank look.

"Your family sent Larry a beagle puppy," he whispered. "I picked it up at the express office and it's in my garage. You can give it to him tomorrow when you come over."

When I was ready for bed that night, I took a last look at the tree and the presents stacked around it. I was suddenly overwhelmed by the thought of all the kindness that had made it possible. Yes, sir, there is a Santa Claus.

I had hardly gone to sleep when the children were poking me in the ribs to ask whether it was time to get up and open the presents. About nine o'clock I was surprised to see John's car pull up in front of the house. I began to understand this near-miracle when I saw that it was not John, but a friend of his, who was driving the car.

"John couldn't quite make it this morning," the friend explained. "So he asked me to pick you up."

I was able to pry the children loose from the tree, on the promise of more and better things to come, and we drove to John's house. We got him out of bed and he led us to the garage, unlocked the door, and a six-week-old beagle puppy, consisting almost entirely of ears, waddled out toward us, blinking at the light. Larry fell down on his knees, like an Aztec Indian at the first sight of a Conquistador. Lynn and Janie started giving off little girls' squeals of delight.

"What are you going to name him?" I asked Larry. "Jefferson Davis?"

"Tonker," he replied without hesitation. "Remember, we're going to name them all with a 'T' after Tinker?"

The puppy's yipping and the children's whooping created the kind of bedlam to which I had long since grown accustomed. But I could see a pained look on John's face and I realized that this was not at all the way he had expected Christmas to be.

"Let's have a drink," he said finally.

"Too early for me," I said. "*You* have a drink."

The puppy paused for a few seconds in the middle of the room and the inevitable happened. I hastened for a rag and John reached for the bottle again.

"I'll start the chicken cooking about one," I said. "What vegetable did you get?"

"I got some frozen peas," he replied, "and I got a pressure cooker for Christmas. Did you ever work one?"

"Nope," I said.

"It's simple," he assured me. "There are some directions with it and they look easy. Only takes a minute to cook peas."

I went out to the kitchen to get our chicken ready for the oven and was getting along fine when John suddenly remembered that he'd promised some friends down the road to bring us over for breakfast.

"Hell, John," I protested, "breakfast's finished hours ago. Dinner's cooking now."

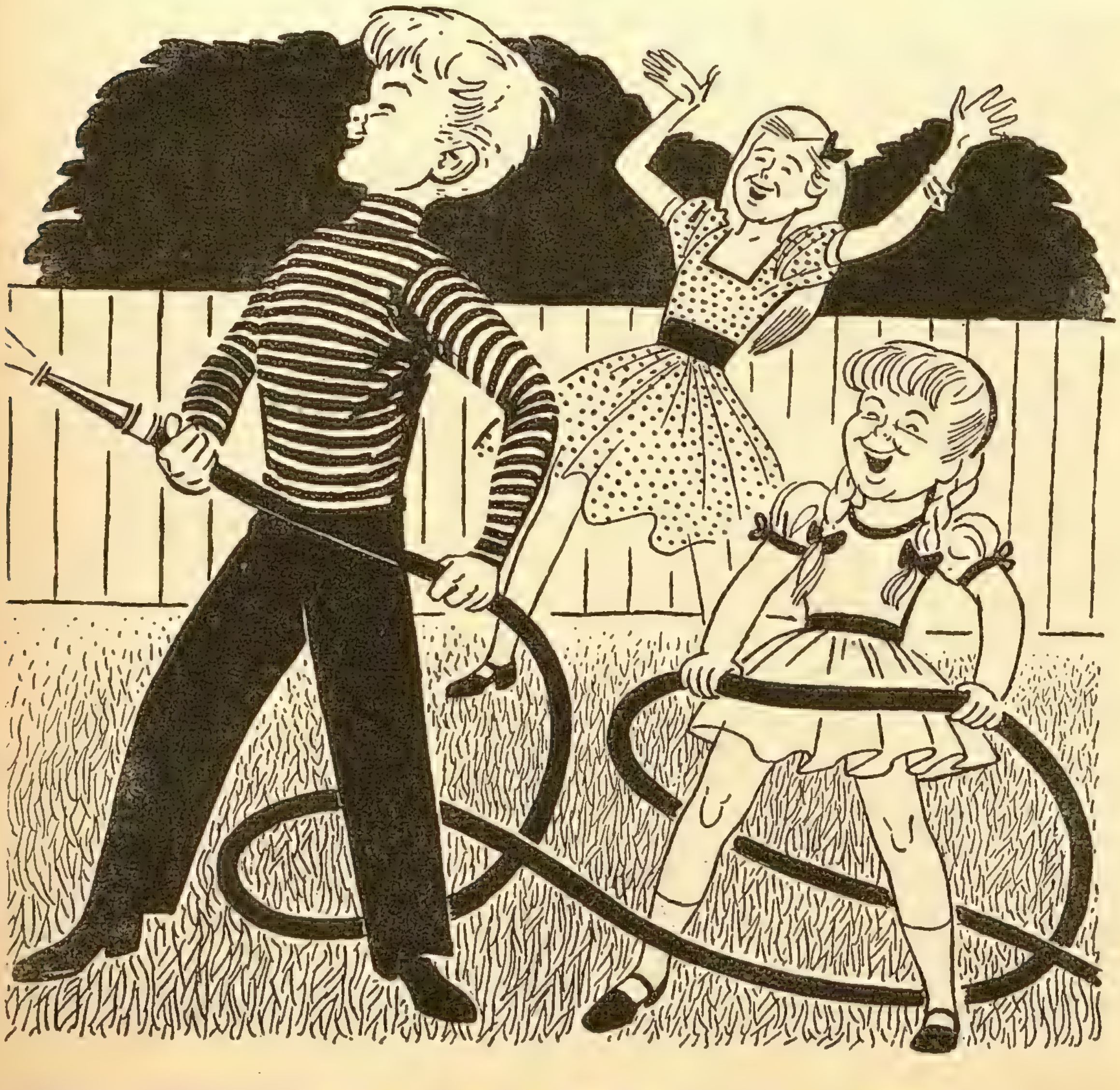
"We gotta go," he insisted. "Just for a few minutes."

"Let me get the chicken started," I pleaded.

"You're getting just like a woman," he complained. "Stop worrying about your dinner and come on. We'll be right back."

Breakfast, of course, had long since disappeared from our host's table, but it had been replaced by a large bowl of eggnog—from which it was difficult to separate friend John.

I finally put the chicken in the oven at the hour when I had originally intended to serve dinner. I gave



Rodney cry, "The sleeping bag is, but my face isn't, you little monsters!"

the children some sandwiches and milk to tide them over and began to put together a mince pie. It took me well over an hour, because company kept arriving and John would come out to the kitchen and order me to wash the dough off my hands and come out to meet the new arrivals.

"Al's cooking dinner for us," John would explain.

This remark always brought snickers from the women. I managed to peel some potatoes and I put them on to boil. It was getting late in the afternoon and normal people had finished their Christmas dinners and were going calling. So John's living room continued to seat a capacity crowd.

About five-fifteen I was fretting over my dinner in the kitchen, when I noticed that a strange quiet had fallen over the house. I peeked out into the living room. All the guests had disappeared.

"Good night," I said to John. "I thought you'd never get rid of those people. Let's for gawd's sake have dinner."

"You don't know how I've been looking forward to it," he said.

◆ John had me put up a card table in the living room, and I had the girls set the table. I was just ready to take the chicken out of the oven when the door opened and the night shift of company came in. I would sneak out into the kitchen every few minutes to baste the chicken and stir the potatoes, which were warming on a back burner. But still the guests showed no signs of battle fatigue.

The pie was cooked, although it had taken twice as long as any pie I had ever seen. The bird was as brown as a fallen leaf, so I turned the dial on the electric oven down low. I looked into the living room and it was empty. John was rubbing his hands in anticipation.

"Gosh, you don't know how I've been looking forward to this," he said.

There was something so wistful about his tone that I stifled any retort which might have come to mind.

"It'll be ready in just a couple of minutes, if this pressure cooker works," I said.

Then I heard the sound of new, strange voices. A fresh supply of company. I went in to greet them and then dragged John out to the kitchen.

"I've *got* to feed these children," I said frantically.

"These people will go in just a few minutes," he said. "I do *so* want to have Christmas dinner with you and your family."

Again it was that wistful tone that got me. I went back into the living room and sat down, having shoved the chicken back in the oven and restored the potatoes to the back burner. Some twenty minutes later the company rose to depart and I hustled back into the kitchen. But just as the chicken came out of the oven, four more people arrived. As soon as I could, I got John out of the living room.

"Old man," I said quietly but firmly, "I love you like a brother and I wish with all my heart that we could all sit down to Christmas dinner together. But if I don't feed those children right away, they are going to start showing the effects of malnutrition. I'll feed them out here in the kitchen."

I finished making the gravy and then set the pressure cooker into operation. After it had spit and snarled for a spell, I decided that the peas must be done and I put them aside. At this point John called me into the living room to meet someone who had just arrived. When I got back, my potatoes had burned. I chucked the potatoes in the garbage, set the chicken down on the table and dumped the peas in the serving dish. I got the children to sit down, took a look at their happy faces, and started to carve the chicken.

"Dull knife," I said, bearing down harder.

Finally I made an incision. The bird was running red.

"Oh well," I told the children, "we'll still have peas and gravy."

They had just begun to eat when John appeared in the kitchen.

"I got rid of everyone, finally," he said happily. "Now let's eat."

"John," I said, "there's something I've got to tell you. The chicken didn't get cooked. The potatoes got burned. Let's have a drink."

He straightened, snapped his fingers.

"Golly, I meant to get that oven fixed," he said. "It's been going haywire. The broiler's the only thing you can really count on. Look, I promised Nettie that we'd bring the kids by to see her. Let's go down to her house and she'll have some cold turkey they can eat. I'll tell her that this chicken she got is no good."

Nettie met us at the door and led us to the living room.

"Well," she said pleasantly as we settled down, "how were the chicken and dumplings?"

"Oh," said John, snapping his fingers again, "I forgot to tell you, Al. I wanted you to make some dumplings. I love chicken and dumplings."

"But, John," I said, "dumplings go with stewed chicken."

"And that *was* a stewing chicken I bought for you," said Nettie. "That's what you wanted."

"Is there any difference?" my friend John asked in surprise. "It's all chicken, isn't it?"

"I'm hungry," said Janie.

"Me, too," said Larry.

"I don't wonder," said our hostess. "Come on. We've got a lot of cold turkey in the kitchen."

◆ We had accepted John's invitation to spend New Year's Eve at his house. But of course there weren't enough beds to go around. In his exuberance, John had invited two other friends to spend the night. One, a magazine editor from New York, was farmed out, lucky fellow, for the sleeping part of the night with a neighbor. The other guest was a young man named Rodney, who was riding around the state on a motorcycle collecting snakes, a couple of which he had crawling over him at all times. The neighbor who put up the magazine editor offered to take in the snake collector, without his snakes.

"Don't worry about me," Rodney said. "I've got a sleeping bag and I'll just curl up out in the yard. If you'll keep the snakes in the house, that is, so they won't get away."

"But suppose it rains?" John asked.

"That's all right. My sleeping bag is waterproof."

By six o'clock the puppy had the children out of bed. John and I were doing our snoring indoors, while Rodney was sleeping at the foot of an old oak tree.

Lynn let the snakes out and the puppy had a fine time, for a little while, yapping at them. After a bit, this became boring. Then Larry remembered the alligator farm down the road and the three children set off. They took Tonker, but left the snakes behind because they couldn't find them. Lynn was very disappointed about this; she wanted to see if the snakes and the alligators would make friends. When the children wandered back to the house, they saw Rodney in his sleeping bag.

"I wonder if that thing really is waterproof," Larry speculated.

"Look!" cried Janie. "'Ere's a big snake."

It was a garden hose. A few minutes later certain sounds began to penetrate my consciousness.

"Huh, it wasn't waterproof at all," I heard Larry yell derisively.

"The sleeping bag is waterproof, but my face isn't, you little monsters," I heard Rodney cry. He was hopping around the yard, water dripping from his head.

At this moment John sat up in bed abruptly. He let out a hoarse yell and dove back under the covers. When he had sat up, he had come face to face with the two fugitive snakes, coiled up on the foot of his bed! Less than this has made wantons take the pledge on New Year's morning.

"Oh, there you are," said Lynn happily. "I've been looking all over for you bad little girls."

She started to pick up the snakes and they made for my bed. I ran for the door, yelling for Rodney. We collided head on.

"Where's my snakes?" Rodney demanded indignantly.

"I don't really mind the water in my face," he said tactfully, "but he shouldn't have put that bow tie around the snake. Might have choked him."

"Did you ever wake up on New Year's and find a snake with a polka-dot tie staring you in the face?" John said plaintively. "Al, I swear, I love those kids as if they were my own, but you've got to do something about them. They're running all over you."

This was an opinion which had been expressed, with perhaps less directness, on a number of occasions.

◆

A few days later a friend dropped in and mentioned a book on child psychology. I arranged to borrow it immediately. The book set forth the thesis that children should be rewarded for good behavior, rather than being punished for misdeeds. Without a moment's hesitation I bought this idea.

"We're going to start something new," I told the children. "How'd you like to earn a couple of bicycles?"

The response was enthusiastic.

"I've fixed up a chart," I said. "And you'll see things like Courtesy, Helpfulness, School, and so forth written down on it. Now, every day I'm going to give you a grade on these things, based on how well you behave and how you do your household chores around here. You'll get a mark on them at the end of the week and I'll give you a pay check, depending upon your grades. When you get enough money in pay checks, we can buy the bikes."

"How long will it take?" Larry asked suspiciously.

"Well, if you get a perfect score, you make two fifty a week toward the bikes."

He did some quick figuring.

"Gosh, you mean we can't get them for about twenty weeks? Couldn't you let us have the money now, and then, when we get the bikes, we could earn it?"

◆

As part of the new system, I gave the children a list of chores. I hoped to get rid of part of the housework and at the same time, by keeping them busy, allow myself more time for writing. The pay checks were rather meager the first week, and then the children saw that they'd really have to work in order to earn the money.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said. "You kids haven't been getting such good marks in school. So, for every 'A' on your report cards, I'll add five dollars to the bicycle fund."

That seemed to satisfy them and I knew that, as things stood, I was running only a small risk. For A's on their report cards were few and far between. This was not entirely their fault; largely it was the result of a local situation. When we moved to the village, I had become friendly with some people in our block. As time went by, I found that they were all active participants in a minor civil war which was raging over the competency of one of the teachers in the two-room school. My friends were solidly against the teacher and while I didn't have any feelings on the matter myself, I discovered that the teacher's supporters considered me their enemy.

I wasn't even aware of how deeply I was involved in it until the children brought home their first report cards. These showed low marks in reading and spelling—subjects in which I knew they excelled. I mentioned this to one of my local friends.

"It's because you're a friend of mine. She hates me," she said.

By then I was holding a commanding lead over the children. I had finished two thirds of my winter's writing schedule, while they had earned one third of their bicycle money, when our town was split at the seams by The Big Explosion.

After school hours the teacher, in a fit of anger, had slapped a child named Joan. The district school board was going to hold a hearing on the question of the teacher's competence. Everyone was going to be there, and that, it developed, included me. Someone would pick me up at eight o'clock and they had arranged for a high-school girl to watch the children while I was gone.

The meeting was held in the local high school with the teacher sitting with her friends on one side of the room. When I walked in with my friends I found that we were supposed to sit on the opposite side and glower at the other crowd.

"I reckon," said the school board chairman, "that there ain't nothing for us to do but let ever'body in the room get up and speak his piece. Now, what's all this trouble about?"

Everyone began to babble. Finally the chairman restored order and called on the mother of the slapped child to voice her complaint.

"It's a lie," the teacher kept crying out, as the story unfolded. "It's a dirty lie!"

◆

Suddenly a woman who was sitting near the teacher cried out: "Let us pray." She bowed her head and began: "The Lord is my shepherd . . ."

"The prayers of the wicked availeth nought," shouted someone on our side.

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," snapped back someone on the other side.

"If you'd only read your Bible," an elderly man was saying, "you wouldn't bear such malice in your hearts. Why, I'll bet that among you poor sinners there's no one of you who can quote a single chapter out of the Good Book!"

The chairman of the meeting finally succeeded in restoring some semblance of order and the testimony for and against the teacher resumed. Everyone at the meeting was expected to voice an opinion.

"The brother in the rear, there," I heard the chairman say, "the stout genn'man. What's he have to say?"

Rising to my feet, I felt about as much at ease as if suddenly my clothes had all fallen off.

"I came not to bear witness," I said, hoping it would sound like a Biblical allusion. "I've lived here such a short time that I don't think I should offer an opinion on this matter. I just came to hear what the others had to say."

"He is not a southerner," the teacher stage-whispered to a neighbor, "but he's the only gentleman on that side of the room."

About ten days later I heard the sound of running feet on the street. The first four feet belonged to Larry and Lynn and they burst in the door immediately. Ten or fifteen of their friends stampeded in after them.

"Daddy! Daddy! We got our report cards!" they yelled.

"Well, what's all the excitement? What's all the mob here for?"

"They want to see your face when you look at the reports," Larry explained.

"Here, first read this note from the teacher," said Lynn. I opened the envelope and read: "There has been some talk about favoritism in giving out marks. I certainly do not think you have any grounds for complaints, since I have tried to be very fair in grading your children."

Slowly I opened Larry's report card. Then, frantically, Lynn's.

"All A's on both of them," Lynn cried.

"That's thirty-five dollars you owe us both," Larry yelled.

"That's enough so we can get the bikes," Lynn whooped.

"No more courtesy. No more work!" cried Larry.

◆

In our village the fount of all wisdom was Buttons, proprietor of one of the local stores. He was gentle, infinitely accommodating.

"How're you going to keep that place warm?" he asked me on our first day in town.

"Oh," I said casually, "there's a fireplace, if it gets that chilly."

"Got any firewood?" he asked.

"No, I haven't."

"I'll get a boy to tote you some."

"I'd certainly appreciate it."

He told me about his feud with Old Man Holmes. It appeared that the old man had owned three lots in one block in town and had sold Buttons two of them, keeping the center lot for himself. Buttons had planned to build cabins on his lots, to rent by the week. But just when he was ready to start them, Old Man Holmes had announced he was going to raise chickens in a weather-beaten hen house on the center lot.

My firewood arrived as promised, but since the weather continued balmy, I used to joke with Buttons about the pile of wood. On New Year's Day my children were still swimming outdoors. Early in January we had a visit from my youngest sister. She travels a great deal and had just returned from Latin America. After a few days with us, she headed back to Washington. Since she had extra space in her trunk I shipped the children's winter clothes and our extra blankets back home with her.

Early in February, John made one of his never-kept dates to go fishing. The day before he was to come, the weather did something alarming. It got cold. I had to keep the fire going all day. About 3:00 A. M. I awoke shaking like a Model T Ford. Getting up to hunt for extra blankets, I remembered that I had sent all except one of them home with my sister. By turning on all the burners of the kitchen stove, I managed to get the kitchen warm enough to cook breakfast there. The temperature had gone down to forty during the night.

John rolled up in front of the house shortly before lunch. He was accompanied by a young lady, a child, and an ancient crone, dressed in a maid's uniform.

"What are we going to do?" I asked. "Fish through the ice?"

"It's too cold to fish," John replied seriously. "We're going to Orlando and have dinner with some friends of mine."

The maid was to look after all the kids. All was peaceful and the house seemed singularly warm when we got back, though the thermometer on the porch was registering thirty-five.

The fire died down during the night and I woke up shivering again. Crawling out of bed in the morning, I saw that the fields were covered with a heavy frost. On my way to the woodpile, I looked at the thermometer. It was registering thirty. By the time I had reached the woodpile, my blood had begun to freeze. I understood suddenly how they had been able to keep the house so warm the day before—because there were only three pieces of wood left out of what had been a big pile. I made the best fire that I could, turned on the kitchen stove full blast, and wrapped the children in a blanket. Then I headed for the store and my friend Buttons.

"Gotta have some wood, right away," I told him.

"Well, suh, don't think you're going to get it," he said. "The boy who brought your wood is in jail. And the other fellow who cuts wood was two weeks behind with his orders *before* this cold started."

Having bought my groceries for the day, I started home. And I was just turning the corner to my house when I felt a familiar tickle on the end of my nose. Yes, it *was* snow. Within a few minutes it was coming steadily, mixed with sleet. When I reached the house, I found my children, each dressed in the only two sweaters that I had held out for them, dancing around happily in the front yard.

"Snow," cried Janie happily. "Des like New York."

"Call the janitor," I suggested, "and tell him we want more heat."

It hit twenty-two during the night.

"Why don't you collect all those little urchins who usually congregate here." I suggested next day, "and the whole bunch of you see if you can find some firewood around town?"

They set forth merrily and Janie was back in a few minutes with some excelsior. The older children were gone for a couple of hours. But then I looked out to see Larry and Lynn, with a dozen or so helpers, happily breaking up old planks.

"Where'd you find it?" I asked.

"Oh, up the road. We can get all you want."

"Well, bring us a big pile and I'll buy you all a treat."

◆

For the rest of that Saturday afternoon, Larry and his seventeen dwarfs hauled planks and half-rotten two-by-fours until it looked as if I had wood enough to last out a winter in the Yukon.

"Where are you getting all this?" I asked finally. "I hunted all over town and darned if I could find any wood."

"You just don't know where to look," Larry replied.

The next day it was just as cold as it had been outside, but the fat pine kept the house almost comfortable. We spent most of that Sunday near the hearth, making valentines. The sun came out the following morning and the house slowly began to warm up. By lunch time, I had let the fire die out and, seeing that the weather had returned to normal, I started to the store. There I found Buttons in high good humor.

"If you come back here next winter, you can live in one of my cabins," he said happily.

"What about the old man's chicken house?"

"It got tore down over the week end," he said.

"Somebody tore it down?"

Buttons gave me a puzzled look. "I don't rightly know," he grinned, "but I heard some children tore it down and sold it for firewood. The old man's out looking for them now."

I left the store abruptly and ran all the way home. By the time I reached the house I was sweating profusely in the bright sun. Shucking off my sweater, I began to move the rest of the woodpile into my living room. But because of the condition of my blinds, the wood was clearly visible to anyone passing by. My only thought now was to destroy the evidence. So I kindled a blaze and began to stoke the fire.

By now the mercury outside had climbed into the high seventies, and I could see tourists taking sun baths on the beach. But I shucked my shirt and threw more wood on the fire. In the living room the mercury had long since passed ninety and was now in the general area where a blast furnace is maintained. I went outside for a breath of cool air. Just then a neighbor passed and noted the column of smoke coming out of my chimney.

"You still cold in there?"

"Just a little," I replied, wiping the sweat off my face quickly.

After that, I decided to stay in the house. So, all during the afternoon, I remained in the room burning wood —with the Florida sun beating down on the roof. I stripped down at last to a pair of shorts, and was waiting with grim determination for the hour when my son and heir would come home from school. Just a few minutes before he was due to arrive, I had managed to burn all the wood—except for one small plank. Now I sat down, with this in my lap.

He burst into the house in his normal fashion, but ground to a sudden stop when he saw me.

"Wow!" he said, "it's hot in here. What's the fire going for?"

"Come here, Junior," I said in no uncertain tone. "Bend over."

"What'd I do?"

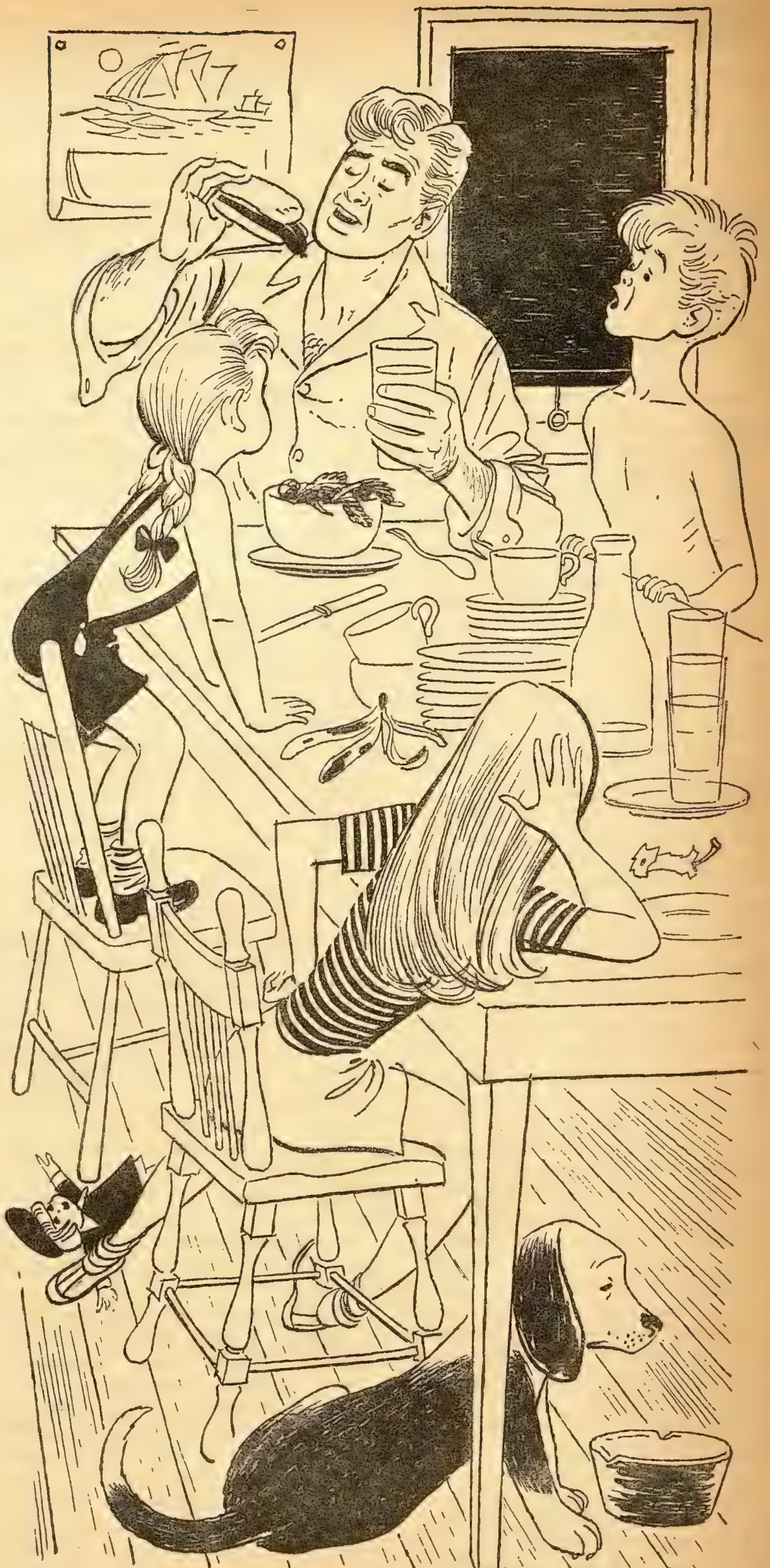
Before answering that question, I made a sound connection between the paddle and his backside.

"This," I said, winding up for another swat, "will teach you to go around tearing down people's chicken houses without asking them."

Wham! went the paddle again.

"Wait a minute, Pop. He said we could have it."

I paused in mid-air. "Old Man



"Don't we get any dinner?" asked Larry hungrily. "Turnip greens," I said, "and milk."

Holmes said you could have his chicken house?" I demanded incredulously.

"No. That wasn't his chicken house we brought home. That was Luther's old cow shed. He said we could tear it down."

"Well, then, who stole Old Man Holmes's chicken house?"

"Oh, that was some gang of kids from over by the tracks. The sheriff's picked them up hours ago."

◆

I have seen houses hit by bombs that were in better shape than our cottage when we returned that spring. During the winter my father had spent some week ends in the place. We had exchanged some correspondence on the subject of a vegetable garden. I had agreed that it might be a good idea to raise fresh produce for the table, and he had volunteered to get the ground ready. But I was hardly prepared for what he now showed me. He had hired a farmer to plow up about half the ground around the place and had then proceeded to plant almost every vegetable known to grow in the Western Hemisphere.

"You'll have to take care of this," he said. "I'm going to be too busy with carpenter work this summer. If a man's time is worth anything," he added thoughtfully, gazing at the expanse of garden, "I'm not sure this would be such a good idea."

Since returning to Maryland, my children had been very busy. Lynn was trying to promote better relations between the two tomcats and the local song-birds and between Tonker, the rabbit hound, and the local bunnies. By the time she had convinced a bird that it should not show hostility toward the cats, one of the cats would chase the bird. And by the time she had convinced a rabbit that Tonker's intentions were honorable, she would find that rabbit chasing Tonker.

Larry had fallen easily and naturally into the role of the junior Senator from Maryland. He had gone off on this task as a result of reading a school book on governmental affairs. This had led him to read two more books, explaining in detail the workings of all the bureaus of the federal government. After that, he had studied the U. S. Constitution and written a critique of it. Now he was having the *Congressional Record* sent to him and, even worse, was reading it. Naturally, he had small opportunity to pick up his own clothes, wash dishes, or hoe the corn.

One night I heard an experiment in child psychology dramatized on the radio. I pondered this lesson and finally called my youngsters together.

"I've got a new idea for us," I said.

Larry groaned loudly, because by now he had come to understand that most of my ideas had the concept of work as a basic tenet.

"Let's pretend this is the wilderness," I said, since that didn't require anyone to stretch his imagination too far, "and we are pioneers who have just moved here. Now we've got to set up a sort of government and all of us work to take our living off this place."

"I'll write a constitution," proposed the junior Senator eagerly.

For the next few days he was busy at his desk. At last he called together the little band of hardy pioneers and read us his masterpiece, which began;

Preamble: We, the United Toombs of America, in order to establish justice and insure liberty, do ordain and establish this Constitution.

After hearing the first reading of this historic document, I complimented the junior Senator from Maryland and then asked, "But where is all this 'compensation' coming from? Everybody seems to get compensation for everything."

"Oh," he said, shuffling through his papers, "I guess I forgot to read you Article 9. Here it is: 'The Treasury shall obtain its money by taxes, i.e., income taxes. The Treasury shall pay compensation.' "

"But I'm the only one in the family with any income," I said. "I'll be the only taxpayer."

"I know," he said calmly.

"Well," I observed, "all you've got here is something about how I can't punish anybody and how I have to pay a lot of salaries. Where does it say anything about work?"

"Didn't I get that in?" Larry asked sheepishly.

For the next hour we engaged in the sort of log-rolling and back-scratching that would have done a southern legislature proud. I introduced a law making it an offense to create a disturbance before 8.30 A.M. Lynn objected to this on the grounds that it would interfere with her early morning roller-skate practice on the front porch. She introduced a law requiring Larry to do the dishes every day. Larry brought in a law making it mandatory for the girls to set and clear the table, and I suggested a rule to hold each child responsible for keeping his own room clean.

For the first few days court was in session almost constantly. Larry loved the legal proceedings and he was like a zealous motorcycle policeman when it came to hauling his sisters before the bar of justice. They retaliated. As for work, I did manage to get the pioneers to do some hard labor. Each of them chose their favorite vegetables and took sole care of them. The household chores were divided up and *done.* Finally I relaxed, and then, of course, the thing began to give at the seams. I waited for a couple of bad cases and took them before our court. But I discovered that public opinion was against me and the offenders were let off with extremely light penalties.

A few days later the junior Senator called a session of Congress, and without any prior warning to me introduced an amendment to the Constitution. It provided:

"No citizen shall be forced to do involuntary work."

The children sat there expectantly, waiting to hear what I would have to say. I held my tongue.

"Isn't there any discussion?" asked Larry, bewildered.

"I have nothing to say," I replied.

◆

And so the amendment was passed without a dissenting vote. The next day I found—as expected—that any work at all was to be considered involuntary. About ten o'clock the following morning Lynn knocked on the door of my bedroom. In view of the fact that she and her sister had been playing hide and seek around the house since seven, the gentle knock seemed hardly necessary. I told her to come in.

"Are you sick?" she asked.

"No. Why?"

"Well, I just wondered. You're usually up much earlier than this."

Then Larry bustled in. "Hey," he demanded, "what about breakfast?"

"I don't think I'll fix breakfast this morning. Involuntary work," I said casually. "I just don't feel like cooking any more."

"But what are we going to eat?" he demanded in outraged tones.

"Fix whatever you want," I said amiably.

"Oh boy, oh boy," all three children shouted as they dashed for the kitchen.

That afternoon I weeded the turnip patch and picked a mess of greens. I went to the store later and bought two hot dogs and several bottles of milk. I washed one glass, one plate, one knife, one fork and one spoon. Then I set one place at the table, by pushing aside enough dirty dishes to make room.

"Gee, don't we get any dinner, either?" asked Larry hungrily.

"I'd be glad to share my turnip greens with you," I said. "And there's plenty of milk."

"No hot dogs?"

"Nope. Just got two for myself. Didn't want to have to carry a lot of involuntary stuff home from the store."

While I sat there munching my hot dogs and feeling like the proprietor of a very run-down orphan asylum, the children washed enough dishes for their dinner. I gave them generous helpings of the greens and plenty of milk.

The next morning I was awakened by the sound of Larry and Lynn in the kitchen. It was half an hour later that my door opened and the procession of children entered. Lynn was carrying a cup of colored water which was supposed to be coffee. Larry was carrying some charred bread which might have been toast.

"Well, this is a surprise," I said, as if I had just awakened. "Where did you find enough clean dishes?"

"I washed the dishes," said Larry.

"I dried them," said Lynn.

"And I swept uh floor," said the small fry.

"It's very nice," I said. "And this was voluntary work, wasn't it?"

"We thought we'd have a session of Congress," said Larry.

"Another amendment coming up?" I asked amiably.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "we guessed we'd better repeal that one about involuntary work. It didn't seem to work out so well."

"No," I said, trying to choke down the burnt toast, "it didn't."

◆ A man down the road from us owned a lime tree, a most improbable bit of tropical vegetation to find in Maryland. Every time Larry passed it he would think of a new argument in favor of growing limes. One day he came home in a state of wild excitement. The people who owned the lime tree were moving, he told me, and had said he could have the tree.

I was deeply engrossed at the moment in the preparation of a plum flummery. So I said absent-mindedly, "Okay. You can have it."

He went away happily and I forgot the whole matter. A few days later I was walking to the store and passed the home of the man who owned the lime tree. He called to me from the yard.

"Say," he said irritably, "when are you going to get that damn tree out of here? Larry promised you'd be down to dig it up. We're moving day after tomorrow."

"We'll be down this evening," I assured him finally.

The tree was covered with cleverly hidden spikes about two inches long and sharp as needles. It wasn't such a big tree—not much taller than I. But the struggle would have been more even had I thought to wrap myself in barbed wire. Finally I decided that if I could dig up all the roots, the tree would have to topple. Then I could put a rope around the blasted thing and drag it down the road, since it was patently impossible to grip it anywhere.

◆ It was hot that day and the lime tree had a root system that reached in all directions. After half an hour I was ready to chuck the whole show, but the owner was standing on the porch, tapping his foot impatiently and watching my every move. So I dug and dug. I followed those roots down into the bowels of the earth—through rock, water, sand, and something that looked like iron ore.

The tree's owner had his supper out on the front porch, where he could keep an eye on me. My children were half-starved now and whining for their supper. But I carried on grimly. Finally the tree toppled—right on top of me, of course. I went down with a crash, like a monarch of the forest, and landed on Larry. By the time they got a rope on the tree and pulled it off me, you could see daylight through every square inch of my hide. Then I started to tug on the rope, figuring that if the kids and I got enough of a head start, we could get away without filling the crater in the man's front yard. But he had anticipated this maneuver, and just as I got the tree moving I heard him clear his throat. I looked back to see him standing on the edge of the excavation.

"It would make a nice swimming pool," I suggested cheerfully.

But he was not impressed with the idea.

"*Well,*" I said, and commenced filling in the hole. The moon had risen before I had finished and started dragging the tree home. I only had a short rope, and so every time I took a step, the tree would creep up behind me and jab me in the rump.

"Boy," said Larry when we got home, "now we can have our own limes."

I started in the house to fix supper.

"Hey," said my son. "Aren't you going to plant it?"

"Who, me?" I asked testily. "I dug it up, isn't that enough?"

It seemed to me, when I thought it over later, that I was being a little unreasonable. But now I decided to wait and see whether Larry would at least start to plant the tree himself. If he did I had decided to help him. But next day Larry made no gesture toward planting the tree. Every time I passed the hateful thing and saw its leaves wilting, I thought of all the agony I had gone through. That night, after the children were in bed, I dug a hole and stuck the damn thing in.

The next morning I slept later than usual and Larry came in to awaken me.

"Hey, Daddy," he asked, "who planted the lime tree?"

"Lime tree?" I said.

"Yeah. I wonder who could of done it."

"The gremlins, maybe," I said.

Just as I was putting breakfast on the table, Lynn came to me sorrowfully and asked, "Could I have a nickel of my next week's allowance?"

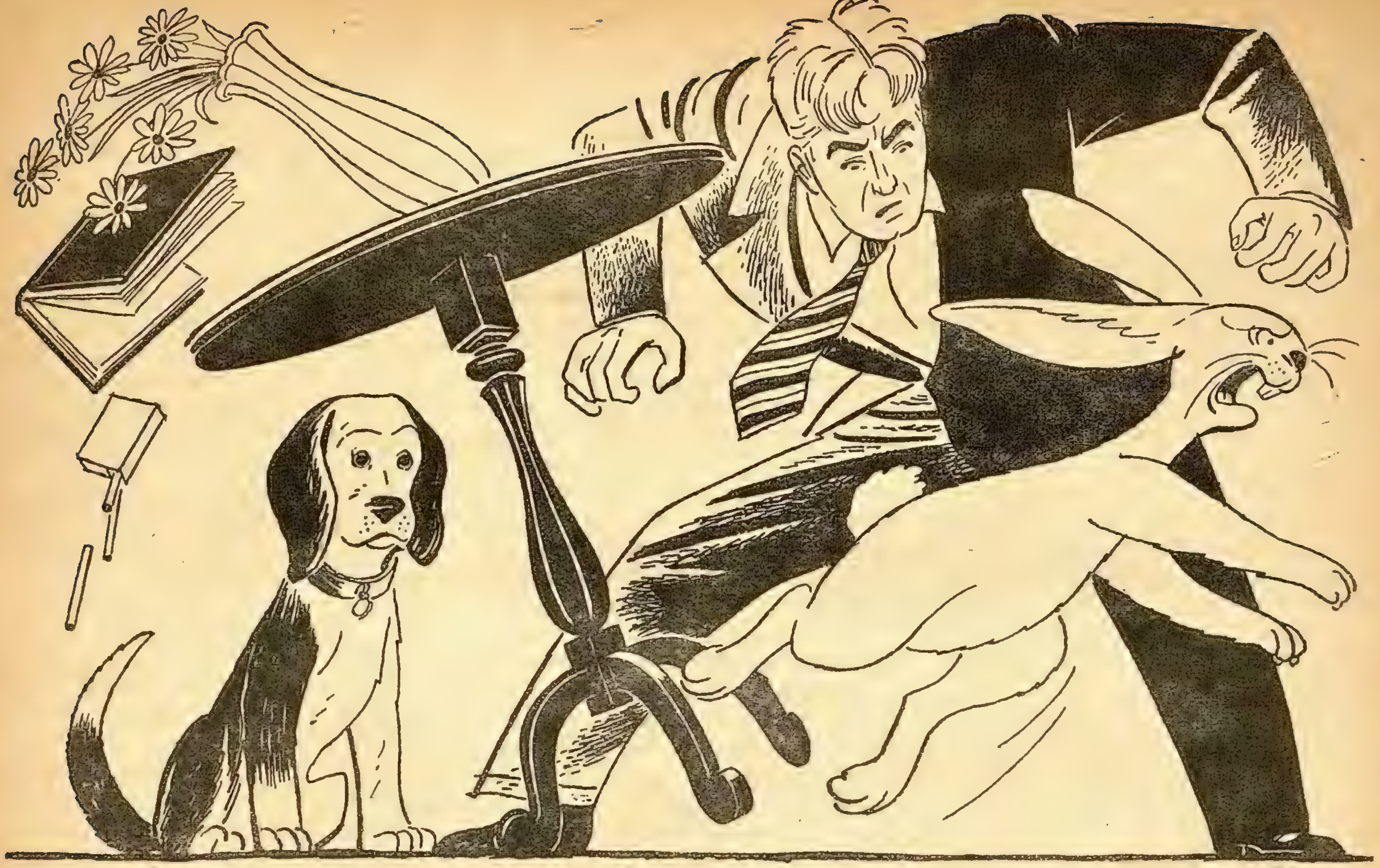
"What for?" I replied.

"I owe it to Larry. I lost a bet on you."

◆ Every summer house comes equipped with week-end guests. They brighten, or darken, the host's life for a couple of days and then depart, leaving in their wake a stack of dirty dishes and an odd assortment of single stockings, bathing-suit tops, and keys to houses in town. The loss of the latter is never discovered until the guests are well on their way and imposes upon the host the necessity of making a rush trip to the post office on Monday to catch the first outgoing mail.

Our main week ender, of course, was my father. His week-end visits were undertaken with the sort of spirit in which a missionary goes forth to make a call on a tribe of headhunters. He came every week, determined to set us aright, and went back a bitter, defeated man. The other members of my family—my mother and my sister—did not come so regularly. I suppose this was because it took them so long to rest up between visits.

The minute either of them walked into the place, they saw things that had to be done. The girls would get shampooed, the closets would be



Philip took it out on the cats, chasing them around the living room. The cats, dismayed, committed acts of violence.

cleaned, or the curtains would be washed. Mother almost always left some small monument to her visit, such as a jar of cookies or a lemon meringue pie.

As for my friends, I can say that I always warned them what they were getting into. I told them that the house and its parts—faucets, electric switches, doors and windows—were subject to change without notice. I warned them that the place was populated by small fiends, who wouldn't think of sleeping past six-thirty in the morning, who left fish-hooks hanging in the dark corners of closets and who kept pet snapping turtles in the wash basins. I told them about Tonker who liked nothing better, after a frolic in the black swamp mud, than to curl up in someone's open suitcase for a nap. I told them about the cats, who specialized in playing tug-o-war with nylon stockings.

After I had told them all these things, I felt that they were forewarned and I refused to accept responsibility. Once they reached the premises, I did not expect them to do much but defend themselves.

There were some skeptics who did not believe that life could possibly be as wild and woolly as I pictured it. Among these were two of my closest friends, a married couple, who decided that they would come and see for themselves. They were due to arrive one Friday. This was at the time when the water system was doing its best to drive me back to civilization. It broke down in three or four places the day before my friends were to arrive, and I telephoned to my father and suggested that he get in touch with the friends and postpone their visit. I spent the next day in a vain effort to restore the water system and didn't even have a chance to give the house its normal pre-week-end cleaning. When Dad arrived, I went out to the car to meet him, and there, of course, I found my friends, smiling happily.

"We decided to come anyway," they said. "Things can't be as bad around here as you say."

"But the water . . ." I started to say.

"There's plenty of water in the river for us," one of them said cheerfully.

This was one of those great truths which I love so much. My only problem, then, was to get the water from the river to the house. This I did by hand, filling numerous buckets, cooking utensils, and dishpans with salt water for use in the bathroom. I went to sleep that night in a considerable state of exhaustion. But I was not so tired that I could sleep through the noise that followed. The first time I was awakened was when the lady guest, groping toward the bathroom in a strange house, wound up instead in a washtub full of salt water. She had wedged herself in, so that it was necessary for me to assist her husband in getting her out. An hour after we had restored order, Dad got up and put his foot in a dishpan full of water and his fervent curses awakened me again.

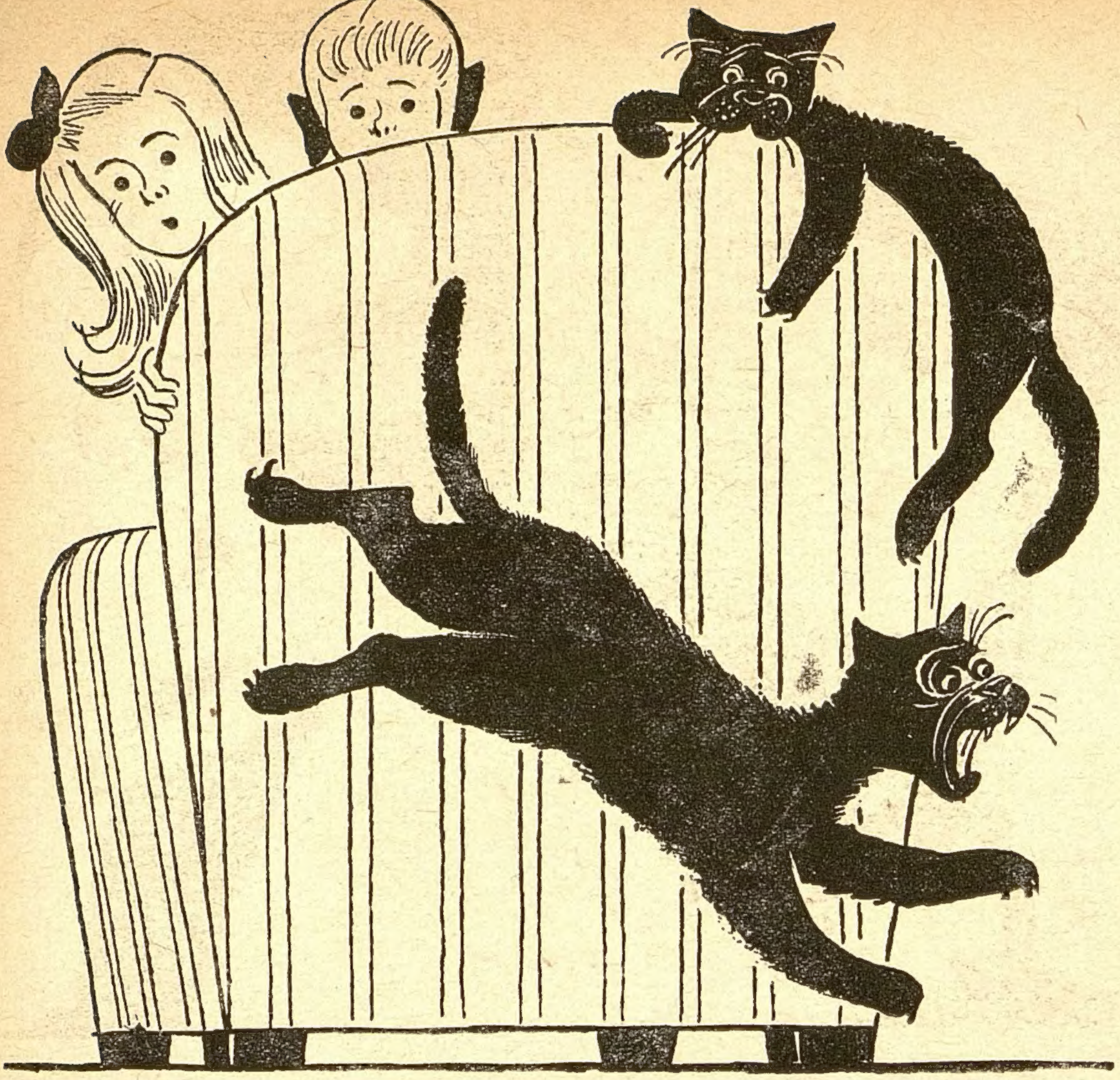
It was almost dawn when Tonker started to chase the cats around the house. One cat and Tonker fell in the fresh-water bucket, and the ruckus which resulted from this awakened everyone. After all this, I hoped to be able to sleep late, but I woke up to find Father standing by my bed.

"Are you going to sleep all day?" he asked, and I could see that he was quite annoyed.

"Groomph," I said sleepily.

"Your company's up and dressed and waiting for breakfast. My goodness."

"What time is it?" I asked, trying



The room was a shambles and the children were screaming.

hard to get myself really awake.

"It's a quarter past seven," he said. "I should think you'd learn to get up around here."

My guests were waiting in the living room. The happy shouts of children at play had awakened them. When I walked into the living room they were watching with amusement as the children sailed toy boats across the floor. Whatever water had not been spilled by adults and animals during the night, the children had sloshed about in the morning. Now they were making bets on which of their boats would sail out the front door first.

It was well toward the end of the summer when the week end came along which threatened to end all week ends—everywhere. I had a friend from Army days who was a psychiatrist and I asked him to come down to visit us. He accepted, and I began early in the week to try to get the children in the habit of acting Normal.

On Wednesday we found we were going to have more company than we had bargained for—another friend who is an artist and who specializes in work with animals. Since we had more animals around our place than could be found anywhere outside of a zoo, he often dropped by to spend a couple of days doing sketches of our dogs, cats, frogs, turtles, fish, or chickens. This Wednesday he showed up unexpectedly and said he planned to stay down over the week end. He unloaded his suitcase and then pulled out of the car a wooden carrying case which was giving off an ominous thumping sound.

"That," he said happily, "is Philip, the rabbit."

"Noisy, isn't he?"

"Not as long as he's traveling. He just starts to kick the cage when I stop moving."

He went on to explain that Philip was a Giant Checker, whom he had rented as a model. He was quite a rabbit, nearly two feet long and beautifully marked. My friend resisted my suggestion that Philip spend his time in the coop with the chickens and insisted that the rabbit would be happy only in the house.

"Is he, er, that is, does he know how to behave himself in the house?" I asked.

"Oh, he's housebroken," my friend assured me. "Just spread out some newspaper for him in a corner."

When the psychiatrist arrived, the children all came forward pleasantly to meet him. But Philip just sat there glowering and I had a fleeting idea that he had taken a dislike to the psychiatrist. Actually, until this time, Philip had been a fairly pleasant house guest. His single weakness lay in the fact that he was likely to mistake any newspaper which might be lying around the house for the piece of newspaper he was supposed to use. When the new guest arrived, Philip lost the spotlight which he had been occupying, and I suppose this made him unhappy.

He took it out on the cats, chasing them around the living room. The cats, dismayed by the rabbit's sudden charges, climbed up people's backs, knocked over flower pots, and committed other acts of violence. Tonker decided to get into the act at this point and he began to chase Philip. Then Philip turned around and began to chase Tonker. Within a few minutes the living room was a shambles. Books were knocked over, drinks spilled, chairs upset, and almost everyone was bearing the scars of battle. The children were screaming happily. Never in their wildest dreams had they been able to conjure up a picture of such joyous destruction as this.

"Perhaps," I suggested to the artist, "we'd better put Philip back in his cage."

But within a few minutes the rabbit was pounding so hard that we decided to give him the freedom of one of the bedrooms. Every now and then some child would let him out, but in spite of this I tried to get the week end back on a nice, social basis. For the psychiatrist's benefit, I was attempting to create the illusion that my house was as well managed as other mental institutions.

Saturday night I had gathered vegetables from the garden to make a salad, and while I was talking to my guests on the front porch, the salad ingredients disappeared. I suspected the children but, since they weren't around, I couldn't prove anything. So I picked more vegetables, made the salad, and went back to visit with my company.

Some fifteen minutes later, I found the salad missing again. Angrily I called the children on the carpet.

"We didn't do it," said Lynn. "Maybe it was Tonker."

"More likely your cats," Larry said indignantly.

"Maybe," suggested Janie, "it was 'at rabbit did it."

"No rabbit could eat that much," I said sharply.

At this moment I became aware

that the psychiatrist was standing in the door, watching me scold the children.

"They do things around here," I told him, after I had sent them on their way, "and just won't admit them."

"Well," he said in gentle reproof, "you have to be careful not to accuse children of something they didn't do."

In spite of the fact that Philip kept breaking loose, we had a peaceful dinner and a quiet evening. I tried to steer the conversation around to the point where I could get my psychiatrist friend's opinion of the children, but he was bent on getting to bed early. He said good night, but had been in his room only a few minutes when he returned, grinning a little sheepishly.

"I guess you were right about the children," he said.

He held out a double armload of vegetables.

"Where did you find those?" the artist asked suddenly.

"In my bed," said the doctor.

"Kids nothing," the artist said. "That's one of Philip's tricks. Hides stuff in bed and eats it later. Terrible mess."

◆ The next afternoon Dad went up on the roof with a bucket of tar. I sat down on the porch with the doctor, hopeful that now at long last I might be able to get him to tell me whether my children would really grow up to be People. We had not been talking long when Dad finished on the roof. Instead of coming in through a door, he climbed in the window of the room where Philip was incarcerated. Coming into the living room, Dad left the door open behind him and Philip hopped out, scowling ominously. I had forgotten to put any newspaper down for him. He took a look around the living room and the only piece of paper he could see was one which was resting on the psychiatrist's lap.

Before I could fully appraise the situation, Philip hopped toward the doctor and leaped onto the paper. The psychiatrist grabbed Philip and tried to get rid of him. Philip sank his teeth into the doctor's hand in a very determined fashion. As I rushed to the rescue, Philip turned on me. I took refuge on the seat of a chair and Philip sat on the floor just waiting for me to come down and fight. The children burst in just then.

"Look out!" I yelled. "This rabbit's on a rampage."

Lynn walked right over to the ferocious Philip and picked him up.

"You naughty boy," she said. "What are you doing out?"

The scowl left Philip's face, and he went along quietly.

We bandaged up the psychiatrist and he decided that he had better leave before supper. As the guests were packing, someone let Philip loose again and he seemed to be hopping toward the psychiatrist. The doctor grabbed a broom and took up a defensive position.

"One more step," he said grimly, "and I'll knock you right through the ceiling, so help me."

Philip crouched there, scowling and twitching his upper lip nervously so as to show his teeth. The psychiatrist looked just as fierce, as he tried to stare the rabbit down. After a moment I noticed that *his* lip was twitching too. The artist interceded and put Philip in his box and Philip started to kick. Just then Dad came in and said:

"The tide's up over the road. We won't be able to leave for a while."

Everyone sat down again. All except Philip, who was beating a steady tattoo on his box.

"I better let him out," said the artist. "He'll drive us nuts."

After a time everyone went outside but the doctor. Then I decided to make a final effort to have a heart-to-heart talk with him.

"What do you really think of this outfit?" I asked timidly.

"Well . . ." he said, and smiled.

I waited, holding my breath, for him to say something more. But he just sat there, looking thoughtful. At last Dad came back to announce that the tide had gone down enough to make the road passable.

"I'd better get Philip," said the artist.

He and Lynn went off to look for ferocious Philip and I decided to try for *some* reassuring word from my friend.

"Do you think the children will grow up all right, this way?" I asked. "Could you make any suggestions?"

"Oh, don't worry," he said quietly. "I'm sure they'll grow up. I'd better close up my suitcase. Don't want to keep your father waiting."

He was back a minute later, looking grim. "I am no veterinarian," said the doctor, "but I can tell you that rabbit is no gentleman."

The artist laughed nervously and asked, "What's he done now?"

"She," said the psychiatrist, "crawled up into my suitcase and gave birth to some little rabbits."

The artist looked dumbfounded. "What'll I do?" he wailed. "I've just got a little apartment. I can't take all those rabbits back there."

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy, let us keep them," Lynn pleaded.

"I wanna bunny rarebit," wailed Janie.

This was too much for me. I turned on them fiercely and yelled:

"Shut up and get out of here, the whole bunch of you kids."

I looked at the psychiatrist and saw him, for the first time, nodding approval. Then I turned to the artist.

"Look, pal, those rabbits all came in that little box, and so help me, they're all going back in it."

They did. And that was the last time I ever had a rabbit down for the week end.

◆ Mid-October came. I had been looking after the children for some fourteen months. It was about time that I received a letter from my traveling sister. She had managed, while visiting an isolated Caribbean island, of course, to rent a New York apartment. The place was big enough for all of us, she said. I found myself anticipating life there, with my sister to take care of the children.

One day Larry came home from the post office looking very dignified. He was bearing a special delivery letter. It was from my sister. As I read, my jaw dropped and Lynn asked anxiously:

"What's the matter, Daddy?"

I read them a paragraph from the letter:

"'. . . and when I got there, I found it's one of those no-animals, no-children-allowed apartments. So I'm afraid the arrangement I suggested is off. Of course, I can't find any place else for us to live up here. Maybe you can go to Florida and I only wish I could go down there with you . . .'"

"Oh, boy!" whooped Larry. "We're going back to Florida!"

"Sand," the little one began to yell, dancing up and down. "All 'at sand in Floridy."

"Can we go, Daddy?" chorused Lynn.

"I'll see," I told them.

Later that day a wire went off to our old friend Buttons which said:

"Will take one of your cabins for winter if you furnish snow shovel."

"Boy," said Larry excitedly. "Just think, in the morning we'll be starting another winter in Florida."

"I just can't wait," I said. ◆ ◆

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